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Memo:

The Editors of the MERCURY surrender—with whatever dignity there is left us.

The demand for an outstanding book review department has been so great that it will return to the magazine with the December issue, on sale November 15.

Mr. Ralph de Toledano will expand his record review column to include the important new books you will wish to know about.

The Editors

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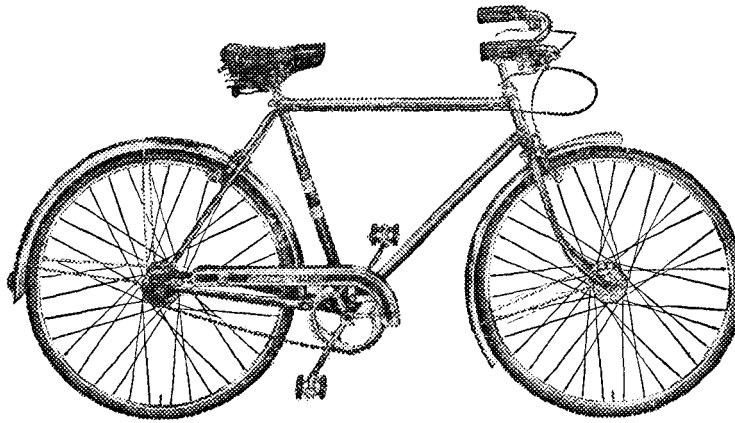

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Pity the
POOR WITNESS

By Esther Baarslag

Do you know that a Senator of the United States can be called a Fascist, a quisling, a murderer, an income-tax dodger, a character assassin, and un-American?

These are just a few of the epithets that have been tossed at chairmen of Congressional committees by witnesses who have refused to answer if they are members of the Communist Party.

The antics of these witnesses have to be seen to be believed! Their refusal to answer as to Communist affiliations or to whether they have committed espionage against the United States ranges from the sublime to the ridiculous.

Cedric Belfrage, under deportation proceedings by the U.S. Government used the words of Jesus Christ:

MR. COHN: Now between 1937 and 1953, that is today, have you continuously been a member of the Communist Party?

MR. BELFRAGE: Mr. Cohn, "Thou sayest it" is a famous answer to a similar trick question.

He elaborated on this theme later in the hearing:

SENATOR SYMINGTON: And you will not answer a question as to whether you believe the government of this country should be overthrown?

MR. BELFRAGE: In the context of this hearing it is quite obvious that any answer I may give to that would be used to crucify me and other innocent persons. So I must decline.

Ring Lardner, Jr., famous Hollywood writer, tossed off the question with: "Oh, I could answer that question, but I'd hate myself in the morning!"

Ring Lardner was one of the "Hollywood Ten," a group of the highest paid writers in the m-

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tion picture industry. They were called to Washington to testify before the House of Representatives' Committee on Un-American Activities. They came with true Hollywood fanfare and publicity by airplane. A group of prominent motion picture actors and actresses led by Danny Kaye accompanied them. Each in his own way displayed a fine case of histrionics before the Committee and scenes like this were common:

THE CHAIRMAN (pounding gavel): We are going to get the answer to that question if we have to stay here a week. Are you a member of the Communist Party, or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?

MR. LAWSON: It is unfortunate and tragic that I have to teach this Committee the basic principles of American —

THE CHAIRMAN (pounding gavel): That is not the question. That is not the question. The question is: Have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?

MR. LAWSON: I am framing my answer in the only way in which any American citizen can frame his answer to a question which absolutely invades his rights.

THE CHAIRMAN: Then you refuse to answer the question, is that correct?

MR. LAWSON: I have told you that I will offer my beliefs, affiliations and everything else to the American public and they will know where I stand.

THE CHAIRMAN (pounding gavel): Excuse the witness —

MR. LAWSON: As they do from what I have written.

THE CHAIRMAN (pounding gavel): — stand away from the stand —

MR. LAWSON: I have written Americanism for many years and I shall continue to fight for the Bill of Rights, which you are trying to destroy —

THE CHAIRMAN: Officers, take this man away from the stand —

Sometimes the witnesses pursue a strangely similar line of tactics. In 1938 a Mrs. Ellen Woodward, assistant administrator of the WPA, charged that a witness who had testified to Communist infiltration of the WPA was "mentally deranged." In 1947 a desperate Alger Hiss counter-attacked with the question: "Had Whittaker Chambers ever been confined in a mental hospital?"

When Representative Moulder recently asked an official of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America why he wouldn't answer the questions and was making speeches like an ordinary soapbox Communist orator, the witness, a Mr. Gojack, replied: "I haven't had the opportunity to vote myself a $10,000 raise."

One witness invoked the Fifth Amendment 104 times! Another took the Fifth Amendment on whether he belonged to the American Legion. Another used it to parry a question as to whether he had ever been in London. This so surprised the Committee Counsel that he asked:

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"Do you mean to take the position with this Committee that your presence in London might incriminate you in a court in the United States?" Answered Mr. Beiswinger: "In this witch hunting atmosphere, yes!"

In a recent hearing on the Southern Educational Fund for Human Welfare, Senator Eastland was treated to this one:

> SENATOR EASTLAND: Were you a member of the Communist Party a year ago?
>
> LEO SHEINER: I am going to refuse to answer your question, Mr. Eastland, upon the grounds that you have no right, sir, under the privilege that I have here set forth to inquire as to my political thoughts and beliefs, upon the grounds of the first amendment, the fourth amendment, the sixth amendment and the eighth amendment and the ninth amendment and the tenth amendment of the United States Constitution.

Dr. J. B. Matthews, as staff director of the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, asked Armand D'Usseau whether he had ever committed espionage against the United States. Mr. D'Usseau replied: "No. Have you?"

These remarks are not uttered as flippancies. Every Communist uses the Congressional hearing rooms as a public forum for advancing the ideas and directives of the Communist Party. Think of the incredible harassment of Judge Medina in the trial of the eleven top Communist Party leaders.

Small wonder that Senator Potter was once moved to exclaim: "Mr. Haskell, I have no questions, but your testimony here today is evidence that the televising of programs such as this should exist so that as many people as possible would see the hate in the eyes, the contempt on the lips, and the conspiracy in the heart of a Communist!"

There is no chairman of an investigating committee who has not suffered outrageous insults at the hands of some Fifth Amendment Communists, but Senator McCarthy was fair game after the Communist Party had issued orders for his complete destruction. Witnesses knew that to "stand up" to McCarthy would be a guarantee of sympathetic treatment from the liberal press.

One William Marx Mandell came well prepared to carry out this assignment. His opening remarks set the scene:

> MR. MANDELL: My name is William Marx Mandell. I would like to make it clear that I am a Jew.
>
> MR. COHN: That you are what?
>
> MR. MANDELL: That I am a Jew.
>
> MR. COHN: So am I and I don't see that that is an issue here.
>
> MR. MANDELL: Well, a Jew who works for McCarthy is thought very ill by most of the Jewish people in the country.
>
> MR. COHN: Are you a member of the Communist Party?
>
> MR. MANDELL: I am going to answer

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> your questions, sir, under my privilege under the Constitution, but I am going to answer them in my own way. This is a book burning . . . you lack only the tinder to set fire to the books, as Hitler did twenty years ago.

Mr. Mandell finally took the Fifth Amendment on whether he was a member of the Communist Party or had committed sabotage against the United States. After various insulting remarks, he accused Senator McCarthy of committing murder in the following passage:

> MR. MANDELL: . . . that punishment has ranged from fines ranging from several thousand dollars, in the case of people dismissed, up to the fact that you, Senator McCarthy, murdered Major Raymond Kaplan by forcing him by driving him to the point where he jumped under a truck.

The Committee continued to question him:

> SENATOR DIRKSEN: . . . suppose you were a member of this Committee and the jurisdiction is to examine into the efficacy of the operation. Would you regard this as a very important exploration, if you were up here?
>
> MR. MANDELL: If I were a member of this Committee, I would regard it most important to discover how Senator McCarthy saved 17,000 bucks on a $15,000 salary.

As he left the witness stand, Senator McCarthy addressed him: "May I say to the witness — yesterday you threatened the Committee if we exposed you. If you put on a campaign against the Committee, you will not put on the campaign within the committee room. You can do all the name-calling you want to after you leave. One more Communist calling me names means nothing."

Mandell turned around to sneer: "Poor Senator McCarthy — you can dish it out, but you can't take it!"

THE COMMUNISTS have had incredible success in achieving their aims by these tactics before Congressional committees. Dr. Ruth Harriet Blair appeared before the House Committee on Un-American Activities when it was investigating Communist activities in the Baltimore defense area in 1951. The lady was obviously not talking, nor did she seem disposed to give the Committee any information on the Maryland Committee for Peace. A letter over her signature as chairman of this committee was introduced into the record with the following significant statement:

> This hopeful course of events has been in no small degree influenced by the determination for peace of the American people. A determination based on the conviction that peaceful co-existence between differing economic and social systems is not only desirable but possible and that

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differences between nations can and must be settled around the conference table, not on a battlefield.

This was fully two years before the rest of the country began to hear about "peaceful coexistence." The program laid down in 1951 by the Maryland Committee for Peace, a Communist front, was to become the official foreign policy of the State Department in 1955!

Further in the same hearing the Committee Counsel, Mr. Tavenner, asked: "Isn't it true that the Communist Party instigated the formation of the Maryland Committee for Peace?"

Mr. Wertheimer replied: "I claim the privilege against possible self-incrimination."

In a hearing on Communism in the motion picture industry a Mr. Wilson proceeded to lecture the Committee on peace. In his prepared statement, Wilson said: "Peace is a word of purity that I have seen this Committee try to defile." Representative Clyde Doyle, who had lost a son in World War II, and Senator Potter, who had lost both legs at Anzio, were Committee members.

Wilson's diatribe was a little too much for another Committee member, Donald Jackson of California, who observed: "Mr. Wilson, it appears to me that during the late war when the Communist Party and all its satellites were screaming for a second front, that they were not unduly concerned at that time about peace. Is this a relatively recent development in the philosophy of the Party?"

Wilson declined "to answer that question on the same grounds."

The prime target of vituperation for Communists is the man or woman who, having repented of Communism, assists the government by giving information on the Communist conspiracy. This invective is also directed at loyal citizens who work undercover for the FBI. "Rat, stoolie, psychopath, informer" are hurled at people who have made a valuable contribution to the defense of the United States.

On March 20, 1954, Clifford J. Durr threatened to kill and tried to attack a witness, Paul Crouch, who had identified his wife, Mrs. Virginia Durr, as a Communist during a hearing of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee in New Orleans. Mrs. Durr is a sister-in-law of U.S. Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black. To all questions Mrs. Durr replied with a bland: "I stand mute."

The liberal newspapers were quick to follow up this line of the Communists. So much so that one witness was able to answer smugly to this question:

MR. TAVENNER: Mary Stalcup Markwood testified before this Committee on Wednesday of this week and during the course of the testimony, she identified you as a member of the Communist Party in the City of Baltimore. Do you desire to affirm or deny?

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MR. NICHOL: Well, in the light of that info the only thing I can say is that it seems to me from what I read in the newspapers, no thinking person gives much credibility to the testimony of a witness who has been paid for some time to perform certain functions.

MR. TAVENNER: All right. Then you have the opportunity now to deny it.

MR. NICHOL: I refuse to answer that on the grounds I have stated before.

In view of the success the Communist Party has had in destroying the effectiveness of Congressional committees of the United States, the following exchange is interesting.

There was a moment in a hearing room when Earl Browder, secretary of the Communist Party, U.S.A., raised his heavy lidded eyes to give the threat direct to the people of the United States and said in answer to a question: "I hope that it will be possible some day to clarify all these questions, under conditions different from those that I face today."

In the pause that followed, said Senator Potter: "I fear those conditions."

A CONCRETE ANT HILL

If ants were provided with a concrete ant hill, what would they do? In all probability they would start building a regular ant hill next to the concrete one. Ants would perish without castles to build.

Socialism is much like the hypothetical concrete ant hill. It shouts Utopia and its sponsors promise a life of security. But it has in the past torn down the people's accumulated savings. What if socialism could give cradle to the grave security? That alone would leave man as lost as the ant in a concrete hill.

A republic of free men is based on the premise that the individual can build his own castle at his own risk instead of living in a cubicle provided by the state. With incentive as an urge to produce, man pushes himself to the highest standard of living.

The energy of man must find an outlet in building, as much as the ant. The creative spirit cannot be static.

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By HARRY BOTSFORD

The Crazy Calorie Chase

and How to Avoid It

A RECENT survey reveals that three in every five women and one in every five men are on a diet, trying to audit the elusive and invisible calorie. It has become, aside from outdoor cookery, our most popular and expensive fad.

In markets the shelves are crowded with so-called low-calorie foods. Soft drinks, beer and ale boast of having a low calorie content. The presence of the calorie makes itself felt. Fear is generated in many hearts. We eat, but frugally and without the slightest visible evidence of joy from our food.

It has reached the stage when you have to examine the living habits of your friends before you invite them to dinner and build the menu around the unfortunate and unhappy souls who are on a diet, which makes it pretty difficult for the solid eaters, as well as for the hostess. Unless the craze stops, we may reach such a state that we must have a municipal, state or Federal license to enjoy even the simple vitamins needed to keep body and soul together.

This is a way of life that has resulted in emotional upsets, ruined health and deaths for its earnest and enthusiastic participants. The little pills that dull appetite are in heavy and increasing demand. It has brought the standard of American cookery to a low level, scaring the pants off the slightly overweight victims, reducing them to fantastic and loathsome regimens of unsavory food. Yet the diet has many formidable friends among the medical profession, the life insurance interests, the psyllists and the so-called dietary food processors.

"Any honest and intelligent person is fully qualified to prescribe a healthy and workable diet to anyone who wants to reduce," a qualified and indignant physician told me recently. "It's simple, it works, it causes but slight inconvenience to the dieter. It is simply this: Continue to eat what you like, only eat less of it."

It is so simple, it is doubtful that this fool-proof system ever will be popular.

In a direct turnabout from earlier trends, several recent books on

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weight-reduction diets advocate this same principle. Regardless of the diets advocated, the authors know that the books will have a healthy sale. Many of these books, current and past, have been by tongue-in-cheek writers.

A few years ago, one book sold upward of 300,000 copies. A steady procession of rotund people marched in and out of the publishers' offices, counseled with a lean, mentally alert man. They thought they were talking to the author. Factually, the writer of the book was 30 pounds overweight, scarcely a good advertisement for the plan, so a lean associate had to double for him.

THE average diet-advocate seeks a standard diet. It is as silly and fruitless as a search for uranium in a Manhattan penthouse. An honest physician will agree that the chemistry of one stomach isn't the same as another.

I know people who naturally are lean; many of them can eat anything and a lot of it and they don't gain. In the same family there are those who have a tendency to weigh more than they should. Put one of these individuals on a restricted diet and it may result in digestive upsets leading to galloping ulcers, irritability and indifference to business.

Back in Pennsylvania I knew a brilliant lawyer, a man who weighed nearly 400 honest pounds. He enjoyed food. I have seen him nibble away a pound of Roquefort cheese, a box of crackers and a quart of beer as a prelude to a dinner, usually a two-pound steak with appropriate fixin's. He was mentally alert, in my opinion. He won tough court cases with amazing regularity, he worked inordinate hours. Past sixty he learned to speak and read a couple of languages, remarried, fathered a child, took an active interest in civic affairs. He would approach his steak, baked potatoes and other oddments with a happy anticipatory smile.

"I like food!" he would say.

He died, well past eighty.

The diet faddists often go to dangerous extremes. More than one movie star has shattered her health, with breakdowns due to rigid diets.

The physical disturbance not infrequently has led to insomnia, the use of sleeping pills and fatal overdoses of them. It is the abnormality of the prescribed diet, whether high protein or low protein, that gives it such importance to the dieter. It becomes something very special, a rigid duty, an atonement, and demands close attention.

I knew one woman who boasted that she had followed advice, eating nothing but grapefruit for two

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months. She reduced her weight visibly. Her funeral was largely attended.

Only athletes safely can reduce by exercise. A diet advocate, an unlettered lout, placed a seriously overweight friend of mine on a rigorous regiment of exercise. It resulted in a strain on his heart, reduced him to semi-invalidism, and it took him five years to recover sufficiently to return to work. He is now a trim 175 for he learned to diet by eating just a little less than previously. His current ambition is to regain his strength enough to enable him to come to physical grips with the weight-reducer.

WEIRD theories are advanced about the dangers attendant on eating certain simple foods. The faddists claim that a moderate stomatic atom bomb is released when one consumes a prime, juicy steak, a mealy, liberally-buttered baked potato, a green salad in French dressing and hot rolls.

What they think will happen is enough to generate apprehension in the mind of the consumer, yet millions of healthy, reasonably spare men and women eat meals of this kind with considerable regularity and suffer no bad effects, even when the prelude has been alcoholic.

The epidemic of curious foods incident to most diets substantially has lowered our normal eating habits, made a laboratory of sorts of the diet-infested kitchen.

Hot breads are proscribed, because of the starch content and the butter that makes them one of God's gifts to hungry people. Who enjoys a meager nibble of tasteless Melba toast? Mashed potatoes are alien to many tables for the same reason. Barbecued pork ribs and tender pot roasts are forbidden. Beans and brown bread are banned from Boston!

In the Pennsylvania Dutch country, Snitz un Knepp are ruled out as fouls and the dumpling is considered as fattening. Succulent Smithfield ham is excluded, French-fried onions and tiny green peas in butter and cream are starting to disappear from the American table.

I can't help recalling the remark of Bismarck, when his wife asked him if he'd like a roast goose for dinner. He shook his grizzled head sadly and reminded her that one goose was just a little too much for one person, too little for two. A Gargantuan eater, he lived to be 83, probably would have abhorred the idea of the hidden calorie and ruled it out of Germany!

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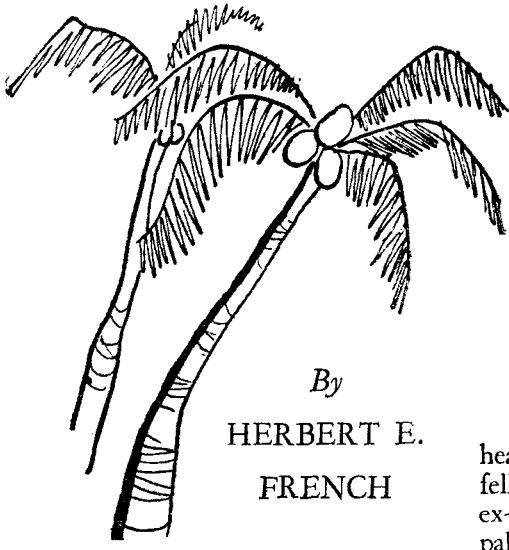

The Most Romantic TREE *in the World*

By HERBERT E. FRENCH

THIS is the time of the year when all of us long to see and feel more of the warmth of the sun. We especially need to see the color of "warm green," and nothing else looks quite so appealingly warm and green as the fronds of a palm tree. What is an oak, an elm or a birch alongside a palm, especially in midwinter when these other trees have lost all their leaves?

A palm is the most romantic tree on earth, and when the frost is in the ground, up north, there's nothing more wonderful than to be able to head southward for a really relaxed loll beneath the waving fronds, on a palm-fringed dream island.

Much of Rudolph Valentino's torrid charm as a desert sheik, back in the 1920's, was mere verdant reflection: his viewers, seated in the poorly heated movie houses of the north, fell in love not so much with the ex-busboy as with the romantic date palms of Araby swaying over his turbaned head. And in today's South Pacific adventure films most of the romance of the tropic islands comes not so much from the half-clothed human actors as from the exotic coconut palm trees that dreamily fan the breezes.

In fact, how could any of us ever tell down south from up north if it weren't for palm trees? Havana without palms could easily be mistaken for Hoboken — or for Hanover, New Hampshire.

One doesn't flee the north merely to escape the cold, and one doesn't go south only for the warmth. Almost certainly you go south to sit under a palm tree. Human "palmigration" nowadays is as natural a phenomenon as the yearly southward migration of wild birds and bugs.

The human species goes by train,

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plane, bus, ocean steamship or in the old family car. And if you don't think they're all searching for a fancy palm tree, just glance at the travel posters and the southern resort ads in your local newspaper. Almost every one will have a "beckoning" palm. This remarkable tree, which incidentally isn't a tree at all but much nearer to a grass or a lily, is the symbol of everything tropical, romantic and exotic that anyone ever dreamed of on a cold winter night in Massachusetts or Montana.

MERELY as a visual symbol of tropical sunshine, the palm is the most valuable "tree" on earth, more precious than if its enormous leaves (some Palmaceae have leaves up to forty feet long) were so many real dollar bills rattling in the wind. And palm leaves make just about the silliest of sounds. They crackle like rattling paper, and so, momentarily, when you first see and hear a real palm in its native setting on a tropical island with its giant leaves rattling sillily in the trade winds, the whole thing seems like a grotesque carnival of make-believe.

But palms are prized for reasons other than their ability to attract tourist undertree sitters. They are the most valuable food plants on earth, second only to the grain grasses in the vegetable world. In the hot, dry desert, the date palm, *Phoenix dactylifera*, first made life possible for the Arab world. And in what otherwise would be the barren islands of the wide, watery South Pacific, the coconut palm, *Cocos nucifera*, makes living a rich experience for all the races of South Sea islanders.

Desert dwellers are said to eat about nine dates each per day, year after year. Multiplying Arabs by dates, or vice versa, could account for about 164 million dates a year, not counting those the rest of us eat. About 18 billion coconuts a year are consumed in the Far East alone, from India eastward throughout the Pacific islands. In addition to their food use, Dr. Ferdinand C. Lane tells us, in his *Story of Trees*, "Every particle of leaf and bark and trunk has some special value. The wood is used as timber; the leaves for thatch and basket weaving; the rough fiber is woven into ropes. To a caravan toiling across the desert, a distant grove of date palms is quite as appealing as a tropic island to shipwrecked mariners."

Date trees, like the animal creatures among man's domesticated servants, are dependent nowadays on him for their survival. They are male and female, about one to fifty trees, and the human gardeners must arrange *les noces des palmiers*, the transfer of pollen, by shaking the male flower over the female flowers. Herodotus reported that the ancient Babylonians were already excellent husbandmen, and the art doubtless dates back far beyond his day. On the other hand, wild island coconut palms usually arrange their own marital and maternal affairs.

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MEN have been almost more sentimental about palms than about their wives and animal friends. Mohammed suggested that all of us "honor your maternal uncle, the palm . . . he was created from the earth left over after the creation of Adam . . . the palm resembles man by its erect position and its height, its separation into two sexes and its necessity for the pollination of the female. If its heart is exposed to too great a strain it perishes. Is it not the same with man?"

In the Pacific islands, a palm nut often is planted to commemorate the birth of a child. In Arabia the palm is sacred, and angels are said to descend sometimes from heaven for the pleasure of dancing and singing beneath it.

To New Englanders and other far northerners, all palms naturally are bizarre and romantic. But the most impressive member of the family is the royal palm, *Roystonea regia*, a native of southern Florida and Cuba. Royal palms line the most famous avenues of the great cities which happen to lie within the tropical belt where palms can survive.

There are about three thousand other species of palm, many of them both useful and decorative. Brazil has more kinds than any other nation, at least half a thousand of them. Our own California has a variety that dismayed natives sometimes describe as so many mops stood upon their handles.

Raffia comes from a Madagascar palm that's also known as the Traveler's Palm, because one may find a supply of fresh drinking water at the base of the leaves. Rattan, the summer-furniture makings, comes from the Malaya palm, a vine that grows up to a thousand feet in length, said to be the longest vegetable growth in the world (three times longer than a redwood tree is tall!). Malacca palms make some of the world's finest walking-sticks. West Africa's oil palms are a main industry around the Gulf of Guinea, and Ecuador's "ivory nut" palms make excellent buttons.

Two dozen years ago, the English writer-traveler, Alec Waugh, after a lengthy voyage through the "Hot Countries," demanded wearily of fate, "Did it really profit a man that he should make fortunes in Lombard Street when copra can be sold at a few francs a bag, on the palm-fringed edge of a lagoon?"

Few of us today actually want to go and live the rest of our lives beneath the palms. The dream of the 1920's, to find a palmy place-away-from-it-all and stay there, would be a nightmare today. All we want now is to go and sit beneath the palms for a fortnight or so.

Then, after the tropical vacation is over, we hustle back to our busy and happy lives at home and dream about palm trees for the rest of our lives. The enchantment somehow never fades.

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PEACE?

OR A HUNDRED YEARS WAR?

BY J. B. MATTHEWS

AFTER the manner of the proverbial moron who hit himself over the head with a hammer because it felt so good when he quit, American eggheads are full of rejoicing whenever the Bolsheviki stop walloping us temporarily. It feels so good, the eggheads say, to have the Russians adopt a conciliatory line.

To the Communists, "peace" is a euphemism for "war." Real peace will be established only when capitalism has been superseded by socialism throughout the world, according to orthodox Communist dogma from which there is not the slightest evidence of deviation.

In ten years of "peace," the conquests of the Soviet Empire have greatly exceeded those of any other empire in history — and all without the sacrifice of a single one of its own infantrymen. As long as "peace" is so productive of results, it is unthinkable that the master minds of Moscow will switch to the instrument of "war."

In the ten years since the cessation of World War II's hostilities, the wheels of the Kremlin Juggernaut's car have rolled onward to increase the number of his victims to the staggering total of 900,000,000 human beings — crushing their hopes and liberties, if not their bodies.

As long as conquest by infiltration is so successful, and as long as it can be carried out under the bourgeois concept of peace, there is no reason for the Russians to swap their peaceful Trojan horses for the more risky Martian steeds, in the middle of a stream of territorial acquisitions.

The strategy of the Kremlin, plainly apparent after 38 years, is one of alternating periods of tension and relaxation — a strategy in which the Kremlin always retains the initiative. Both the tensions and the relaxations are Kremlin induced, never accidental.

Any one of a number of reasons might prompt a Bolshevik switch from deliberately created tension to fake relaxation. It

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might be a pause to catch their imperialistic breath, in order to consolidate their colonial gains. It might be to win time to repair the buckling in their socialist structure, or simply a manoeuvre to keep the bourgeoisie confused.

COMMUNISTS, including their foremost authorities, have written and published millions of words to expound their theories and tactics. Thousands of volumes have been published in the English language. There is, therefore, no excuse for ignorance, for anyone who wants to know what they think of "agreements" at conferences with their class enemies or of what they think of time-gaining tactics. Lenin and Stalin have told the world.

Lenin's *Letter to American Workers*, dated August 20, 1918, includes the following passage: ". . . Before the international revolution had completely ripened, I did not hesitate for a moment to come to a certain 'agreement' with the French monarchists. . . . This was an example of an 'agreement' of which every class-conscious worker will approve, an agreement in the interests of Socialism. We shook hands with the French monarchists although we knew that each of us would readily hang his 'partner.' But for a time our interests coincided. . . . In this way we served the interests of the working class of Russia and other countries, we strengthened the proletariat and weakened the bourgeoisie of the whole world, we used the justified practise of manoeuvring, necessary in *every* war, of shifting and waiting for the moment when the rapidly growing proletarian revolution in a number of advanced countries had *ripened*." (*A Letter to American Workers*, by V. I. Lenin; International Publishers, New York; second printing, 1935, pages 13–14.) In the foregoing excerpt the italics, single quotation marks, and spelling are exactly as they are in the original.

Several points in Lenin's narrative of his agreement with the French monarchists will bear extraordinary attention. In the first place, he emphasized that he had entered into the agreement with tongue in cheek, by his putting the word *agreement* in quotation marks. In the second place, lest there be any doubt of what he meant by the word *agreement*, he described it as a manoeuvre. In the third place, the manoeuvre or fake agreement was justified by the fact that it served the cause of the proletarian revolution. In the fourth place, the so-called agreement was temporary, pending the *ripening* of the Communist revolution. In the fifth place, the manoeuvre was calculated to weaken the bourgeoisie "of the whole world." In the sixth place, Lenin declared his own readiness to "hang" the party of the second part. In the seventh place, he observed that his manoeuvre was a necessary part of war, its peaceful appearance notwithstanding. In the eighth place, Lenin called attention to the time-

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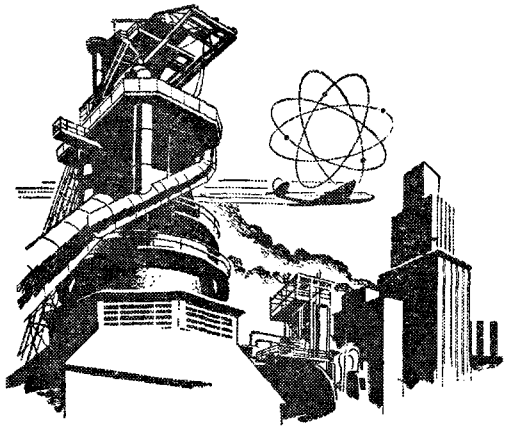
gaining advantage implied in "shifting and waiting for the moment" of the revolution in "a number of advanced countries." In the ninth place, Lenin went out of his way to say that he and his French monarchist enemies "shook hands" (in all probability with smiles all around). In the tenth place, the father of Bolshevism used the incident of his agreement with the French monarchists simply as an illustration of a general Communist practice.

WHETHER or not he was conscious of the fact, Lenin wrote an historic scenario for all the conferences between the rulers of the Kremlin and the leaders of bourgeois states which were to come. His scenario has been re-enacted many times since 1918. All that is needed is to fill in new names for the conference negotiators and new sites of their negotiations. The plot remains constant; only the personalities and the places change.

It was re-enacted in Washington, D.C., in November 1933. The principal negotiators were Maxim Litvinov, foreign minister of the Soviet Union, and the President of the United States. Litvinov entered into a solemn "agreement" with tongue in cheek. It was a temporary "agreement," broken before it was signed and continuously thereafter down to the present day and hour. It was an agreement entered into by Litvinov in the interests of the proletarian revolution and for the calculated purpose of weakening the bourgeoisie of the whole world. It was a manoeuvre justified by the inverted ethics of the class struggle. It was conceived as a part of a continuing war of the Communist slave-state against the capitalist world. The Kremlin's conspiratorial apparatus on American soil did not suspend its operations for so much as a split second. On his side, the President of the United States accorded diplomatic recognition to the government of the Soviet Union — a tremendous concession made in good faith. At the White House, Litvinov smiled, shook hands with the President, and then hastened to join his comrades — bemused and cynical — to report that he had promised everything asked. Mush-headed liberals all over the United States gushed,



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like good hallelujah lads and lassies, over the admission of the Soviet Union into the social upper crust of nations.

LET US take a look at Litvinov's pledge which had to do with the Russian-controlled Communist Party of the United States and its propaganda activities. Under date of November 16, 1933, Litvinov addressed a note to the President of the United States, informing the latter that it would be "the fixed policy of the Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics: 1. To respect scrupulously the indisputable right of the United States to order its own life within its own jurisdiction in its own way and to refrain from interfering in any manner in the internal affairs of the United States, its territories or possessions."

Paragraph 4 of the Litvinov note read as follows: "Not to permit the formation or residence on its [the U.S.S.R.] territory of any organization or group — and to prevent the activity on its territory of any organization or group, or of representatives or officials of any organization or group — which has as an aim the overthrow or the preparation for the overthrow of, or the bringing about by force of a change in, the political or social order of the whole or any part of the United States, its territories or possessions."

Within less than a year (on August 14, 1934, at 3 P.M., to be exact), Secretary of State Cordell Hull dispatched a cablegram to U.S. Ambassador William Bullitt in Moscow, pointing out some of the violations of the Litvinov pledge. The violations were flagrant and concrete. In citing chapter and verse, Secretary Hull called Ambassador Bullitt's attention to the fact that the Presidium of the Executive Committee of the Communist International resident in Moscow had radioed the *Daily Worker*, urging this journalistic mouthpiece of the Communist Party in the United States "even more energetically [to] become a real collective agitator and organizer of the workers' struggle. . . ."

Litvinov's pledge, like all Kremlin pledges, was given only to be breached. It has always been like that; it always will be as long as Communism is Communism. Only the ignorant and naïve can think differently. "Our morality," said Lenin, "is entirely subordinated to the interests of the class struggle of the proletariat." (*Lenin Speaks to Youth;* International Publishers, New York, 1936; page 13.) In expounding Communist tactics, Lenin said that it was necessary for Communists "to resort to all sorts of devices, manoeuvres, and illegal methods, to evasion and subterfuge." (*Left-Wing Communism*, by V. I. Lenin; International Publishers, New York, 1933; page 38.)

It is against the basic principles of Communism to negotiate in good faith with the class enemy. "From

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the point of view of Communist morality," wrote Stalin, " 'moral' is only that which facilitates the destruction of the old world, and which strengthens the new, Communist regime." (From an article on "Morality," in *Short Philosophical Dictionary;* Gospolitizdat, Moscow, 1941; page 177.)

In discussing the Communist strategy of attack and retreat (tension and relaxation), Stalin wrote: "The object of this strategy is to gain time, to disintegrate the enemy, and to accumulate forces in order to assume the offensive later."

At international conferences, the bourgeois participants study the faces of the Kremlin delegates when they should be studying basic Communist strategy. Preoccupation with alternating Communist smiles and scowls serves only to confuse understanding.

Time and again, the failure to understand that the Kremlin's facial expressions are nothing but the muscular tricks of an unscrupulous international poker player, has left self-styled liberals a sad but not wiser lot. On August 27, 1928, the Soviet Union adhered to the Pact of Paris, renouncing war as "an instrument of national policy"; and the egg-heads said "See there!" In 1933, the Soviet Union proposed universal and total disarmament; and the soft-headed pacifists gurgled a fervent "Amen!" In 1934, the Soviet Union joined the League of Nations; and there, cried the liberals, is solid evidence of the Communist change of heart. In 1936, Stalin promulgated the New Constitution; and the determined believers were sure that the Soviet state had been liberalized. In 1943, Stalin dissolved the Comintern; and the ever-trusting lambkins bleated happily.

History may be repetitious but the Bolsheviks overdo it. After each smiling relaxation, the war for world conquest is resumed. Actually, of course, the smiles are a tactical phase of the continuing war.

IN FOOLING the self-styled liberals, Geneva of 1955 has not been quite as successful as Yalta of 1945. Geneva has evoked some articulate skepticism. After Yalta, only diehard anti-Communists refused to join the goose-stepping commentators and journalists in hailing the event.

It is educational to turn back crumbling pages of the newspapers of February 13 and 14, 1945, and see what was said about Yalta:

"Every American should be proud of the role played by the President," said the Honorable James F. Byrnes.

"Mark this day down as one of the great days of world history," declared the late Senator Elbert Thomas.

"The conference . . . sets the world on the road to a firm and democratic peace," said Michael Quill, then playing with the Communists as head of the Transport Workers Union.

"The conference has laid the foundation of a just and durable peace,"

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said the eminent Bernard Baruch.

"It's the answer to a prayer," said U.S. Senator Warren Austin, who did not mean that the supplication was Stalin's.

"The results of the conference are better than the most optimistic expectations," said Representative Helen Gahagan Douglas.

"The greatest step toward lasting peace that has ever been taken," said U.S. Senator Claude Pepper.

"Progress has been made. The hope of further gains is high. This conference marks a milestone on the road to . . . peace," said the New York *Times* editorially.

"Leading Democrats and Republicans alike joined in hailing the conference as paving the way to . . . an abiding peace," cooed the *Daily Worker*.

Even when the so-called Free World does not lose any of its territory at a conference with the Bolsheviks, it is always in danger of losing its perspective.

THIS is being written two months before the Big Four Conference of Foreign Ministers at Geneva. Whatever agreements are reached there, it can be said with finality that they will not touch the heart of the issue, which is the unalterable aim of the Kremlin to destroy capitalism throughout the world and usher in an age of global Communism. Must we kid ourselves?

A hopelessly deadlocked conference rather than one productive of agreements is greatly to be desired *if* the agreements are reached on matters which are relatively trivial. It is not only possible but likely that such agreements would serve only to create in the minds of millions the illusion that the cause of a real and durable peace had been advanced.

It has been proposed that travel restrictions be relaxed to encourage the exchange of visitors between the West and the Soviet Union. The belief that personal contacts with Americans and firsthand observation of life in the United States will help Russians overthrow the despotism of the Soviet slave-state is dangerously fallacious, not to say fantastically visionary. Any Russian who returned from a visit in the United States to confess that he had been charmed by the relative freedoms of the capitalist system would be speedily liquidated. The belief that the American tourist in the Soviet Union is, or ever will be, allowed to see things as they *are*, is too naïve to consider. There was once a Vice-President of the United States who traveled extensively in the Soviet Union, who visited a slave-labor camp without even vaguely guessing what it was, and who came home to extol the glories of what he termed "Soviet-guided democracy." (See *Soviet Asia Mission* by Henry A. Wallace.)

There is hardly any doubt the Kremlin is angling, among other things, for the relaxation of trade restrictions to enable the Khruschev-Bulganin regime to bolster an inse-

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cure socialist economy. If this be so, it is war, not peace, which dictates the Kremlin's course. Joseph Stalin wrote: "For what else is our country, 'the country that is building socialism,' if not the base of the world revolution?" (*Problems of Leninism*, by Joseph Stalin; International Publishers, New York; second printing, 1935; page 75.) It will be one of the tragic ironies of history if trade agreements were entered into at Geneva, which have the effect of strengthening "the base of the world revolution."

AMERICAN COMMUNISTS have already achieved a propaganda advantage as a result of the summit meeting at Geneva. It was inevitable that sooner or later the Communists and their fellow travelers would raise the question of the discrepancy between the apparently conciliatory conference at the summit, on the one hand, and the prosecution of Communists under the Smith Act, on the other.

If, as many juries have found, the Smith Act defendants are guilty of conspiring to teach and advocate overthrow of the government of the United States by force and violence, it is equally certain that they are underlings of a Communist conspiracy which is directed by superiors in the Soviet Union. The prosecution and conviction of Smith Act defendants does not make sense on any other assumption. The Communist Party of the United States is an integral part of a world-wide conspiracy, or it is nothing.

If, as it appears beyond any possible doubt, the leaders and members of the Communist Party of the United States are conspiratorial underlings, then it is obvious that Khruschev, Bulganin, Molotov, Zhukov, *et al*, are the currently functioning master minds and manipulators of the Communist world conspiracy. If, henceforth, all is to be conciliatory and negotiable between the heads of our United States government and the heads of the world-wide Communist conspiracy, it hardly seems logical to continue the prosecution of the American underlings of this conspiracy.

On August 8, 1955, the New York *Times* and the *Daily Worker* simultaneously printed a news story of a letter addressed to the President of the United States, urging him and the Attorney General to "take a second look at the whole question of Smith Act trials in view of the easing of tensions." The letter was allegedly signed by 73 "American intellectuals consisting," as the *Times* reported, "mainly of university scholars and clergymen." In both newspapers only 71 names were listed as signers.

In its story, the *Times* inserted the following editorial observation: "Most of the signers have not appeared in the news at all in connection with their political affiliations and attitudes." Quick research showed that the *Times*' own news columns

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contain the evidence to refute this editorial observation. The pro-Communist affiliations and attitudes of at least 39 of the 71 signers have been spread upon the public record in the pages of the New York *Times* alone. Other news sources, added to the *Times*, show that at least 61 of the 71 signers have been affiliated with Communist enterprises in the past.

The rallying cry of the pro-Communists "to take a second look at the Smith Act prosecutions," in the light of the Geneva meeting-at-the-summit, is one instance out of hundreds which point up the propaganda advantage which the Communist conspiracy has scored.

The Communist and egghead press promptly went into a campaign designed to ease the restrictions on East-West trade.

A Communist outfit which called itself the Committee to End the Black List issued a press release, declaring: "Times are changing. President Eisenhower and Premier Bulganin talk at Geneva . . ." It follows, said this committee of concealed Communists, that the House Committee on Un-American Activities is out of step with the times in conducting an investigation of the Communist infiltration into the theater, radio and television.

The provision for finger-printing alien applicants for American visas has come under fire as a direct result of the Geneva talks. At the summit meeting, Zhukov explained to Mr. Eisenhower that Communists who wished to travel in the United States would have their feelings hurt if they had to be finger-printed; and the President was impressed. If finger prints are not to be required of alien Communists who come to these shores, what about eliminating all finger-printing requirements for loyal American citizens?

Finally, the Geneva meeting-at-the-summit has given the Communists and the anti-anti-Communists the most useful cudgel they ever possessed, for beating the brains out of all anti-Communists in the United States. Opposition to the Communist conspiracy has been made vastly more difficult as the result of Geneva.

THE NEEDS of the Kremlin, either with respect to the world scene or with respect to internal crises, are overriding and invariably determine whether a given period is one of tension or one of relaxation. Nothing is left to mere chance. A conspiracy which has set world revolution as its ultimate goal is perpetually in the process of making and revising its plans for the attainment of that goal. Serious revolutionists are sleepless; they dare not risk as many as forty winks.

Agreements at Geneva or no agreements, the war will go on as it has gone on these 38 years. Characterized by attacks and retreats, by tensions and relaxation, it could be the year 2017 A.D. before the decisive battle of the war is fought.

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The *Newest* of the New Trains

BY HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE

HERE COMES "The Dream Train" — a new concept in railroad transportation. Passengers will actually ride on air. Speeds will be upped to 100 or more miles an hour and fares may go down. Travelers will have riding comfort never before enjoyed on a train ride.

It's "The Dream Train," but it isn't a dream. One of these revolutionary trains is nearing completion in the plants of the Electro-Motive Division of the General Motors Corporation at La Grange, Illinois. As this is written, work on a second train is about to get under way.

The first train will be shown to the public later this year, then demonstrated on all the major railroad systems of the United States. Soon one will be put into service by New York Central, another by the Pennsylvania.

Just to give you an idea: "The Dream Train" can make the 960-mile run from New York to Chicago in ten hours against the 15 hours needed by the crack "Twentieth Century."

It all started when a committee of railroad presidents asked car builders and locomotive manufacturers to come up with some new ideas for passenger hauling equipment. The presidents were seeking ways and means of reducing a railroad passenger deficit of some $700,000,000 a year — the actual cost of moving people about the nation.

They wanted equipment that would: (1) reduce equipment investment; (2) reduce operating and maintenance costs; (3) increase average speed; (4) improve riding comfort; and (5) greatly reduce the passenger deficit. The presidents also "dreamed" of a coach that could be sold for less than $1,000 a seat when built in volume production. General Motors got busy.

"Because of its experience in the design of both power plants and car structures for hundreds of gasoline-electric rail cars and for many thousands of Diesel locomotives," said Harlow H. Curtice, president, "our Electro-Motive Division at La Grange was in a unique position to

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make a substantial contribution to the problem, and the project was undertaken.

"General Motors has no intention of going into the railroad passenger car building business. It is primarily interested in the promotion of the use of its Diesel motive power and presents the new cars as a service in the hope that they may offer a solution to the passenger deficit problem."

Mr. Curtice feels that all goals have been met. The challenge offered by the railroad presidents' committee gave General Motors an opportunity to design an entire train as a single unit. In the past, locomotives have been designed to provide the best possible compromise to meet a wide variance in existing passenger equipment.

"Here, for the first time," Mr. Curtice said, "was an opportunity to select the most economical prime mover and match it with a train to obtain the ultimate in utilization and economy. The size of the Diesel propulsion engine, the size of the auxiliary engines, the size and weight of the cars, for example, have been determined by the contribution each makes to the successful whole — from the standpoint of performance, first cost, operating cost, maintenance and repair costs, and safety."

General Motors added another principle of its own to the ground rules set by the railroad presidents — the principle that existing proved components should be used in the new train wherever feasible. This means economy because the components already are in mass production — and reliability because they have long been tested.

As a result, the locomotive of the new train will contain standard GM Diesel engines and Electro-Motive generators, traction motors and control apparatus used in thousands of locomotives throughout the world. The car bodies will be from GMC Truck & Coach Division; air-conditioning from GM's Frigidaire Division; auxiliary Diesel engines, for train heat and air-conditioning, from Detroit Diesel Engine Division; and auxiliary generators from Delco Products Division.

SIX YEARS ago General Motors designed, built and exhibited "The Train of Tomorrow," introducing many features which since have become standard on many crack American trains. But "The Dream Train" is even more startling.

Here are some facts about it:

◆ The train is made up of a one-unit Diesel locomotive and ten coaches, each accommodating 40 passengers.

◆ Conventional springs are replaced by GM's patented "air ride" — huge rubber bellows, providing, literally, a ride on air.

◆ The cars are adapted from the body of GM's 40-passenger intercity type highway coach, mounted

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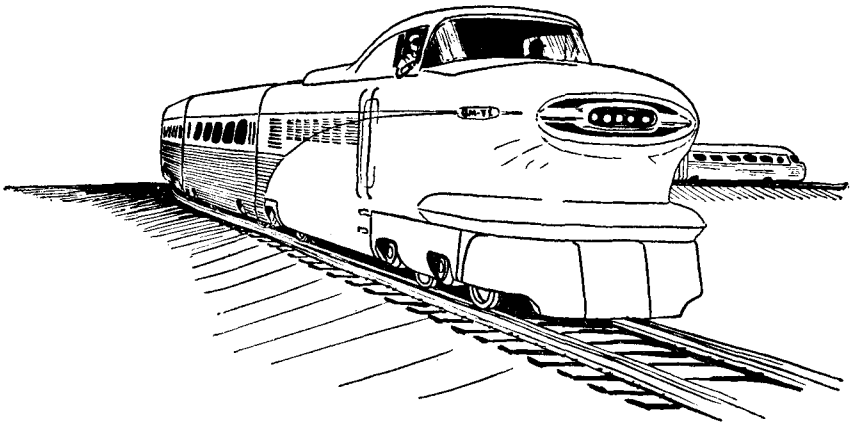

on four-wheel underframes. Each car is air-conditioned, has a lavatory and a pantry for serving airplane-type meals. Vestibules have entrances on both sides. Doors and steps are arranged so that entrances will serve either high or low station platforms.

◆ Baggage compartments are under the floor. This means that passengers will get a better view of the scenery. Yet the center is ten inches lower than in present standard railroad coaches.

◆ The low center of gravity, light weight of the train plus air-ride suspension will permit much faster speeds, at lower costs.

◆ The locomotive, with only 1,200 horsepower for traction, is capable of hauling the train and 400 passengers at speeds of over 100 miles an hour, taking curves with a completely level ride. By contrast, the "Century" can carry only 216 people at 80 miles an hour with four times (4,800) the horsepower.

◆ Fuel for a New York-Chicago run will cost approximately $125. This averages out approximately 32 cents' worth of fuel per passenger. It would take about five times that much fuel to haul the same number of passengers in a conventional steam train on a 60-mile-an-hour schedule.

◆ Strength and safety features are far in excess of government and railroad requirements.

N. N. Dezendorf, vice-president of GM and general manager of the Electro-Motive Division may well be called the father of "The Dream." James Symmes, president of the Pennsylvania, in conversation with Dezendorf, had passed along the thought that if the railroads could find some way of getting around the terrific expense of completely refurbishing and practically rebuilding passenger coaches every seven years

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(it works out that way on the average) one of the chief sources of loss in the passenger business could be dried up.

Consideration of this particular problem led Mr. Dezendorf to come up with the idea of trying to fit a standardized bus body (already in mass production and quickly and cheaply replaceable) to an undercarriage the plant was already making — which would meet the requirements of 100-mile-an-hour speeds.

Another big advantage occurred to Mr. Dezendorf: The railroads get stuck with the same old equipment generation after generation — a serious problem in meeting bus and airplane transportation. Buses and airplanes wear out so much faster than railroad cars that bus and air services give their customers new and better equipment at frequent intervals.

So, reasoned Mr. Dezendorf, if the body of a railroad coach was junked every seven years and a new one put on, the trains would have a "new look." Every time a change was made, all the developments of the previous seven years — colors, lighting, seats, all things to make travel attractive — would be included in the new body. Mr. Dezendorf asked his engineering department whether his idea was feasible. The answer came back that it was. The idea was presented to several railroad presidents and met with instant and enthusiastic endorsement. So they went to work.

OTHER light-weight trains have been referred to as "low slung." In designing "The Dream," GM designers deliberately went to the other extreme, and this train is "high slung." Customer research among both bus and rail passengers had shown that people like to "ride high," as evidenced by the popularity of the dome railroad cars and the GM sceni-cruiser buses. So passengers on "The Dream" will ride at the same level as in the present railroad passenger cars.

Aside from the fact that "low" riders would get tired of looking at the mud, weeds and gravel flying by their windows, the designers took into consideration another factor. There is a definite phobia disadvantage in having people ride close to the ground.

In the early days of streamlined trains, engineers and firemen sat at floor level in the noses of the Diesel locomotives. GM found there were cases of dizziness in crews who rode in those low cabs because of the endless impact of the sight of railroad ties.

To illustrate the point further, railroads with overhead electric power lines have consistently shunned dome cars because test runs have shown that many people are disturbed by the illusion that they are being hurled straight at those heavy wires, hanging down only three feet above the glass roof.

Well, here comes "The Dream Train." All a-b-o-a — a — r — d!

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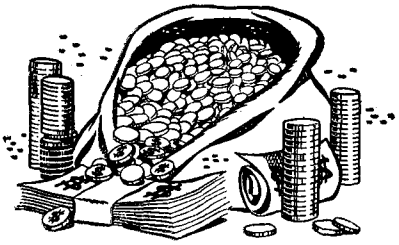

You *Can't* Win the

$64,000!

BY DILLARD STOKES

You may know the $64,000 answer. But you *can't* win the $64,000!

Every Tuesday night, tens of millions of Americans tune in on the toughest — and highest priced — quiz show ever set up. They watch people just like themselves face up to complicated four-part questions about opera, history and headline news.

Many who try, win $512 on the first four easy questions. A minute or two and three hard questions later, they have $4,000, with a chance at $64,000 glittering in front of them. All they need is four more answers. Millions of people would like to be in their shoes.

Few of the millions, and few of the contestants realize that even if they win, they will never spend the money. This is not the sponsor's fault. The Revlon cosmetic people lay the cash on the line. Hal March, the MC, pays it off with a smile.

The trouble is that as soon as a contestant gets a chance to make a real score the income tax agents step up next to him. Uncle Sam is right at his elbow to cut in on the profit. Not just a piece of it, but a lot of it

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and nearly all if it gets into really big money.

LET'S WATCH a young fellow — a real Joe Whiz — who makes $4,000 a year. He has a girl and this is his chance to win enough to get married in style. The first four questions are a breeze for him. They give him $512 that he can't lose, even if he is stumped later on.

Joe keeps on. Three more questions, tough ones, give him $4,000. Even if he misses the next one he gets a Cadillac, so he goes on, and he wins again. Now he has $8,000!

(*He thinks he has, anyway. The government will take $2,172 of it; so all he really has is $5,828.*)

Now, shall Joe try for the $16,000? That would mean winning another $8,000, and he could pretty near pay for a new house for his bride. Joe tries, and he wins.

(*Of the $8,000 he has just won, Joe really has only $4,380 for himself. He's in the painful brackets now, and Uncle Sam's share of it is $3,620. On this last question, Joe had more to lose than he had to win.*)

A week later — shall Joe try for the $32,000? Another $16,000 would pay for a much nicer house, and furnish it, with enough left over to buy a car. So he tries, and he wins again.

(*But Joe will find he hasn't won the price of a house. He thought he would win $16,000 more, but the government will take $9,608 of it. So all our hero won this time was $6,392.*)

There's just one question left — the Big Payoff. The $64,000 itself. That looks like another $32,000 in winnings, enough to set Joe up in his own business. He thinks so, anyhow, and he tries, and he hits. Hearts do flipflops in ten million living rooms! This is what they waited all summer for!

But Joe hasn't won another $32,000, as he expected. This last time, he really was bucking the odds. He staked all of his winnings for another $8,708. Uncle Sam rakes in the rest of it — a little matter of $23,292!

Our hero has strained and sweated his way up to the $64,000 question and he has licked it. But instead of 64 G's, all he has won is $25,308 for himself, and $38,692 for the government.

What's more, if Revlon and CBS put up a $128,000 question, and Joe answered that, he still wouldn't have $64,000. He'd have just $34,244; while Uncle Sam would have $93,756.

If there were a $256,000 question, and Joe knew the answer, he *still* would not win $64,000 for himself. All he could spend would be $46,650. The government would take the $209,350.

However, if Revlon Products will add those questions and one more — one for $512,000 — it will be possible for Joe to win $64,000.

In fact, if there were a $512,000 question and Joe had the answer, he could win a big beautiful $69,696 for himself, and a little trifle of $442,304 for Uncle Sam!

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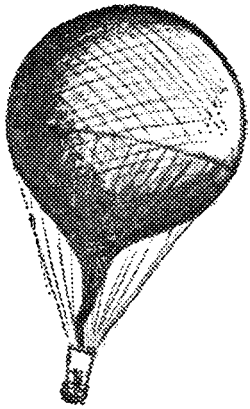


BALLOONS OVER DIXIE

By Daniel Francis Clancy

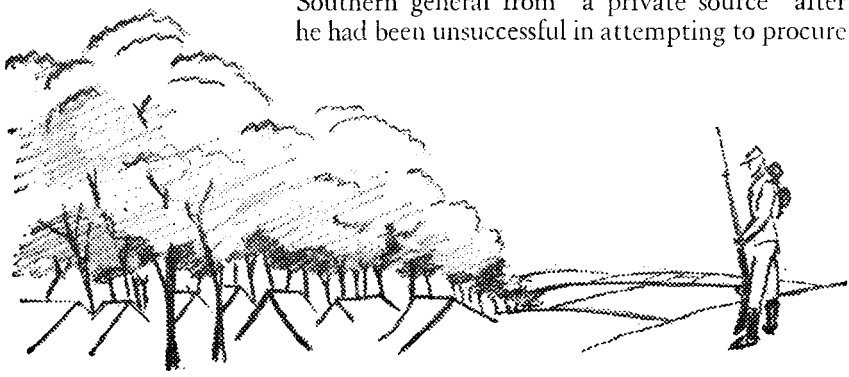
The Little-Known Story of the Confederate Air Service

THE MOST romantic branch of the most romanticized military force in United States history was the Confederate Air Service. Perhaps the most select organization of adventurers in American military annals, the CAS had only four or five balloons during the entire war.

Altitude then was as awesome a thing as atomic power today, and rising away from mother earth at the rate of a few score feet a minute was as valiant as piloting the supersonic planes of the present — more so, really, because almost no one else had ever done it.

It could well be said of Confederate "pilots" that never had so few dared so much for so many.

The first Confederate balloon, obtained by the Southern general from "a private source" after he had been unsuccessful in attempting to procure



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one through Richmond authorities, might be called Beauregard's Balloon. Defective construction is said to have prevented successful operation of this balloon in 1861. There are reports, however, that it was raised over a battlefield in September of that year.

General J. B. Magruder had little success with a balloon in the spring of 1862. Pilot of the Magruder Balloon was Captain John Randolph Bryan. Captain Bryan, aide-de-camp to General Magruder and therefore readily available, was drafted for the air service.

In those days there was no pilot instruction, soloing, training flights, and will-he-or-won't-he-win-his-wings suspense. Some general tagged you, and you were it — an expert pilot.

With more of a horror of heights than a yearning for the Wild Blue Yonder, Captain Bryan inadvertently soon became celebrated as "Balloon Bryan" and this reluctant Rebel Rickenbacker ended up in history as a sort of "ace of aces" of the Confederate Air Service. Later in life he wrote a chapter, "Balloons Used for Scout Duty," in the Southern Historical Society Papers now at Richmond.

Balloon Bryan made his last trip in Magruder's Balloon in early May 1862. When a soldier became entangled in the rope holding the balloon to earth, the rope was cut, and Captain Bryan and his balloon bounded into the air, drifted over the Union lines, and were then blown back over the Southern lines near Yorktown. Confederate troops, seeing the balloon coming from the north, opened fire — but Bryan landed safely.

Shooting at Union balloons was a favorite Southern sport. There is one story about the crew of a Confederate field piece using larger and larger amounts of powder, and elevating their gun more and more in an endeavor to reach a Northern balloon — until finally they blew up their own gun.

THE BEST balloon story out of the War Between the States seems to be untrue — or, perhaps, we should say romanticized. This is the tale of the so-called Silk Dress Balloon which, some historians have said, was made from patched-together silk dresses gathered from all over the Confederacy. The story of this multicolored ship made from the dresses of Southern belles is appealing, but a majority of the reliable writers on the war say the craft wasn't made from donated dresses at all — although even these historians refer to the ship as the "Silk Dress" Balloon.

It seems that the Silk Dress Balloon was actually built in the spring of 1862 by Captain Langdon Cheves, Jr., of Savannah, Georgia, at his own expense in the Chatham Armory in Savannah. It was made not of silk dresses but of new silk imported for the purpose. One account states that the balloon was constructed of strips

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of silk varnished with gutta-percha car springs dissolved in naphtha, and that it had a capacity of about 7,500 cubic feet. The Southerners had no hydrogen, and were forced to use inferior city coal gas, inflating the balloon at Richmond and towing it to the fighting front with a freight car. Although the poor gas and long distance to the front lines restricted the balloon's altitude and made ascents difficult, this was the Confederacy's most effective balloon.

The Silk Dress Balloon made daily ascensions between June 27 and July 4, 1862. Its reconnaissance on the Richmond front was considered highly useful.

THE Confederacy's main use of balloons was apparently for observation. The North, however, is known to have made some use of balloons for artillery spotting, and many maps were sketched aloft by Union draftsmen. The North, with hydrogen, had balloons which could lift three men to more than 1,000 feet in the air.

Although the bearded balloonists in both Blue and Gray were brave aeronauts, none was shot down during the entire War Between the States. The only Confederate victory over enemy air power was capture of a Union balloon inflater on the ground. The Union captured one Confederate balloon.

On July 1, 1862, the Silk Dress Balloon was tied to the deck of a small armed tug, the *Teaser*, and made daily ascensions through July 4th. On Independence Day the *Teaser* ran aground on a falling tide in the James River, below Malvern Hill. The Federal gunboat *Maritanza* captured both the Southern boat and balloon, although the Confederate crew escaped. There, it seems, "Confederate military aeronautics ceased."

One Confederate history, however, says that the balloon lost on July 4 was soon replaced by another "similarly made of vari-colored silk." However, there is some confusion as to whether General Magruder had one or two balloons, since some historians refer to "a balloon made of cotton bags and filled with hot air" which quickly came to grief.

There doesn't appear to have been anyone who could be called commander of the Confederate Air Service. This was likely due to the fact that the Confederacy never seems to have had more than one balloon at a time, and often not that — beset, as the South was, by boycott and poverty. One ground general or another is spoken of as being in charge of the Confederacy's few balloons — such as E. Porter Alexander, Chief of Ordnance of the Army of Northern Virginia, "in charge of" the balloon at the battle of Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862. This was doubtlessly the Silk Dress Balloon.

But with the close of the Civil War, the balloon service disbanded, and with that a colorful chapter in early aeronautical history ended.

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SAINT LOUIS

One of St. Louis' more famous daughters gives her impressions of her old home town

ST. LOUIS is my home town. Not quite literally because I saw my first light of day in Hamilton, Ohio. But I was merely taken there for the purpose of being born in the same house in which my mother came into this life, and as soon as possible thereafter, returned to the Missouri metropolis.

So actually, St. Louis is the scene of my earliest recollections.

One of these is walking along a high bluff with my hand in my father's, and pausing with him to look out over the wide Mississippi River as it flowed, slow-moving as molasses, past our city.

"There goes one of the greatest rivers in the world," he said. "Pretty muddy looking, isn't she, to be so important?"

I remember her mud because it made our levees so oozy. On steamboat rides to Keokuk, Cape Girardeau, or Memphis, we churned it up in clouds.

During my childhood, Mississippi mud vitiated our drinking water. Most households used small filters, attachable to the kitchen faucet. I used to beg for the privilege of cleaning ours. The filter stone lifted out of its metal container, covered with a heavy coating of thick yellowish slime which washed off as you held it beneath the faucet and ran thick as gravy into the sink.

It was a thankful job in a way, because then you reinserted a clean filter ready to absorb its next load.

Today, of course, due to modern processes, the great city of 800,000 population, boasts immaculate and sparkling drinking water.

So does it boast all of the accoutrements and glamorous advantages of a progressive metropolis, fit to rank among the leading cities of the nation.

Situated on the west bank of the Mississippi River, on flat far-flung terrain of rich agricultural yield, she

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not only dominates the State of Missouri, but geographically and dramatically speaking, is Gateway to the West!

A FAR CRY, this modern imperial city, from that summer back in 1763 when a Frenchman, Pierre Laclede Liguest, set out from New Orleans for Louisiana, there to start a new trading post in the furs which were so fabulously enriching that region.

After adventures inherent in such an enterprise, he explored the Mississippi up as far as the Missouri. Suddenly, spread before him like an answer to his prayer, was the site upon which was to rise the eighth largest city in the nation.

I like to imagine Laclede standing upon the same bluff on which I stood that day, overlooking the Father of Waters.

One of my grammar school friends lived on "Laclede Avenue." I lived in an area called "Cabanne," after an old French family.

"Your street is only named after the Cabannes," she used to taunt. "Mine is named after the discoverer of St. Louis."

Well I remember those streets, so identified with the history of our town. Chouteau Avenue. Papin Street. LaSalle.

Gradually, of course, the hot blood of the frontier days began to simmer down into the rich arterial flow of many mixtures and nationalities, and the profile of the city took shape, finally dominated by two major nationalities, the French and the German.

The St. Louis of today, with its accrued wealth of solid industries, gargantuan department stores, factories, major league baseball teams; its avenues, boulevards, residential streets with stone gates that are locked at night; its meat-packing, shoe, fur, chemical and heavy industries; its staggering brewing interests, its mercantile and manufacturing importance, its family mansions; all this staid conservatism of contemporary St. Louis has a background of trappers, of voyageurs, such as the Chouteaus; of Louisiana Purchase pathfinders; of Lewis and Clark, who blazed a trail into the fur monopolies upon which so much St. Louis history rests.

Hurtling the fascinating historical narrative of the Mississippi and the Missouri Rivers; the 1811 appearance of the first Mississippi steamboat; the weaving of the highways, airways, waterways that form spokes into all parts of America, let us now enter St. Louis by way of Union Station.

It is an outmoded Union Station, but in its day, which must be about a half-century back, it was nationwide, headline news. The last word in tailored railroad terminals.

At that time, you no sooner emerged from the much-touted magnificence of the station, than the eye banged against a slum area of Negro tenements and shacks. These

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are now cleared. Today a superb Carl Milles fountain, symbolizing the meeting of the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers dominates the handsome Plaza in front of Union Station. But despite splendid ornamental waters, the taint of slums still vitiates the area.

In many ways, St. Louis has become sort of a last stronghold of a vanishing era. Believe it or not, in this apartment-house-and-family-hotel era, St. Louis is still a town of many, many mansions. Ten, fifteen and twenty-room ones at that. Apparently that vanishing race, domestic servants, has not altogether disappeared in this handsome, matronly city. Its beautiful tree-lined residential boulevards and landscaped areas abound in Georgian, Norman, Greek, ranch and adobe mansions, surrounded by ornate lawns, lariat driveways, ornamental garages. Radiating toward and from these highly exclusive sections are miles and miles of two and three-story family and apartment structures.

St. Louisans are essentially home folks. Their living-rooms are used, their dining-room tables are the expandable sort. St. Louis eats "in" and eats well. A chronic complaint of restaurateurs and theater managers is that St. Louis is too much of a "home city," for their kind of business.

Come evening, St. Louis likes to enjoy its comfortable living-rooms or glassed-in porches, its television, cards, or social gatherings. Downtown streets are largely deserted, theaters indifferently attended.

One splendid exception to this general rule is the huge and magnificent outdoor Municipal Theatre in Forest Park. World renowned.

But this too is a gathering of the community, sitting out in the open, under starry Middle West skies, to enjoy the best in drama, opera and ballet.

But make no mistake, downtown St. Louis is the last word in modern hotels, department stores, mercantile establishments, clubs. The Keil Auditorium seats 20,000. The 31-story Telephone Building is sky-scraping achievement.

But apart from its physical splendors there is a subtle "feel" to the city not easily definable. The real "spirit of St. Louis" lurks not in the Lindbergh airplane of that name, which she sent winging on its immortal flight, but in the behavior and the attitudes of the people.

They are conservative, undemonstrative, unostentatious. The New England infiltration of its early history has left a Yankee influence.

The mistresses of many of the magnificent mansions, who are members of the exclusive St. Louis clubs and snobbish social cliques, market their own fowl for dinner and prod chicken flesh for tenderness across the butcher's counter. Their men, who sit on some of the greatest fortunes in the nation but could easily be overlooked in a crowd,

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usually prefer it that way. Despite sophistication, know-how and progressiveness, thrift runs through their pattern.

The dowager city of St. Louis, jewels in her safe deposit box, a market basket on her arm, walks with her well-shod, sensible shoes solidly on the ground. But the stars that shine down upon her Middle West prairie-land are not lost upon her, and the cultural achievements of the community — the splendid Art Museum, famed Symphony Orchestra, Municipal Theatre, schools and universities — make it apparent that she has sniffed them.

When St. Louisans who have struck out to seek, or make, name and fame for themselves in far-flung places, feel the nostalgic pull to return for a visit, they will be assured a quiet but undemonstrative welcome.

During World War II, I found myself one of a coast-to-coast traveling team of authors, including Louis Bromfield, Ogden Nash, Clifton Fadiman, and General Carlos Romulo.

When we reached St. Louis, as the home-town girl, I was thrust to the front of our party and placed in the first car. As we left the station with the paraphernalia of motorcar escort, a policeman turned to me and said: "My wife just loves you on the radio, Baby Snooks." "Alas," I explained, "I'm not Fannie Brice. I'm Fannie Hurst."

"Oh," he remarked casually, "then you must know my son, I think he used to be in your class at school."

Then he mentioned his name. His son and my classmate had become a man of international fame.

On that same trip, which was at least fifteen years after I had left St. Louis, I met an old school friend who greeted me warmly:

"Why hello, Fannie. How've you been? Haven't seen you for a long time. Been away?"

St. Louisans are like that. And, St. Louis is like this:

You can fry an egg on its August sidewalks. To be sure, so can you in a score of American cities, but like Pittsburgh, for its smoke, St. Louis takes the rap for its heat. St. Louis winter dampness is content with nothing short of getting into the marrow of your bones and rattling them.

EVEN the oldest inhabitants complain that their home town "bores the daylights" out of them, cramps their style, and induces sleeping sickness. But in the same breath they will defend her to the death.

Most of us St. Louisans, ex or current, think less of her defects than we do of her assets. Take, for instance, the glory of her blazing autumns. There is something about fall in St. Louis that has a grandeur all its own. Even her Indian summer humidity contributes to the honey-colored hypnotism of October in St. Louis. It is not only her smell of

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burning leaves (autumn everywhere smells of burning leaves), or her apricot-colored haze, or her residential streets with their trees that filter the sunlight through their reddening leaves. It is also St. Louis, putting her long rows of home-made preserves and chowchows along pantry shelves; St. Louis getting ready for the big annual autumn event, The Veiled Prophet Parade and Ball — St. Louis, rich as Croesus and plain as an old shoe.

You have to be a St. Louisan to know the taste of her autumns and of her Missouri crab apple jelly and the carnival fun of The Veiled Prophet Annual Parade and Ball.

A one-time eminent President of Washington University, which overlooks the city, remarked to me while I was a student there:

"It's the darndest thing, [Yes, the president put it that way!] I'm a New Englander by birth, and by preference. I want to get back there and end my days where I began them. But I just can't want to leave this town enough to do something about it, so I guess I'll have to end my days right here." He did.

Charles Lindbergh, baseball, Anheuser Busch, and the *St. Louis Blues* may be her chief claim to popular fame, but as her Chamber of Commerce might proudly put it, St. Louis, metropolis of the Middle West, is an old city with new ideals. And the old wine is in modern new bottles.

Foremost in the Mississippi Valley (and what a valley!), it is a queen of a city, surrounded by the United States and packed with the meaning of America.

The last time I was there, I ran into an old crony of my father's.

"Aren't you about ready to come back and settle down in St. Louis?" he asked. "Most of the things you are traipsing around trying to find in life, you'll find right here, only better."

St. Louisans feel that way!

It's the Way You Say It

⋎ In announcing it will conduct a beauty contest to choose an Indiana "Air Princess," the Air Force concluded its release with: "All entries become the property of the judges."

⋎ A San Francisco cop's choice of words rather jolted Secret Service men guarding President Eisenhower during his appearance in the California city to address a UN meeting. As the President stepped out of a hotel, a policeman with a public address amplifier blared: "You people will have to move across the street — you can still get a good shot at the President from there."

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LITTLE TOWN POSTMISTRESS

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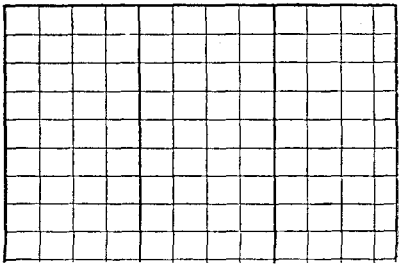
By Kathleen Hanford



"GOOD MORNING, Mrs. Souter," I greeted my first customer of the morning.

"Hello there," she answered. "Has the mail come yet?"

Everybody in town knew that the mail would not arrive until 10 o'clock, but as always, I found myself refreshing their memories.

My day, of course, would begin much earlier than that. I would stomp through knee-deep snows to my little post office high atop a mountain in Gilman, Colorado. After inserting my key in the old pine door, I, shivering, would try to coax the stove to burn. We had few modern conveniences in the minute, 100-year-old building where my post office was situated.

Rubbing my hands together briskly, trying to keep up circulation, I would run a wary eye over my 50 boxes. Then I would check out my change for the early hours and unlock the stamps. Only then would I be ready to throw my window up to greet my first customer who, on this particular morning, was Mrs. Souter. Soon there would be others. I always had a good audience to wait with me for the mail truck and my post office became a meeting place for the inhabitants of our small town.

Greetings would fly thick and fast between my customers and the carrier of the mailsacks. He was a hometown boy who had a truck and a contract to haul mail. Eager hands were ready to help him unload, but my inner door no one could penetrate. That was my domicile.

Slamming down my window, I would help the carrier open the sacks and carefully spill out the mail. Whew! Soapflakes again? Last week it was peas and today, soapflakes. With nostrils stinging and eyes watering, the mail carrier would rush from my tiny room while I dealt the mail, piece by piece, into the individual boxes. Eager hands swept the letters from the boxes as soon as I deposited them there.

Mrs. Souter cheerfully read aloud the letter she had received from her youngest daughter, away at school.

All too soon the first class mail was sorted. Then came the second class mail and the packages. Today

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was payday for our mining town and that meant many C.O.D. packages. And happy day! Montgomery Ward spring catalogs had arrived! Mail-order catalogs mean so much to the dwellers of high mountains.

As soon as possible, I would throw up the window again to distribute the general delivery items. Standing in line would be the recipients of this mail. There was Susie Johnson. Yesterday she had been chosen at school to come and wait for the teachers' mail. Tossing her head with the importance of her job, she would wait while I hurriedly ran through the "A's" and "M's" and "T's" for the teachers. Every child in school envied Susie her job. Tomorrow Tommy Mason might be the one who stood with hand outstretched for the school mail. The child excelling in lessons always was chosen.

Now Susie was hugging her mother further back in line before opening the door to hurl herself out into the brisk air and tote the mail up the small hill to the school.

As I turned from the window, I observed a tall, handsome young Mexican waiting patiently for his mail. I handed him a pink envelope covered with loving messages on all four corners of the back. He grinned as he reached into his pocket, bringing out a small jeweler's box. Shyly looking at me, he opened it. A beautiful heart locket lay exposed to my view.

"I'm mailing it to Marie, today. I just bought it. Like it?" he asked.

Ah! There was romance in my job, too. I helped him wrap it, insuring it for full value before he reluctantly left it in my hands to wing its way to his sweetheart.

With a sinking heart, I saw that Jose, the hermit, was waiting to be served. Before he could spread his empty hands on my window, I knew his story. He was broke again. He could not send the Denver Loan Company the installment due today.

With his black eyes ferreting into mine, I heard his broken English of poor excuses. Out of all that volubility, I knew I must pluck a sentence or two. Jose could not write. He wanted me to write his excuses. A grimy coin was pushed through for paper, envelope and stamp.

I wrote his letter for him. He stayed until I licked the stamp and dropped the letter into the outgoing mail bag. Then he humped his shoulders and strode out into the snowstorm with his bright new catalog under his arm. Before he could buy any of its tempting items, his wages would be garnisheed for the debt — I knew that.

So the life of a small town's postmistress goes. Morning and afternoon are full of human interest. Vicariously, I lived the lives of my patrons. I laughed with them and cried with them over their mail. Mine was the sort of job that never had a dull moment.

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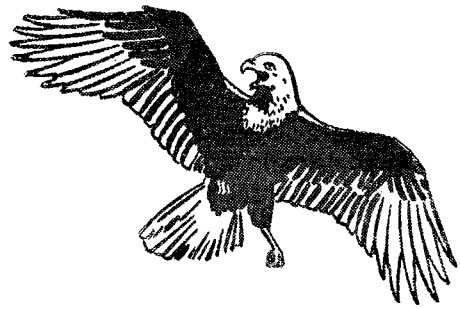
Pressure Groups Rule WASHINGTON



By Harold Lord Varney

HARRY S. TRUMAN attempted to wrap up the New Deal success formula in a single sentence when he told the Democratic delegates in 1952 that "the people vote for us because we give them the kind of government that they want." Unfortunately, there was one striking omission in Mr. Truman's dictum. Had he been completely candid he would have re-phrased his formula to read: "the people vote for us because we give them the kind of government the pressure groups make them think they want."

That any actual spontaneous popular action is possible today in any administration, through the thick curtain of misinformation and slanted truth which the top pressure groups throw up between the people and their government, is extremely doubtful. We are in an era of pressure-group command.

Probably the explanation of the frightening power growth of the pressure groups during the Truman and Eisenhower Administrations is to be found in their mastery of the mass communications. TV, radio, Hollywood, the picture magazines, and other new media of sub-adult information are hand-made for the opinion manipulators. They give a bullet response to any opinion wave that the master minds put into motion. They have the priceless advantage of easy control from the top, often by the same influences which direct the pressure groups. We have

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seen, in the present Eisenhower Administration, the link between the mass media and the dominant pressure groups reaching the full flower of its development. The powerful techniques of national brain-washing are all in operation.

One reason for the wide misunderstanding of the whole pressure-group set-up is the popular habit of identifying the pressure system exclusively with "big business," or with the major interest groups. Concededly, "big business" has been expert in using the pressure techniques, as was recently strikingly demonstrated in the world trade drive of the tycoons on the Committee for a National Trade Policy. Left-wing publicists have had a field day laboring this point.

But the master fact remains that the most spectacular employers of the pressure-group technique have been the so-called Liberals themselves. The whole miscellany of internationalist, labor, New Deal, foundation, church, civil liberty and minority groups which form Washington's most powerful unofficial coalition derives its principal potency from the pressure-group atmosphere. It can give "big business" kindergarten lessons in the occult art of making friends and influencing people.

A CLASSIC instance of the devastating power of the Liberal pressure groups when they are hitting on all cylinders was the surprising hatchet job which they did on General Douglas MacArthur in 1951 and 1952.

For a few weeks in 1951, Douglas MacArthur was unquestionably the most popular man in the United States. After his address to Congress in April 1951, he seemed to hold the political future of the nation in his two hands. The emotional outpourings of vast throngs to greet him in the various cities demonstrated his extraordinary grip on the public imagination. Since MacArthur was an outsider to the Marshall-Acheson-Eisenhower group which was then steering the nation's policy toward appeasement in Asia and NATO in Europe, the MacArthur glamor was a deadly threat to their ascendancy in Washington.

As if on a signal, the pressure-group big brains went into action. The strange alliance of One Worlders, foreign traders, Ivy League collegians, New Deal Fabians, Committee for Economic Development industrialists, AFL and CIO unionists, Anglophile foundations, Lattimore Far East softies, Left-wing radio and TV commentators and newspaper columnists and professional Liberals of all stripes went to work to tear down the MacArthur legend. Eisenhower was brought forward as the advertising man's dream candidate to block any MacArthur push toward the White House. The bogey man of a Third World War in the event of MacArthur's ascendancy was brought forward to scare the electorate.

Under these calculated bludgeon-

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ings, the MacArthur boom evaporated as quickly as it had started. At Chicago, a few months later, the MacArthur spark never ignited, despite well-financed preparations by his persisting idolators.

Another expert job which the international-minded pressure coalition has turned in has been the selling of permanent foreign aid to the American people. No operation is so politically hazardous as the giving away of tax-exacted money to foreigners.

But beginning with the tentative Marshall Plan of 1948 and continuing through Mr. Harriman's MSA and the excesses of Mr. Stassen's FOA, the American taxpayer has been kept cheerful while billions have flowed endlessly abroad. The program is still alive and kicking in 1955 — although every premise upon which it was justified in 1948 is now obsolete. The current session has just granted $2,703,341,730 more to this questionable program, at White House insistence.

The endurability of foreign aid is a tribute to the international-minded pressure groups, which have rallied all the resources of mass communications behind the program whenever it has been in trouble. The magic which they have used has been the implanting in the national mind of a belief that the business boom rests upon the continuation of the outflow of money and that it will collapse if aid ends.

The worthy Harold E. Stassen has probably been the most clever of the procession of foreign aid directors in working the pressure-group angles. A politician whose whole career has been greased by internationalist pressure-group sponsorship, Stassen knows his way about in the pressure field. His administration of FOA was a continuous circus of committees, boards and foreign inspection delegations, through which he gave flattering recognition to the key pressure-group big brass.

SIDE BY SIDE with foreign aid, the government information program has been a continuing protégé of the Liberal pressure groups. Launched by Adman Bill Benton in 1945, the information program, under its successive editions, has always been a concentration point for the Washington Liberal cult. Its grandiose objective of "selling" Americanism to the world (of course in Liberal habiliments) has always appealed to the evangelistic international mind.

When the Republican Administration came into power in 1953, there was the expectation that this Roosevelt-Truman relic would be liquidated, or at least cut down to appropriate size. No such thing happened. The program happened to be a pet enthusiasm of Dr. Milton S. Eisenhower, Ike's main liaison to many of the important pressure groups — and it won a new lease on life as a White House "must" program.

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When the McCarthy Committee began to look into the Left-wing infiltration of the USIS in 1953, White House anger was white hot. The President was induced to make his unfortunate "book burning" pronouncement at Dartmouth, which he later qualified. In 1955, this waterlogged and largely useless program actually received $8,000,000 more than in 1954, after strong White House representations to the Senate.

USIA, as a step-child of the pressure groups, is now a Washington sacred cow. It has a sponsor list bristling with newspaper, magazine, advertising agency, radio and academic names assembled by the resourceful Edward L. Bernays. It has a parallel sponsor list of Hollywood backers headed by Cecil B. De Mille himself. No one in Washington, who values his political future, will tangle with such big names to debunk USIA pretensions.

The privileged position that the pressure groups now occupy was highlighted during the Buchanan Committee probe of lobbying in 1950. The committee, staffed by go-soft aides, frittered away its time and appropriation trying to "get something" on a selected group of all-out anti-Communist organizations, which it balanced by a superficial interrogation of the ADA. But when it was asked to examine the pressure groups, which constitute the real lobbying problem in Washington, it discreetly backed away. The only sizable organization of this category which it examined with any seriousness was the National Association of Home Builders which happened, at the time, to be waging a vigorous propaganda battle against the Truman-favored Housing Act. The pressure groups were too hot to touch.

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the most ubiquitous pressure groups in the Washington picture is the teacher lobby. Because of their wide community ramifications, few legislators care to incur the ill-will of the Washington teacher spokesmen. The schoolmen can mobilize political momentum behind their insistent projects with almost overnight speed.

Recently, President Eisenhower attempted to placate this educator group with an expertly drafted proposal that the Federal government place its credit behind a $6 billion school-building bond program to be initiated by the various communities. He sweetened the proposal by an additional offer of $400 million in direct aid and $750 million in direct Federal purchase of bonds. It was a shrewd attempt to by-pass a program of direct Federal subsidies, in astronomical billions, which the organized educators had been demanding since the Truman Administration.

If he expected to win teacher plaudits with this restrained plan, the President was in for a rude awakening. The National Education Association, with its 612,000 teacher members, issued a legislative com-

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mittee report calling for $1 billion a year in direct Federal aid. More pointed was the decision of the legislative committee, at the July NEA convention, to organize the nation's 1,250,000 teachers into a fighting political body to persuade — and if necessary coerce — Washington legislators and officials to grant NEA objectives.

Dr. Earl J. McGrath, Truman's U.S. Commissioner of Education, who initiated the proposal, frankly declared: "I mean the organization of the profession in such a fashion as to bring nonpartisan political pressure on the members of the Executive and Legislative branches of the government to support measures calculated to improve the status and the condition of education in the state and Federal governments."

However, the NEA plans seem conservative beside those of another powerfully supported pressure group in the school field — the National Citizens Committee for the Public Schools. The NCCPS has issued an estimate, over the highly respectable name of Beardsley Ruml, declaring that during the next ten years between $5 and $10 billion annually must be added to our present school bill — plus $32 billion for new school construction.

Lest this sound irresponsible it must be recalled that the NCCPS is a Carnegie Corporation-endowed body whose directorate includes such names as Roy E. Larsen, James F. Brownlee, Louis B. Seltzer, Harry Scherman, George Gallup and other greats of the mass communication media field. Its program has been publicized by the powerful Advertising Council. It is one of the movers and shapers of national public opinion.

One of the most tireless pressure groups in Washington has long been the anti-immigration restriction coalition. In every session, it sponsors an emotionalized assault upon some aspect of our immigration laws. Its real target, of course, is the national origins quota system.

Legislators who represent states which have a large voting population which does not benefit from the national origins system, walk with wary steps when the anti-restrictionists go into action. A painful instance of what this pressure group can do was the defeat of Senator Chapman Revercomb of West Virginia in 1948, after he had led the fight in the Senate for the continuation of the national origins system. Senator Revercomb found $9,000 of reported money coming into his state to defeat him from an obscure New York organization, the Committee on National Affairs, which works with the anti-restriction lobby.

While rebuffed on the major issue, thanks to the unfrightened stand of such courageous Democrats as the late Senator Pat McCarran and Representative Francis E. Walter, the anti-restrictionists have hacked away at the quota edifice by such

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measures as the Displaced Persons Law of 1948 and its successor, the Displaced Persons Act of 1953. An idea of the high-pressure propaganda which has prepared the way for DP legislation may be seen from the reported expenditures of the Citizens Committee on Displaced Persons — which was set up by New Dealers and minority groups under the leadership of Earl G. Harrison. These expenditures amounted to a grand total of $1,037,489.83 in the campaign for the first DP law alone.

Another pressure group which enjoys unusual powers of reprisal against independent Washington legislators who defy it is the civil liberties group. The spearhead of this group, of course, is the American Civil Liberties Union — now publicly decontaminated of its Roger N. Baldwin pro-Communist past and drenched in the aroma of Liberal respectability. After 13 rejected years, the ACLU broke into the Washington big time under Roosevelt and has remained there. With other kindred groups it exerts an imponderable Capitol Hill influence on all measures concerned with race and minority interests. The civil liberties coterie even has a liaison in the White House family itself in the person of the shrewd Maxwell M. Rabb, successor to the Democratic David N. Niles.

The high point in the civil liberties group career was President Truman's appointment of the Civil Rights Commission in 1949. At this time a National Civil Liberties Clearing House was set up in Washington with 62 affiliate organizations. This clearing house still exists, ready to go into action on any important issue. Its influence was felt during the Reece Committee Investigation of the Foundations in 1954 when it backstopped Representative Wayne L. Hays in his wrecking operations. A scanning of the organizations in the clearing house will reveal a surprising duplication of names which have appeared in the other Liberal pressure groups.

All of this is a dismal picture to those who would preserve their faith in popular government. The pressure groups have interposed a power level between the people and their government which is strangling popular rule. With their adeptness in the use of mass communications, they are persuading the people to believe what they want them to believe.

It is no defense of the pressure-group system to point out that there are good as well as bad pressure groups. In a political setting where everyone is using pressure, worthy causes must resort to such methods in sheer self-defense — or yield the field by default to the misleaders. Thus the whole stream of popular government becomes choked at its source.

The façade of the people's rule still stands in grandeur in Washington. The reality is fast disappearing beneath the suffocating insolence of organized pressure.

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BY ANTHONY TRAWICK BOUSCAREN

Admiral Radford

AND FAR EASTERN POLICY

ADMIRAL ARTHUR RADFORD started his second term as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff on August 15th. There is little question among those who know him that America's military leadership for the next two years could not be in better hands. Such backbone as may now be said to exist in United States Far Eastern policy is largely attributable to Radford's realistic appraisal of Communist weakness in the Far East.

He recently told an interviewer: "I continue to be amazed at the credulity of so many people in accepting the theme of Chinese Communist strength. It is indeed an amazing paradox that an offensive posture can be maintained and initiative achieved with no real substance to back it up." This estimate of the situation seems to jibe with Secretary of State Dulles' recent description of Mao's regime as "a monster with feet of clay." Both Dulles and Radford have pointed out that anti-Communist Asians consider the United States a "paper tiger" after the concessions made to Red China at Panmunjom and Geneva.

It is no secret that Radford and his military associates often favor a tougher policy in the Far East than has yet been adopted. In 1951 he was reported to have looked with favor on General MacArthur's desire for an all-out effort to defeat the Chinese Communist invasion. Shortly thereafter, as Pacific Naval Commander, he was ready and eager to blockade the Red Chinese coast, had he been ordered to do so. There was no question in his mind about United States capabilities in the area.

During the fight for Dienbienphu in the spring of 1954, Admiral Radford was among those ready and willing to commit United States air and naval forces in order to save northern Viet Nam from Communism. Early in 1955 Radford and a majority of the Joint Chiefs recommended that we help our ally the Republic of China to hold onto the offshore islands of Quemoy, Matsu, Nanshi and Tachen.

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In the case of the latter, Radford reminded his civilian superior of the importance of this heavily fortified (with American money) island, not only to the defense of Formosa, but also to American-occupied Okinawa. Again, his views were not adopted, at least not in the cases of Tachen and Nanshi. Yet Radford, while conceding differences at the top level, insists that there is more agreement than disagreement: "I would like to call attention . . . to the really vast range of matters in which there is complete agreement. Disagreements, while few in number, seem to gain the most attention."

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER and Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson have displayed complete confidence in Admiral Radford as an advisor, in spite of occasionally important differences of opinion. Radford sees the President two or three times a week. He sits in on important policy-making meetings, and Secretaries Wilson and Dulles frequently consult with him.

His critics claim that Radford is a "saber-rattler" and even that he favors "preventive war." The Admiral is fully aware of the critical talk. He recently said: "The Joint Chiefs of Staff have had considerable experience in past wars and probably know better than anyone the real meaning of war. I really do not believe you could have a group of men who are more dedicated to the cause of peace . . . than the Joint Chiefs of Staff." He went on to say that "sometimes the fact that we have to deal constantly with military matters seems to give some people the notion that we would probably like nothing better than a good war some place. I can tell you that such is not the case."

Supporters of the Admiral (and they are many) argue that much of the criticism comes from sources whose views are based on appeasement, or whose knowledge of modern warfare is limited. One officer, close to the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, said recently:

"Radford is no saber-rattler. He doesn't want war. But he does think that firmness now will avoid war later. Too many people have misinterpreted his attitude of firmness as being warlike. I know Radford thinks we should be ready to do what we say we will do. He thinks unless we back up our words with actions, then the Reds will keep pushing us back further each time until there is no choice left but war. He believes that from a military viewpoint we don't have to retreat because we have the military capability to do whatever we want to do in backing up our foreign diplomacy."

Some of Admiral Radford's critics accuse him of being guilty of the same "crime" as Senator Knowland — paying too much attention to the Far East. Radford's rejoinder to these critics was:

"It is possible that a greater interest in Far East matters has been

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attributed to me personally, due to my past association and assignments in the Far East area. I can assure you that my interests and responsibilities, just as in the case of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, are global. It just so happens that the aggressive actions of the Chinese Communists in Korea, the Formosa Straits and Indo-China have focused a good deal of everyone's attention on those local hot-spots."

One thing is very clear about the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. His thinking and emphasis are at opposite poles from those of his predecessor, General Omar N. Bradley.

Whereas Bradley tended to be a Europe-first man, Radford recognizes the immediate danger as coming from Red China.

Whereas Bradley opposed the MacArthur strategy (and that of Van Fleet, Clark, Almond and Stratemeyer) during the Korean War, Radford supported this strategy.

Whereas Bradley's emphasis against the Communist enemy has been defensive, with insistence on "local wars," Radford feels that to avoid another defeat such as Korea or Dienbienphu we must be willing to strike back against "privileged sanctuaries," no matter what the risk.

For a time it seemed that top-level thinking in the Pentagon about Communist aggression was duplicating the Maginot Line psychology of the French, who refused to pinprick Nazism for fear of "antagonizing" Hitler.

With Radford in charge, such thinking is no more in evidence, at least not in the Pentagon.

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☆ A certain South American country had trouble with its pipeline and consulted an American engineer. He made a brief inspection, tapped one spot with a hammer and things were all right again. When the government received a bill for $1,000 they thought it rather steep and complained, asking for a bill of particulars.

The engineer wrote: "$10 for tapping pipe. $990 for knowing where to tap." — *3-Star-Extra* (NBC)

☆ The doctor was speaking with extreme gravity to a lady who'd been bitten by a rabid dog.

"It's possible," he said, "you may die of hydrophobia. It might be well to jot down a few last wishes."

The lady asked for paper and pen. She wrote rapidly for several moments and finally the doctor interrupted her.

"That's a rather long will."

"Oh, it isn't a will," the lady exclaimed, "it's just a list of people I'm going to bite."

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Doings of a Democracy

BY HAROLD HELFER

✓ The nation's letter boxes are going to be more colorful — and patriotic. Postmaster General Summerfield has decided to paint the present olive-drab letter boxes blue, with red tops and white lettering.

✓ Officials of an Evansville, Indiana, brewery found themselves pondering whether it would be more economical to pour 18,000 barrels of beer down the drain or make a deal with striking CIO workers to return and bottle it. The beer was in an aging process when the workers went out on strike.

✓ Kirkwood, Missouri, officers were flabbergasted when three persons within ten minutes reported their own cars parked in no-parking zones and asked for traffic tickets. Later police learned a scavenger hunt was in progress and one of the required items was a parking ticket.

✓ A group of Edinburg, Texas, citizens were deputized to help the police enforce traffic laws. Among the citizens arrested for traffic violations before the day was over were Judge Clayton Baird, Sheriff E. E. Vickers and City Manager J. W. Harrison.

✓ Georgia State Representative Robert Harrison urged passage of a bill permitting guards to shoot escaping misdemeanor prisoners. The bill was defeated, though, after a colleague pointed out that Mr. Harrison is an undertaker.

✓ Harvard University really believes in amateurism. President Nathan Pusey has to pay his way into the football games because the school won't give anyone complimentary tickets.

✓ Prisoners of the Okanogan, Washington, jail ran a quarter page ad in the town newspaper stating they thought the sheriff and his deputies were "swell guys."

✓ A legislative committee has approved a bill permitting a liquor store in Pemberton, Minnesota, if it is at least 1,500 feet from a public school, as the state law insists. The trouble is, though, Pemberton is so small it is impossible to get 1,500 feet away from the school and still be in Pemberton.

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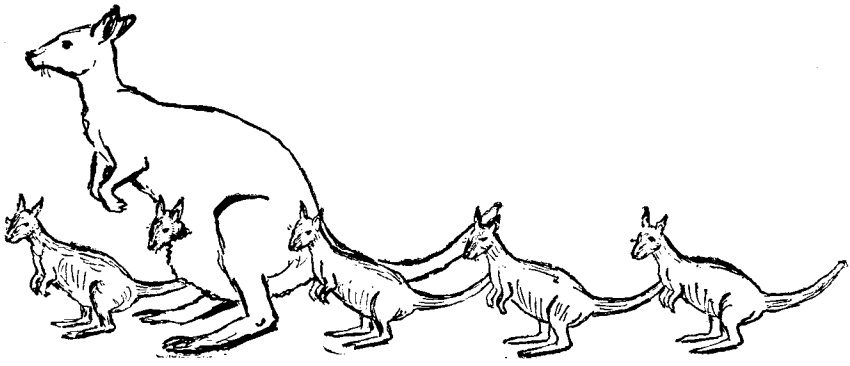

The "Living Fossils" of AUSTRALIA

By John Sidney

WHEN Captain Cook and his men landed at Botany Bay, they were astonished by the sight of a strange animal not unlike a vastly overgrown mouse on skis. When Cook's men asked the aborigines the name of this strange creature, they answered, "Kangaroo." This meant, "I don't know. Ask me another!" But the name was then and thereafter applied to the animal which has become an Australian symbol.

The kangaroo which Cook's men saw was actually the wallaby, a smaller member of the family of marsupials, mostly vegetarians, which also includes wallaroos, euros, and the strangely-named pademelons and quokkas.

The first kangaroo was landed in England to the astonishment of George III in 1781, and other live ones were exhibited in London shortly afterwards. Londoners had a handbill worded in this fashion thrust into their hands:

The wonderful
KANGUROO
from
Botany Bay.
(The only One ever brought alive to Europe.)

Removed from the Hay-market, and now exhibited at the Lyceum, in the Strand from 8 o'clock in the

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Morning, till 8 in the Evening.
Admittance, ONE SHILLING each.

Nature is always experimenting with animals in her laboratory. The hopping action of kangaroos originated in past ages among tiny creatures who lived among rocks and tussocky grass. Those which found themselves able to hop erratically had the best chance of surviving attacks by birds and beasts of prey. There are indeed small members of the kangaroo family still existing in Australia — the so-called rat kangaroos.

But nature also went in for size, and at one period she developed a now extinct giant kangaroo that stood 15 feet high. Today, however, the maximum height is about six feet. The largest is the great grey kangaroo of the plains, or the "boomer," as he is also called.

This chap, when pressed, can make bounds of up to 30 feet and clear a five-foot fence with ease. His top speed is about 25 m.p.h. and when in full flight, his tail is clear of the ground acting as a rudder.

But when he's pressed by a pack of dogs, he will come to bay and use it as a prop. If a dog comes too close, he will grab it to him with a swift clutch of his paws — his forepaws which he uses like hands. His strength is prodigious — he has often cracked a dog's ribs. If he has, he's not yet finished with the dog. He will thrust up one of his great hind legs and disembowel it with a downward thrust of a sharp claw.

Sometimes he will go to bay in the middle of a stream and push the dogs under the water and hold them down until no more bubbles come up.

Male kangaroos are skillful boxers. They will scrap with each other for fun, feinting, flicking and slapping. Or they will fight savagely to the death in the mating season. A successful pugilist will be master of a harem of 15 or 16 does.

Showmen have frequently added the boxing kangaroo as an extra attraction to bearded ladies and sword swallowers. A big drawback is that the 'roo is always liable to use its vicious big toe and a man's belly is no stronger than that of a dog.

THE KANGAROO, of course, is a marsupial as are many other animals in Australia. And a marsupial is a "living fossil." Once marsupials lived all over the world. They are animals whose young are born in an immature state and then carried in a pouch for some months. A kangaroo when born is just over an inch in length, pink, and hairless. It makes its way to its mother's pouch and clamps itself to a teat.

But all over the world, except in Australia, marsupials lost to placental mammals in the struggle for existence. Placental mammals are those animals most of us know, whose young are born in a relatively mature state. There were kangaroos once in North America and Europe

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but they had no chance, burdened with a baby in their pouches, of escaping the claws of other animals.

In Australia, the marsupials were luckier. About 60 million years ago, Australia came apart from Asia; the placental mammals did not develop there and the marsupials went on living. In the rest of the world, except for a few pockets, they went under.

Most fantastic of all marsupials and one of the most primitive forms of all life still in existence is the Australian platypus. In the evolutionary tree it is a link between reptiles and birds — a reptile growing into a bird, if you like.

The first platypus appeared 140 million years ago, and it has altered little, if any, in that time. It has a furry coat, a bill like a bird, lays eggs, has a pouch, and suckles its young. Little wonder that European naturalists when shown the first stuffed specimens suspected that they were being hoaxed. They knew about such creatures but hitherto had seen them only in fossil form.

The platypus is a voracious eater: it will eat its own weight once every day. David Fleay, the man who won fame for breeding the first platypus in captivity, was delighted when he moved his pets to Queensland recently to find the new sanctuary was near a crop of earthworms, each four feet long!

Unique, too, is another Australian animal, the spiny anteater, a first cousin of the platypus. The spiny anteater looks not unlike the porcupines of America and the United Kingdom and licks up ants with its long tongue. Almost certainly the strongest small animal in the world, it invariably escapes from the many fenced enclosures, or even a room, in which it is shut up. It either digs its way out, or heaves everything aside by expanding its quills.

Out in the sands of Central Australia is another rare animal, the marsupial mole. It is blind, and has been getting ready for the atom war for over 100 million years. It spends most of its life underground. It moves through the earth at quite a fast pace, boring forward with its cone-shaped snout and using its forepaws like scoops. The pouch is adroitly reversed — to keep the sand out of its baby's mouth. It is a high-strung and feverish little animal and has an even bigger appetite than the platypus.

Most fetching of Australian animals is the koala, or more sentimentally, the Australian "teddy bear" — though he is, of course, not a true bear, but yet another marsupial. He is a bland-faced, gravely solemn little creature with no firm grip now on life.

He may well have been dying out when the white man came to Australia — he goes down easily before pneumonia and bronchial diseases. Whatever the facts, the white man has hastened his extinction. He slew him in millions for the export fur

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trade with America, until, almost too late, the Australian government banned the trade. (A prime mover in this was former President Herbert Hoover who had lost his heart to the koala. He had become acquainted with him years before when he was a mining engineer in Australia.)

The white man brought with him rapacious European foxes — and bushfires. The bushfires not only incinerated the koala, and destroyed his eucalypt food trees, but also indirectly poisoned him. For naturalists discovered that the new leaves that sprout on eucalypts after a fire has swept through contain cyanide.

From millions, the koala population has shrunk to a few thousand. So desperate is the position that naturalists think that his only hope of survival is in sanctuaries.

DESPERATE, too, is the life-grip of that unique marsupial, the Tasmanian "tiger." It is not really a tiger but a marsupial wolf. Like a hyena in size and shape, it got the name "tiger" because of the dark chocolate stripes across the lower back.

It is an odd animal, because those who have seen it in the past say that when pressed by dogs, it will sometimes rise on its hind legs and hop like a kangaroo. It is a flesh-eater and because it preyed on flocks of sheep, early Tasmanian settlers wiped it out with such speed that by the beginning of this century, there was only a pocket of them left in the more sparsely settled mountain regions of the western part of Tasmania.

For years Australian naturalists have been intrigued by the strange animal which inhabits the vast tropical forests of Queensland. In these virgin forests, some of them the size of an English county and rarely penetrated by white men, is a large striped flesh-eating animal described by one of the few white men to have seen it as a "cat just growing into a tiger." No specimen has yet reached a museum, but from descriptions by white men and aborigines, naturalists think it is almost certainly a marsupial. The skin of one slain Queensland "tiger" was over five feet from nose to tail.

Even more exciting than the thought of a marsupial tiger ranging in the forests of North Queensland is the speculation that sometimes runs through the dreams of imaginative naturalists — that a marsupial lion, a creature of up to eight feet long, may range the untracked jungles of the north. Fossil bones of the marsupial lion were discovered about 30 years ago in the Darling Downs in Queensland and it is just possible that marsupial lions do exist today, in some Lost World of Queensland.

If and when an Australian naturalist, or a zoo, bags one — it will be a coup as unique as the recent capture by Professor Smith of the coelacanth, the prehistoric fish thought to be extinct, off the coasts of Madagascar.

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Hetty Green

WORLD'S STINGIEST WOMAN

By Thomas P. Ramirez

AT THE age of eight, Hetty Green started her first bank account. Depositing her small hoard of nickels and pennies cadged from tight-fisted relatives, this child of precocious financial wisdom must have already had dreams of some day being the richest woman in the world. Before she died at 82, she would amass the tremendous fortune of $100 million.

Super-intelligent, trained in strict Quaker schools, Hetty had, at the age of six, the almost daily task of reading the financial pages of the newspaper aloud to her millionaire father. Business was a soul-consuming adventure to the girl from her earliest days and she talked of it and the money that would accrue from the proper pursuance of the same incessantly. Her games always dealt with merchants, stores and the like — and, of course, it was always Hetty who handled the money.

The child loved nothing better than to dog the footsteps of her tyrannical, money-loving father as he walked the wharves of New Bedford, which, with Nantucket, was the whaling center of the

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United States. Ruthless, driving, caring for nothing but profits, no matter what price must be paid — even human lives — Edward Robinson owned one of the largest, most prosperous whaling fleets which sailed out of New Bedford. He minded not at all the dogged devotion of his daughter, for if she was near he could send her on errands he would otherwise have to pay others to do. Besides, he felt that she should learn first-hand about the business she would some day inherit.

Hetty was not a pretty child. She cared nothing about her appearance, and despite her weak-willed mother's protests, went about the streets looking more like an orphan than the daughter of one of the town's wealthiest men. In fact, after Hetty's coming out party, a smitten young man, coming to New Bedford in the hope of seeing her once more, found her working in a hardware store, one of her father's properties. While waiting to talk to her, he saw her run up a stairway, her skirts swinging up to expose shapely ankles and — more disconcerting — stockings that did not match and hung in dirty folds around her ankles. He left, never to return.

EDWARD ROBINSON died on June 14, 1865, leaving his daughter a fortune of $1 million outright, and properties valued at $5 million. Even with this, Hetty was not satisfied. When Aunt Sylvia Howland died a few weeks later, leaving her fortune of $2 million to many deserving people and charities but giving Hetty only the income from $1 million (Hetty expected the whole $2 million), she was so angered that she went to court and contested the will off and on for two years. The basis of her claim was a duplicate will which, Hetty contended, nullified the public will and left the complete amount to her. Later this second will was proved a forgery and Hetty left America to reside in England with her new husband for almost seven years, waiting for the affair to die a natural death.

Hetty married in 1867 at the age of 33. Her husband, Edward H. Green, a millionaire in his own right, was 46. The two were fond of each other. The greater restraint was on Hetty's part, for she still carried a distrust in her heart which had been inherited from her father — a distrust which was to make the rest of her life an agonized hell. It was rumored widely at the time of the marriage that Hetty had forced her husband to sign affidavits which would forever prevent him from sharing in her fortune.

Edward Green could not help but muse on his bride's fortune, for every hour that she lived she earned more than $40 or approximately $1,000 a day. And with every passing day, compound interest being what it is, each hour would be worth more and more money.

Two children, Edward and Sylvia, were born of the marriage. Hetty

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was a devoted mother during the whole of her life — devoted, that is, in matters where an expenditure of money was not called for. She hoped to teach her children the same meaning of thrift she understood. Mr. and Mrs. Green were very happy during the years in London, for Mr. Green, being a very shrewd businessman, was investing wisely. And Hetty's fortune grew by leaps and bounds, sometimes by as much as a million dollars at a time.

Of course, the main bone of contention between the couple was bound to be the spending of money. Mr. Green was used to luxury and believed that money was to be spent, not hoarded. During the first years of the marriage Mr. Green obviously was the boss, because they did live extravagantly in the finest London hotels. Hetty separated from him in 1890 because he was speculating too daringly on the stock market, and two or three times she had been obliged to pay his losses from her own millions.

Hetty's main interests after her return from England were railroads and real estate and she profited greatly, because it was a period of great railroad expansion. She once boasted that she had made as much as $200,000 in a single day, although she had made much more on deals taking longer periods of time to close. Hetty, who seemed always to have money, liked best to buy during business recessions, when prices were low, then sell when demand increased.

Convinced that all doctors, lawyers, merchants, household servants and tax assessors were out to gouge her because she was a millionaire, Mrs. Green kept up a relentless battle with them that finally resulted in tragedy with the needless loss of a leg by her son, "Ned."

The boy, then 14, had injured his leg in a sledding accident, dislocating his knee cap. In excruciating pain, he dragged himself home. Mrs. Green, exhibiting her perverted economy, treated the boy herself instead of calling a doctor. When the leg grew worse she took the lad to New York. Disguising herself as a beggar and wrapping Ned's leg in dirty rags, she took him to a charity clinic. After a second call, she was recognized and the doctor demanded payment. She refused and took her son home. Later she had to call in specialists and the leg had to be amputated. Ned became a familiar sight in Bellows Falls, being pulled about in a toy express wagon.

Other economies were made in regard to her children's clothes. She forced her son and daughter to wear old clothes of hers and her husband's, even clothes she'd begged from friends, which were outrageously tailored and fit the children like bags.

With her own clothing, Hetty was even less fastidious. She wore the same black, stained dresses for

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years on end, even having them treated with a greenish rubber coating to make them waterproof. When it rained, she borrowed rubbers from various friends. After her husband's death she wore the mourning dress for four years, the black veil covering her face and blowing out behind her. It was this costume which started people calling her the Witch of Wall Street.

COUNTLESS stories of Mrs. Green's parsimony abound. There was the one about the laundress with whom she haggled for an hour, finally informing the woman that she wouldn't have to wash the full length of her petticoats, only the bottom edges which got soiled from touching the ground. While she was constantly moving from hotel to hotel to escape paying any residence tax in New York, she washed her clothing in a bucket in her room, then threw the bundle of wash out of the window, coming down later to spread it on the lawn to dry.

Inviting a friend to spend the night with her, Hetty efficiently showed the woman how to stuff newspapers inside of her nightclothes to keep warm, as there were not enough blankets. Before retiring, the visitor watched Hetty tie a revolver, which covered the door, to the foot of her bed. All her life Hetty had a fear of robbers and in later years always carried a gun in her bag. She once spent four days sleeping under a bed piled high with furniture and rugs in her own home in the belief that gunmen were hunting for her. She sincerely believed that her father had been killed, her aunt poisoned, and that her son's leg had been injured when he'd been thrown over a fence by enemies trying indirectly to hurt her.

For many years she kept her money and valuables at the Chemical Bank, and as a favor to a very profitable client, they allowed her to store odd articles in their vaults. Trunks, suitcases, boxes filled with paper, even some of her dirty dresses were stored in the vault. Later when her hoardings overflowed the vault, they were moved to the second floor and among the piles of bags and boxes stood a dilapidated buggy and a wagon. How they got there no one knew.

Hetty Green would arrive at the bank in the morning and go through her papers, clipping coupons and writing terse letters, sending them off in used envelopes. She refused to have a private office, choosing instead to sit on the cold bank floor and do her work. It was an odd sight — the dirty, unkempt woman sitting at noon, eating a sandwich she'd drawn, unwrapped, from the folds of her grimy dress, her hands black from the floor, her face smudged, surrounded by piles of paper worth millions and millions of dollars.

In July 1893, when Mrs. Green returned to New Bedford to dispose of a warehouse, she was followed by

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a crowd of curiosity seekers. Seeing an opportunity to get rid of the junk in the warehouse at a profit, she organized an auction right on the spot, serving as auctioneer herself. After the sale, she entered the broiling hot building, and on the second floor, under a sizzling tin roof, she spent the rest of the day sorting out rags, because the white ones would bring a penny more per pound from the junk man.

Hetty, ever suspicious of her daughter's suitors, believed that it was finance, not romance, that the men were interested in. However, she finally ceased her constant interference and allowed Sylvia to marry in 1909. Sylvia was then 38. The groom, Matthew Astor Wilks, 57, descendant of John Jacob Astor, having a fortune of a mere one million dollars, married Miss Green under the written stipulation that he would not make any claim to the millions his beloved would some day inherit.

HETTY GREEN died in 1916 in her son's home in New York, after surviving a succession of strokes that would have killed a lesser woman. When her will was read, it was found that her fortune, estimated at $100 million, after a few token grants to friends, was divided evenly between her son and daughter.

A final footnote to the ugly life of Mrs. Green can be written in the final disposition of her millions. Her son, Colonel Green, turned out to be an anachronism — a combination of businessman and playboy — the exact type of person Hetty hated most. He became a chorus-line chaser, and had bevies of beautiful girls flown to his Florida estate for wild weekend entertainments. He spent money wildly, buying autos, airplanes, fabulous houses and stamps for his collection which was valued at $3 million at his death. Yet he was a responsible financier and increased his fortune hugely, leaving millions to his heirs.

Sylvia Wilks, on the other hand, was an exact replica of her mother. Following her husband's death, she went into frightened, frugal seclusion, living in cheap boarding houses, bearing the same intense distrust and suspicion that had haunted Hetty Green all her life. When she died in 1951 she left an estate of $95 million, dividing the major part of it among 63 charities and educational institutions. But the most mystifying aspect of the disposition was the discovery that Mrs. Wilks had kept a cool $31 million in a checking account, where it had drawn not one red cent of interest. Even in the most conservative investments, the sum would have brought interest of $600,000 yearly.

If it is possible that spirits of the dead can know of earthly doings, Hetty Green must have writhed viciously in her grave and gnashed her teeth in frantic anger as she learned of this unforgivable waste of her beautiful, hard-earned money.

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Sharpen Your Tongue

By J. E. SCHMIDT

Do you sometimes find yourself groping for a word — the one with "just the right shade of meaning?" You do? Good! This quiz is for you then. Select the right word for each of the following situations from the group of four choices. Allow yourself 10 points for each one you have right. Passing score is 60. Answers are on Page 121.

(1) The opinion or belief that everything in the world is growing worse is called: (A) negativism, (B) hirsutism, (C) pejorism, (D) galvanism.

★

(2) Animals which produce their young by depositing eggs which hatch after leaving the body of the female are described as: (A) oviform, (B) oviferous, (C) oviparous, (D) ovular.

★

(3) To number the pages of a manuscript or a book is to: (A) collate, (B) collimate, (C) paginate, (D) mercerize.

★

(4) The sending back of an undesirable alien to the country from which he came is known as deportation. On the other hand, the return by a government of a diplomat, is called: (A) renvoi, (B) renversement, (C) restitution, (D) revelrout.

★

(5) The branch of dentistry that deals with the straightening of teeth is: (A) orthodontia, (B) exodontia, (C) orthogenesis, (D) orthostichy.

(6) To be known in a favorable way is to be famous, but to be widely known unfavorably is to be: (A) tremulous, (B) tenacious, (C) contumacious, (D) notorious.

★

(7) John, who lavishes attention on form, takes great care of every detail, and is very hard to please, would be described as: (A) perspicacious, (B) phenomenal, (C) fatuous, (D) fastidious.

★

(8) When a man marries, his sweetheart becomes his bride or wife. During the period of engagement, she is his: (A) fiancé, (B) fiancée, (C) termagant, (D) amazon.

★

(9) A board, usually oval in shape and provided with a thumb hole, used by painters to lay and mix paint is called a: (A) palisade, (B) palinode, (C) palliard, (D) palette.

★

(10) An enclosure near a stable used for pasturing horses is a: (A) paddy, (B) paddock, (C) pacifico, (D) padrone.

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Geneva's SMILE OF DEATH

By Irene Corbally Kuhn

The contented, prosperous summer of 1955 may be noted by future historians as the season of decision in America's Year of Dishonor and Disaster. Somewhere between the decline of spring and the onset of autumn, the bloodstream of America was infected with a peace-at-any-price virus. The epidemic originated in Moscow and was spread by propaganda salesmen wearing false smiles and peddling a line of "peaceful coexistence."

The virus attacked all communities and left large sections of the population frighteningly inert and apathetic, even comatose, with a kind of moral and spiritual paralysis. Worst of all, it brain-changed hard-headed political realists, not only in the United States but in the NATO countries; and while the Allies let down their guard, Russian militarism began consolidating conquests and strengthening advance bases for new aggression.

At the same time, Chinese Red "diplomacy," operating on cue from Moscow, "negotiated" with the United States on matters which United States strength and firmness and United Nations authority should long since have concluded without compromise.

And while these "negotiations" were going on, Chiang Kai-shek's almost infallible intelligence reports relayed to us the ominous news that the Chinese Reds were up to their same old tricks: they were using diplomatic conversations and meetings and negotiations to stall for time while they built up their forces to attack Matsu and Quemoy and Free China's last stronghold in Asia, Taiwan (Formosa).

These are the same tactics they used in 1945–46 on the Marshall Mission "truce teams" in China; the same tactics they used during the long-drawn-out "truce talks" in Korea. These tactics conquered China for them, and got them what they wanted in Korea.

The terrible losses of the United States in the Pacific between 1942 and 1945 bought a victory these tactics stole from her; and our

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country's first defeat in any war — Korea — may also be charged directly to our UN-pressured acceptance of Red bargaining with the lives of American prisoners of war and other captives, human lives which should never in any case have been hostages, moral principles which the United States and the United Nations should never have surrendered or compromised.

Yet despite all this, we let ourselves be trapped into "negotiations" at Geneva, not only with the Russians, but with the Chinese Reds whom we do not even recognize diplomatically. Why?

One cannot help but wonder what goes through the minds of our representatives who must politely confer with the Communist leaders of Russia and China.

Certainly they realize that the urbane, seemingly pleasant men who sit opposite them are the greatest mass murderers the world has ever known. Surely, too, they know that their words and promises are a mockery, their heritage and background murder, lies, broken promises and treaties.

A Senate committee which studied more than 1,000 treaties and agreements between the Soviet and the United States, and the Soviet and other countries, released a report even while the Geneva talks were going on. The committee found that in the 38 years since the Soviet Union came into existence, its government had broken its word to virtually every country to which it ever gave a signed promise.

This being so, why then, do we continue to negotiate with them?

Do our people, imbued with high purpose and honesty, hear the thud of bullets entering the bodies of brave Polish soldiers in the bleak forest of Katyn?

Do they hear the moans of American soldiers who have undergone sadistic torture at the hands of Chinese Communists?

Do they hear even a faint echo of the heart-breaking sobs of the millions of refugees in the Iron Curtain countries who were torn from their homes, separated from their families, and sent into exile?

Can they see, in their mind's eye, the cruelties of Siberia and hear the silent, hopeless prayers of a Cardinal Mindszenty? Do the jolly Reds who make crude jests over the conference table and laugh and joke so readily now really fool our leaders, our statesmen, our diplomats? Is all this talk necessary, as the diplomats say it is, protesting that the alternative to negotiating and dealing with the Communists is war.

Do we want war? No, we do not want war. No sane person wants war.

But do we want a spurious peace at the cost of our liberty, our honor, our economic ruin and our ultimate destruction? We do not. Nor can we accept this argument as the final answer, or the real solution.

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How did this all begin in this strange year in which the Russian bear turned into a lamb, the Chinese dragon into a butterfly?

What hypocritical nonsense spawns the unrealistic view of a man like ordinarily hard-headed "Rab" Butler, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, and moves him to say: "There is in the international scene today a feeling of spring after a long winter of discontent."

Butler expresses the wishful thinking of hitherto politically-sophisticated Europe which knows even while it will not admit it that the smile on the Communist face is as false as the hopes for true peace it engenders. Europe's delusion is that time will subdue Communist ambitions and so its statesmen exert pressures on America to buy their view.

But, America, usually politically naïve, sees the Communists using time as an ally and a weapon, and steadfastly insists that the Red conspiracy has not halted its march but, like a controlled, ignited, long dynamite fuse, has merely had its direction changed and is proceeding invisibly but inexorably to its stated fixed objective of world conquest.

SO AGAIN, and with redoubled irritation and frustration, intelligent, informed, patriotic Americans ask why? Why do we do these things? Where did all this begin, this subtle change that has made 1955 the year of rehearsal for betrayal?

It began, really, with pressures on Washington to meet with the Communist leaders on equal terms, prejudice our position and prestige by having our President sit down with the Soviet gangsters. This was the meeting "at the summit," the pretentious designation for the get-together of the heads of state of the "Big Four," a phrase that is, in itself, a misnomer.

The four nations which accept the term as properly descriptive know well that "big" means something different in each case, and that their equal status is an assumption that fools nobody. What is "big" about Russia except its great expanse of territory which still cannot provide its people with a decent standard of living? What is "big" about France which has had 21 governments in ten years and, like Britain, has been lucky in having the United States for its ally and mainstay through two wars and ten postwar years of struggling survival?

The four-power meeting in Geneva was a meeting of three countries and one Big Bully. The representatives of the three countries with a tradition of freedom and human dignity — the United States, Britain and France — did their national traditions no honor when they sat down with the barbarians from the Kremlin, the smell of the blood of their thousands of victims pervading the clean air of Switzerland polluted by their presence.

Everything was sweetness and

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light, hand-shaking, back-slapping and partying. The theme song of the Russians was *Can't We Be Friends?* and if all the smiles on all the faces at that conference had been taxed at a cent apiece our national debt would be wiped out and we could keep on bailing out the rest of the world forever at no hardship.

President Eisenhower came back from the trip hinting he may visit Soviet Russia sooner or later. Plans began to be made for sliding doors in the Iron Curtain through which the Russians would graciously allow more favored visitors to slip to see that Life Can Be Beautiful in modern Russia. A delegation of so-called "Russian farmers" arrived in America and traveled in an air-conditioned bus over our great Midwest, welcomed and feted as if they were great heroes and benefactors of humanity instead of Communist officials of high rank, as indeed they are.

The Geneva meeting has been described as a conference at which the heads of government were simply canvassing what issues should be negotiated later and seeking to create an atmosphere which would make later negotiations productive.

The Communist negotiators bent over backwards to create the impression they were eager to lessen world tension. They succeeded so well that only a few days after they had beguiled the gullible with their sweet reasonableness they were bold enough to bring into play the fundamental Communist tactic of seesawing between hope and despair, good and bad, moderation and violence.

The tactic this time was courtesy of a satellite state. An Israeli airliner, full of innocent people, was shot down over Red Bulgaria. No explanation or belated apology could obscure the fact that Bulgarian officials were aware the plane was on a peaceful mission, that its identity was perfectly clear, and that 58 men, women and children were wantonly killed in the best Soviet manner.

THERE were no miracles wrought at the ridiculously-named "summit" meeting in Geneva. Nothing happened except what the Communists wanted to happen and that was all bad for our side. They were able, at our expense, to increase their prestige enormously in satellite countries, and in Asia, Africa and other places which they are infiltrating and softening up for eventual take-over. They were able to silence once more any newborn discontent inside their own borders, a discontent which was reported widespread and growing as a result of recent economic pressures.

When Khruschev and Bulganin and their other bully boys got home, Bulgy read a 10,000-word report on their success at Geneva. He praised the West and the new atmosphere but emphasized the unchanged stand of the Soviet Union on all foreign-policy questions, particularly Germany and the satellite states. He referred to President

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Eisenhower's dramatic proposal that the USSR send planes to the United States to photograph anything they wanted, and allow American planes the same freedom over Russia.

"We straightforwardly declared," Bulganin said, "that aerophotography cannot give the expected results because both countries stretch over vast territories in which, if desired, one can conceal anything. . . ."

Bulganin paused, as if on cue, and a great wave of laughter swept through the assembly of 1,300-odd Communist Party Deputies. These hard-core Communists know that their "vast territories" do indeed stretch over things they prefer to conceal — numberless prison camps full of forgotten people, slave-labor projects and other ornaments of Soviet "civilization."

The laughter was reported in the world press and Bulganin was quick to realize the bad impression that grim Communist laughter about disarmament would have on world opinion. He made a surprise reappearance before the delegates the next day and complained that his remarks had been "misunderstood" by the newspapermen. The Russians, he said, were considering the Eisenhower proposals "in all seriousness."

To take the world's mind off the blunder, the seesaw tactic was again employed. Two days later the Soviet Foreign Ministry was host to all the foreign diplomats and their families at a huge picnic. This was an unprecedented move, the first of its kind in 38 years of Communist rule. The picnic was held on the 280-acre government estate, 60 miles from Moscow.

Once the property of Count Gregory Orlov, a favorite of Catherine the Great, the estate is now the country residence of Premier Bulganin. A high board fence and barbed wire surrounds the estate with plenty of soldiers at intervals to keep the Russian commoners from seeing how luxuriously their Red masters live.

The Moscow picnic took place on the eve of the Communists' greatest gain from the Big Four meeting, a conference between United States Ambassador U. Alexis Johnson and the Chinese Communist Ambassador to Poland, Wang Ping-nan, to discuss the release of American-held captives and "other practical matters at issue between the two sides."

While the Communist clambake was proceeding merrily in the Communist countryside, with toasts in vodka and champagne to peace and friendship, berry-picking, eating, drinking, dancing and singing, another side of Communist duplicity was emerging in Tokyo.

Eleven United States airmen, officers and men, principal subjects of discussion at the forthcoming ambassadorial talks, arrived in Japan and talked to reporters. The men had been released from Red China a few days before in a surprise move by a deft piece of Chinese effrontery intended to embarrass the United States

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and catch its Ambassador off base. The Chinese move backfired, however, for the men spoke freely and showed in their faces and bodies the proof of the tortures visited on them by Chinese Red commissars trying to get false confessions of espionage from them.

COLONEL JOHN KNOX ARNOLD'S story was the grisliest of all. "We were on a leaflet flying mission over Korea," he said, recalling the day of January 12, 1953. "We were picked up by the lights . . . and we were attacked and hit by two MIG's shortly after, and we knew we had to abandon the aircraft. When we were first captured we were treated in accordance with the Geneva Convention covering prisoners of war. Not until January 16 did they come out with that story of our being down in China illegally."

The Colonel paused. He related then how he and his men were taken into Red China, when their ordeal began. Not until the tenth of October 1954 — 21 months after their capture — were they formally charged with espionage.

The Colonel told how he was moved from one underground cell to another, always in irons; how he was interrogated constantly and "no matter what answer I gave I got hit in the face. One time the guards took the lid off the pail [Ed. note — the slop pail] in my cell, dipped sticks and beat me with them."

He described the one-piece gadgets they fitted around his wrists which cut off circulation. "I had them on several times — once for 96 hours. During the interrogation the soldiers would walk behind me and milk my fingers like a cow. It was very painful.

"Then sometimes they would bind my feet tight as if I had a sprained ankle and make me stand that way for days. One time I stood for six days — 30 hours of it with bandages on — and at the end of it I remember that I was just screaming. I had periods of complete irrationality. I would go completely out of my head."

The Colonel said he had to leave out a lot, in telling his story to the press. "There are some things you don't want to talk about," he said, his eyes reflecting haunting memories of incredible Red beastliness.

Colonel Arnold's story was fair warning that the nature of Chinese Communism had not changed; and while its ghastly details were still echoing through the capitals and chancelleries of the world, Wang Ping-nan and Ambassador Johnson sat down in Geneva in the same building where the Big Four had conferred two weeks before.

Wang, all smiles and amiability, posed for photographers holding a red geranium. The Chinese Communist loves flowers. Last year when Chou En-lai, Red China's wily No. 2 boss, and America's John Foster Dulles were conferring in Geneva, the local florists were always delivering great masses of fresh flowers

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to deck the rooms of the magnificent estate Chou occupied.

Wang was there in 1954, too, incidentally, as secretary general of the Chinese Communist delegation which drafted the Indo-Chinese truce terms. The year before he was Red China's representative at the funeral of Josef Stalin in March 1953. Wang gets around.

He's a solemn little man with a round face and close-cropped hair, whose quiet looks and easily assumed pose of amiability disguise his true nature which is really sinister, and conceal his extraordinary talents as a negotiator which have brought him to the top in Chinese Communist councils. He is extremely close to Chou En-lai.

Before he was named Ambassador to Poland — his present job — he headed the general office of the Red Foreign Ministry in Peiping. He is German-educated, speaks that language fluently, and a broken but quite understandable English.

I RECALL Wang Ping-nan from wartime Chungking, ten years ago, when he was always affable and helpful to foreign correspondents, seeking always to ingratiate himself with them. He succeeded rather easily in selling some of them, as well as several foreign diplomats and military men, on the Communist line of those days, the line that wrought so much harm and havoc — "the Chinese Communists are just simple agrarian reformers."

Wang was contact man for Chou En-lai, then the Communist "Ambassador" at Chungking, and he maintained a liaison on Chou's behalf with various foreign officials and individuals, notably the Soviet Embassy and the Soviet News Agency, TASS.

In Chungking, in those days, although he was not then considered too important, old-timers and shrewd students of the Communist movement never underestimated Wang Ping-nan. He was at all times a dedicated Communist, a master of intrigue, a man who had not the excuse of poverty or misplaced idealism for becoming a Communist.

Like his master and mentor, Chou En-lai, Wang comes from a well-to-do family who were able to send their son to the University of Berlin after he had finished his Chinese education. He went to Soviet Russia sometime in the late twenties and according to Nationalist records, was a member of the Third Internationale long before he joined the Communist Party. In fact, he was a contact man for the Third Internationale in his native province of Shensi when he returned to China from Europe, and it was then that he made such a good impression on Chou En-lai that Chou made him his protégé.

Wang is credited with the successful plot to kidnap Chiang Kai-shek in the thirties and numerous other services to the Party which have brought him to the top.

His German-born wife, Anna,

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used to tell the correspondents she was a niece of the German General von Kleist. As fanatical a Communist as her Chinese husband, she lived with him in wartime Chungking in a house on the slopes of the same hill on whose summit sat the Soviet Embassy.

Anna Wang was with Madame Sun Yat-sen constantly in Chungking, as a sort of unofficial secretary, and she gave anyone wishing to see Madame Sun a real going-over. The only people who got to see Madame were those Anna thought might help the Communist cause.

She spent a good deal of time, too, with the foreign correspondents and the diplomats in Chungking and no single minute of this precious time was wasted. It all yielded rich treasure for the Communists. For one thing, Anna was as indefatigable in extolling the virtues of the Chinese Reds as she was in denigrating Chiang Kai-shek and other prominent Chinese anti-Communists.

After the Japanese surrender and removal of the Chinese government from Chungking, Wang trailed along to Nanking, where he was a member of the Chinese Communist delegation to the Marshall mission.

When that ill-starred enterprise failed, Wang and his German wife disappeared temporarily into the safety of the very center of the Communist web, first in the Red capital at Yenan, later at Kalgan. When the Reds captured Peiping in January 1949, the Wangs were in the vanguard.

But the correspondents with whom Wang had been on such easy, friendly terms in Chungking and Nanking just a few years before, couldn't get near him or Anna. The Reds were in power now and they no longer needed to butter up and bamboozle the foreign press.

They showed their contempt by cold-shouldering all former foreign press associates. Which, after all, is standard Communist practice and should surprise no one.

THERE is a great and growing distrust of American diplomacy that has not learned from the bitter lessons of one defeat after another at "negotiations" with men like Wang Ping-nan, Chou En-lai, Bulganin and the late Josef Stalin. It is regarded as inevitable that an ambassadors' conference must be followed by a meeting between foreign ministers and it will astonish no one if that ever-traveling Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, goes once more to Geneva to meet with Chou En-lai, as he did in 1954, when we were thrown for an eleventh-hour loss.

The pistol held at our head this time will be recognition by the United States and a seat in the United Nations for Red China in return for a "promise" not to attack Formosa. If this infamous bargain is struck, 1955 will indeed be America's Year of Dishonor and Disaster.

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THESE CONVICTS HAVE

TO THEIR PRISON!

AN UNUSUAL EXPERIMENT IN REHABILITATION THAT SEEMS TO BE WORKING AT ONE ENGLISH PRISON

By Ray Varela

IT IS 6 A.M. in the morning and a dense, smoke-polluted fog hangs over the city, shrouding the outlines of buildings and walls. The streets surrounding the grim prison are silent except for an occasional clop-clop of horses' hooves as a milk wagon passes by.

A side door of the jail opens. The swirling haze drifts through and into the prison yard. And five convicts quickly move out into the fog. In seconds, they are lost to view!

The necessary ingredients for a prison break are all here — the thick fog to ensure a fast get-away; the bone-chilling dampness which usually keeps people indoors; and the silence, which aids by revealing the whereabouts of the hunters.

But no screaming alarm follows the departure of these convicts. As far as they or the prison authorities are concerned, the morning could just as well have been bright and sunny — they would have left anyway!

The explanation for this apparently disturbing state of affairs lies in the fact that the five convicts are essential factors in a daring penal experiment now being carried out in Bristol Prison, in South West England.

Make no mistake about it! The five men are not borderline cases, not

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lily-white first offenders. They are all hardened criminals; what we in this country would call "three-time losers."

Before they were transferred from Parkhurst — Britain's "Alcatraz," situated on the Isle of Wight — they underwent a three-month period of what might be called "freedom training," which was designed to fit them to their new circumstances. All five pioneers were serving long terms of "preventive detention" — in Britain, the most fearsome kind of prison sentence as it carries no parole.

Not even the famed Lloyds of London would have taken bets on these men staying on the straight and narrow. The odds would appear to be all against those concerned.

But events have proved that this revolutionary experiment is succeeding.

THE FIVE convicts arrived at Bristol Prison in November 1953. Despite the active help and cooperation of the Ministry of Labor (which in Britain is responsible for placing workers in jobs), the Central After Care Association and the Principal Probation Officer for Bristol, the path of the five men bristles with danger. They all have long records; have underworld pals (and those who are single, gals); possess low IQ's and are men who were given up as hopeless cases.

Not promising material for such a radical venture, you might think. But the Assistant Governor of Bristol Prison can look back on almost two years of endeavor and say, "It's working!"

On being transferred from Parkhurst, the five convicts were placed in a special hostel built in the grounds of the prison itself. Each man was given a cubicle of his own to sleep in, and what's more, he also received a key to the door!

A few yards away, the Prison Commissioners had had built a communal room equipped with radio, television, comfortable armchairs, and two writing tables. There were bars around the windows but they served a decorative purpose only!

The first step in the rehabilitation of a convict is to find him a job, but under normal circumstances this is invariably a difficult thing to do as the majority of employers — quite rightly — think twice before offering an ex-convict a job. And here were five men who were convicts proper, seeking jobs.

The Prison Commissioners, however, managed to find two employers who would accept the men on equal terms and pay them union rates for the job.

Another problem facing those who specialize in adjusting twisted mentalities is that of building up the convict's self respect. Few inmates of jails have much of this human quality in their make-up so it was with this in mind that those in charge of the Bristol experiment decided to find jobs for the convicts *outside* the jail.

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For their "room and board" the convicts pay about $6 a week, the rest they send home to their families. (They are allowed to have money of their own, of course.)

With the exception of one man, all have years to serve on their sentences. But in spite of this and their dubious background, they are allowed to go to football matches, to the movies, to church — and unlike our parole system, the men can go into a bar if they feel like it.

The men are allowed to stay out until ten o'clock each night, but failure to return on time (unless there is a good excuse) can result in their being sent back to the dreaded Parkhurst Prison.

So far, the five convicts have gone out of their way to prove to the world that they are worthy of the trust placed in them. That they have not violated that trust is in itself remarkable as the men have been free to contact former associates either by mail or in person. This surely must be one of the toughest forms of temptation for any habitual criminal.

Most of the men go out on weekends, but frequently they all stay "at home" and cook fancy meals in the modern kitchen attached to the small hostel.

THE SUDDEN change from a rigid, well-ordered routine under the vigilant eyes of a guard to one of relative freedom has not upset the convicts one iota. At first, they appeared to be slightly bewildered by the lack of "screws" and there is no doubt that the Assistant Governor's action in giving each man a key took them by surprise. (Incidentally, the presentation of the key was part of a pyschological drive to give the men faith in themselves; it was symbolic of their new-found freedom.)

On the job, the men are keen, hard-working and energetic. They work side by side with other workers, many of whom know the circumstances under which they were employed. Outside they have behaved magnificently, often being invited into people's homes — particularly at Christmas.

In February of this year the first of the five convicts left, with not only the good wishes of the entire prison, but also with a glowing testimonial from his employer who was sorry the man had to leave for his home town.

The Prison Commissioners have paid just tribute to the press — which declined to identify the men — and to the general public, which has not hesitated to make them feel at home.

If the other four convicts finish out their remaining years without trouble, others will follow. But whatever the outcome of the experiment, it constitutes a landmark in the difficult field of prisoner-rehabilitation which may well rank with the activities of Elizabeth Fry.

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A customer in a Salt Lake City cafe poured five spoonfuls of sugar into his cup of coffee and then proceeded to drink it without stirring.

"Why don't you stir it?" asked the waitress.

"Who likes it sweet?" was the reply.

Frank B. Rackley, President of the Jessip Steel Company, of Washington, Pennsylvania, who once did menial jobs at blast furnaces in the steel industry, has this to say to aspiring tycoons — "In working your way to the top, if you have push, you don't need pull."

A turkey is either a bird with the stuffing put in it or a play with the stuffings knocked out of it.

— SUNNY GALE

Substituting for Arthur Godfrey on his morning program Peter Lind Hayes introduced the McGuire Sister when he meant to introduce Carmel Quinn, and explained his error by saying "I guess I got up on the wrong side of my head this morning." — CBS RADIO

"I'm in a terrible fix," said Joe. "I need some money badly and I haven't the slightest idea where on earth I'm going to get it from."

"I'm relieved to hear that," said his friend George. "I was afraid that you might have an idea you could borrow it from me."

— *Typographic*

A youngster was digging in a vacant lot and unearthed a coffee can containing five thousand dollars. He ran home screaming, "Mama, mama, look what I found."

Mama opened the can, counted the money and then cuffed the child soundly on the ear, saying: "What did you do with the coffee?"

— *Life Aetna-izer*

Upon due reflection, a rural school teacher decided to give full credit to a pupil for his answer to an arithmetic problem.

The question: "If your father sold fifteen hundred bushels of grain for $2 per bushel, what would he get?"

The answer: "A new car."

— *Motorland*

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There are 112 taxes in a pair of shoes. No wonder we feel pinched.
— *Coffee Cup*

The hardest job an independent man has today is trying to keep the Government from taking care of him. — *Coffee Cup*

The bride came into the dining room with the turkey and triumphantly laid it upon the table. "My first turkey!" she proudly exclaimed.

"Why it looks wonderful, darling," responded the husband. "You've stuffed it so beautifully."

"Stuffed it!" echoed the bride. "It wasn't hollow when I got it."
— *Jax Air News*

An official conducting a government quiz called on Mrs. Jones and asked her what she did all day.

"I keep the house clean, cook all the meals, wash the dishes, do all the laundry, mend the clothes and queue for food," she replied.

The official thanked her and made an entry in his notebook: "Mrs. Jones — Housewife — No occupation." — *Tit-Bits*, LONDON

Sir Winston Churchill was once asked what qualifications he thought the most essential for a politician. Without hesitation, he answered: "It's the ability to foretell what will happen tomorrow, next month and next year — and to explain afterward why it did not happen."
— *Sydsvenska Dagbladet*, SWEDEN

"I always like the story about Colonel Watterson at Louisville. It seems that the *Courier-Journal* paid the Colonel a salary and all his expenses. He frequently let the paper pay his losses in a night of gambling. On this particular occasion, a friend was trying to sympathize with him going down the elevator about his losses of the evening, saying, 'Colonel, you sure had a bad night losing all that money.' The Colonel replied, 'Yes, it was rather rough, but the worst of it was, $500 of it was my own money.' "
— CHASE BAG COMPANY

Back home at Thanksgiving Dinner, everyone wanted a leg. My father used to say: "This is a turkey, not a spider." — BOB HOPE

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If Walls Could Speak

BY E. WEBB WILSON

IN ALMOST the center of the Capitol in Washington is a rather small, circular room, completely lined with massive marble columns. A century ago, the House of Representatives sat here.

As every schoolboy who has made the grand tour of Washington knows, the ceiling of this room is such a perfect parabola that one can stand on the west side and whisper across to a friend on the east. This very property accentuated the echoes of the deep-throated periods of a Webster or a Calhoun to such an extent that understanding became difficult. But, despite its bad acoustics, the room was used until 1857, when the southern wing was added to provide commodious new quarters.

Now the room is permanently populated with the marble statues of thirty-five favorite sons and one favorite daughter (Frances Willard) of as many states. The echoes do not bother them, unless one believes the legend that on Christmas Eve dolls and statues, as well as animals, are given the power of speech.

At such a time, would Bryan and Shoup resume their wrangle over bimetallism? If they did, surely "Old Bullion" Benton would jingle the gold coins in his pocket and growl about the tomfoolery of keeping gold buried at Fort Knox.

Would Brigham Young, who had to wring crops for his pioneers from the Utah valleys by elaborate irrigation, congratulate Junipero Serra, the Spanish missionary who saw the nine California missions he founded raise thirty thousand bushels of wheat a year?

Probably Roger Williams, who fled from England to escape from the bigotry of monarchs, would denounce Huey Long, who wanted to make "every man a king." Can't you imagine General John Sevier, "the hero of King's Mountain," asking Ethan Allen whether he would have liked to blow up Fort Ticonderoga with an atom bomb?

There would be some joking. Lew Wallace, the intrepid old soldier who spent many consecutive days in his saddle, might well ask Caesar Rodney whether he had been very

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sore after his eighty-mile ride from southern Delaware to Philadelphia to sign the Declaration of Independence. Rodney had been tarrying in Lewes, paying court to a Tory widow. She had hidden the urgent messages summoning him to the Congress, but her serving maid gave them to him at the last minute.

All through the night of July 3, 1776, he rode. He flung himself off his lathered horse just in time to sign. Had he not gotten there, the "Counties on the Delaware" would not have been one of the Thirteen Original States.

It is entirely possible that some Revolutionary patriot — Samuel Adams, Robert Livingston or Roger Sherman — would twit George Washington (in oil, not marble) about being only "half there." The artist did not think his sitter's pedal extremities were artistic; so he used the legs and feet of a Maryland friend of his, instead of those of the father of our country. Probably the quick-witted Charles Carroll would contend that the insertion of a Marylander into any project would increase its value. (When he signed the Declaration, he added "of Carrollton" after his name, "so that the King's soldiers would have no difficulty in finding his address.")

However, there is quite a group among those honored here who would think it out of place to jest in this hall. It was here that they worked and fought to build a strong country. If the walls could speak, what stories they'd tell of whispered agreements and rolling oratory!

In 1811, two political giants, Henry Clay and John Calhoun, first entered this chamber as members of the Congress. Both wanted war with Britain. They worked for it against the protests of Daniel Webster. Today the three of them stand fairly close together in the arena where they argued so hotly.

As far as this room is concerned, Clay was the most important of the triumvirate. (The other two soon crossed the Rotunda to the smaller Senate Chamber.) Clay was made Speaker as soon as he entered Congress and held that position in ten out of the succeeding fourteen years.

If he should come to life for a magic hour, which of the scenes he witnessed as Speaker would he recall most vividly? Would it be when Lafayette made his farewell address to the American people in this room? The praise for that was sweet music in Clay's ears, as he had written most of it. Or would it be the time at the beginning of the 1823 session when he looked down from his dais and saw in one of the best seats in the House — the seat he had appropriated for himself — a young man in a tall, narrow-brimmed hat? (Representatives wore hats in Congress, but Senators did not in those days.) It was Sam Houston of Tennessee, lately come from moving the Cherokee tribe west to Arkansas and Oklahoma.

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THE Admission of new states had a very definite effect on the House of Representatives. It became so crowded that, once the House was in session, it was difficult for the members to leave. Packets of food were passed to them on the end of a long pole.

This was the situation when a tall, gangling lawyer from Illinois, whose friends called him "Honest Abe," first entered Congress, in December, 1847. Unlike Sam Houston, he did not select his own seat. He took the one assigned to him, Number 191, the "worst seat in the Chamber."

Six weeks after his arrival occurred one of the most poignant events that these walls ever witnessed. John Quincy Adams, ex-President of the United States, was sitting in his place near the Speaker's desk. He was writing a poem during roll-call. Suddenly, he uttered a groan and fell forward. Two days later he died.

Lincoln was not a successful Representative. His bill to free the slaves in the District of Columbia was pigeon-holed. His resolutions challenging President Polk to point out the spot where American blood was first spilt on Mexican soil — thereby justifying the Mexican War — caused unfavorable comment. His diatribe ridiculing Lewis Cass, later Presidential candidate from Michigan, was criticized as being "Dickens at his worst." Lincoln was not re-elected to Congress.

By the time he returned to Washington in 1861 as President-Elect, Congress had moved from the small, circular room to the commodious quarters it occupies now in the southern wing. Therefore, none of the stirring scenes of his administration took place here. People do not usually connect him with this room. His statue is in the Rotunda.

However, some Christmas Eve might he not free himself from the enshrouding marble and wander the few yards from his usual niche into Statuary Hall?

Can't you see him, tall and somewhat stooped, walking into the Hall? Possibly he would stand on the plaque which marks the spot where John Quincy Adams collapsed. He would peer about in the semi-darkness. Although he would see more enemies than friends — Lewis Cass and his great supporter, "Earthquake" Allen, and Jeff Davis, President of the Confederacy, next to his Commander-in-Chief, Robert E. Lee — the half smile on his lips would never falter. He had "malice toward none, and charity toward all." The listening walls would hear him murmur, "We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain . . . and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

May the walls pass those words on to succeeding generations for many centuries to come!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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Crazy About LONDON

by WILLIAM SAROYAN

DURING the First World War, in 1918, I saw the moving away of a house adjoining the Rowell Building on Van Ness Avenue at Tulare Street in Fresno, California, followed by excavations, and the throwing up of an enormous building which was entitled Liberty Theatre.

On the day the theatre was opened to the public I was a witness from across the street on the Republican Corner where I sold the *Evening Herald*.

It was a gala time — a brand new theatre, a film called *While London Sleeps*, American troops in Europe winning the War, Liberty Bonds on sale from trucks in the streets, red Appersons and green Kissel Kars roaring around corners, driven by famous local characters, and by six o'clock a dollar and twenty cents profit in my pocket.

I could well afford to pay the ten cents admission to the Liberty Theatre, but I was unwilling to do that. Ara Tutounjian came by on his way home, told me he had made sixty cents profit, and invited me to join him in walking to our neighborhood.

I asked him if he had lost his mind.

He asked why I asked that.

I pointed to the Liberty Theatre and said, "Just as soon as I get rid of these last two papers, making a net profit of a dollar and a quarter for the day, I am walking across the street and into the Liberty Theatre."

Ara Tutounjian said, "Are you going to throw away ten cents on a movie?"

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I said, "No. I'm going to walk in."

Ara Tutounjian asked about my plan of procedure, which I related to him while A. A. Arena, carlot shipper of grapes, bought my last two copies of the *Evening Herald.*

Mr. Arena was a swift-moving man, but having heard what I proposed to do he said, "Go ahead. I'll watch you do it."

I WALKED straight across the street, followed by Ara Tutounjian, who wasn't sure he was willing to join me, or at any rate hadn't committed himself. I bore down directly on the North Exit Door of the Liberty Theatre, all the while keeping an eye on the girl in the ticket booth, who in turn kept an eye on me.

When I reached the North Exit Door, I turned around to see if A. A. Arena had gotten bored and gone home. He hadn't.

At that moment the exit door swung open and I seized it to *keep* it open, so that I might walk into the theatre. The door had been opened, however, by an usher in uniform. I unseized the door and began to move toward the South Exit Door. When I looked back I saw the usher in uniform watching me, and A. A. Arena watching both of us. The usher now began to follow me. Therefore, instead of stopping at the South Exit Door I cut across the street to the entrance to the Sequoia Hotel. The usher lingered in the street a moment, and then suddenly answered a call from somebody standing in the entrance to the theatre. The usher moved quickly, and from across the street I ran to the South Exit Door, but this time no one opened the door.

I saw that A. A. Arena was still watching.

"I'm going to pay in," Ara Tutounjian said.

I assured him that he wouldn't need to — that somebody would leave the theatre by the South Exit Door in a moment, and we would walk in. But Ara Tutounjian didn't like the attitude and size of the usher in uniform. I told him that the man had his job to do, but that he couldn't be everywhere at once.

The South Exit Door swung open, I seized it, and a family consisting of a father, a mother, a boy of eight and a girl of six left the theatre. I walked in, followed by Ara Tutounjian. But the usher was there, waiting. He took us by our elbows and without comment escorted us into the street.

A. A. Arena was now sitting on the running-board of a brand-new Moon (possibly his own), in order to follow the proceedings from close up.

Ara Tutounjian went straight to the box-office, paid a dime for a ticket, and walked into the theatre.

(I have followed Ara's career, and I should like to be able to remark

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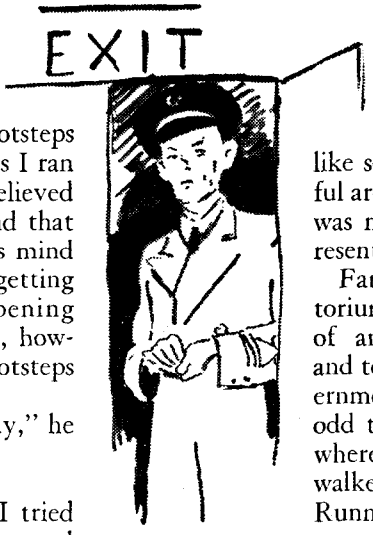
that he has got nowhere, but the fact is Ara Tutounjian today is one of the most prosperous dentists in Fresno.)

From the South Exit Door I walked directly to the North Exit Door, but as the usher walked directly behind me and was now mumbling things even A. A. Arena could hear from the street, it was necessary not to linger at the door but to move on up to the corner, around the Rowell Building to the alley, and down the alley to the back of the theatre.



When I heard footsteps following my own as I ran down the alley, I believed it was the usher, and that he had made up his mind to prevent me from getting in there — on Opening Day. It turned out, however, that the footsteps were Mr. Arena's.

"You lead the way," he said. "I'll follow."

MR. ARENA and I tried the rear doors and found them secure. He suggested wire, which I found in the alley, and we both put the wire to work. At last I got a door open, and we went into an area so dark we couldn't see our way. Mr. Arena suggested that we wait a moment until our eyes got used to the dark, so we did, and pretty soon we saw where we were. We were just beyond an Exit Door at the front of the interior of the theatre, a little north of the stage and screen.

I pushed one-half of this exit door open and saw a whole vast auditorium and balcony full of people. Mr. Arena and I moved into the auditorium in front of all of the people in the theatre. This particular Exit Door was meant to be opened from the inside, and only in case of an emergency. The opening of the door from the outside made a disturbance of light and form, upsetting the womb-like security of the peaceful area, so that our arrival was not only noticed but resented by everybody.

Far back in the auditorium I heard commotion of an usher-like nature, and took off for the Southernmost Aisle. It seemed odd to me, however, that whereas I ran, Mr. Arena walked as if he had all day. Running up the Southernmost Aisle I came to a row of seats in which there appeared to be a vacancy about midway. I moved down the row headed for this seat, but when I reached it I discovered that it was occupied by a small child who had fallen asleep.

Mr. Arena found a seat on the Center Aisle, and called out, "Over here, Willie! — there's a seat over

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here." I began to move north, toward Mr. Arena's voice, but there in the Center Aisle was the usher waiting for me again. When I reached the aisle he took me by the arm, and said, "How'd you get in here?"

"Paid a dime."

"Where's your stub?"

"Threw it away."

"Come with me."

Now, while all this was going on a lot of stuff was going on on the screen, too, and I didn't like not knowing what it was. I knew it was about London, but I didn't know what the details were, and now that I was in the theatre — on Opening Day, in spite of great opposition — I was determined to get acquainted with the details. All the same, there I was walking up the uphill Center Aisle with the usher holding my left arm in an angry and trembling grip.

"No, no," Mr. Arena said as I passed his seat. "Over here."

This determination on Mr. Arena's part for me not to be put out of the theatre impelled me to break away from the usher's grip, and run. At the top of the aisle I came upon six or seven people leaving the theatre. I ricocheted among them expertly, leaving the usher blocked, and compelled by politeness to remain blocked.

In the lobby I skidded to a halt and began to act wordly, as men who have seen half a movie are apt to do — ah, the world, ah, life, how difficult they are to each of us, and yet how well we carry on just the same.

I found a man and a woman on their way to seats just off the Northernmost Aisle. I joined them, sat beside them, and saw the whole show — on Opening Day, just as I had planned — free.

WHEN I got home that night it was after ten. I placed the day's net profits — entirely intact — in the family money-box, ate supper, turning the pages of the latest issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*, and went to bed.

After school the following day I sold papers on my corner as usual, across the street from the Liberty Theatre. A little after six Mr. A. A. Arena stopped at my corner and bought a paper. He seemed preoccupied with matters of business involving hundreds of tons of grapes

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and thousands of dollars. I handed him change for a dollar and he said, "I certainly enjoyed that movie, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"It certainly is a beautiful theatre, isn't it?"

"It sure is."

Mr. Arena went home, and a few minutes later Ara Tutounjian and his cousin Nish Azadourian came by on their way home to supper. They invited me to join them in the walk, since I had only one more paper to get rid of. They said they'd wait, and as silly as it seemed to hustle one paper I hustled it and after a few minutes sold it. We cut across the street to the Liberty Theatre on our way home, and there standing beside the box-office was the usher, who wasn't sure he didn't recognize me — but wasn't sure he did, either. But even if he did, what could he do about yesterday? I was very hungry, and I looked forward to a big supper in a matter of ten or fifteen minutes, but when we reached the South Exit Door, the door swung open and a young man and a young woman left the theatre.

I seized the door and Ara Tutounjian shouted, "Don't do it! You'll get in trouble! They'll send you to Reform School! You'll spend your life in San Quentin!"

"Nish," I said to Ara's cousin, "have you seen the movie?"

"No," Nish said.

"Come on," I said. "I've seen it, but it's all about London, and I'd like to see it again."

So Nish and I went in, and this time we had no trouble at all finding seats.

We found seats all over the theatre, from the first row in the orchestra to the last row in the gallery.

I always was crazy about London, I guess.

★ In the days when Australian sheep farmers were making immense sums from wool, one of them bought a Rolls-Royce, absolutely brand new. When he brought it back to have it serviced the salesman asked him if he was satisfied with his purchase.

"Indeed I am," said the farmer. "What I like specially is that glass partition between the front seats and the back."

"Why?" asked the salesman.

"Well," said the farmer, "it stops the sheep from licking the back of my neck when I'm driving them to market."

— *Tatler*, LONDON

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BENJAMIN SCHULTZ

The Rabbi the Reds Hate Most

BY VICTOR LASKY

THE REDS, of course, have good reason to hate Rabbi Benjamin Schultz. As executive director of the American Jewish League Against Communism, he wages a no-holds-barred war against them in the religious community. As coordinator of the Joint Committee Against Communism in New York, he directs patriotic and veterans' groups in a relentless struggle against Reds in schools and entertainment.

No issue is too small for the Rabbi. One day he may be concerned with Red control of a small labor union. Next day he may be testifying before Congress on vital legislation. His is a constant shirtsleeve battle, one in which he takes as well as gives. Sometimes the going is rough.

The anti-Schultz vendetta hit a new low, probably, when the scandal-mongering New York *Post* temporarily strayed off the sex beat to publish an error-ridden series, "The Strange Case of Rabbi Schultz."

So disrespectful was the series that one *Post* staffer felt it necessary to speak out. Columnist Murray Kempton telephoned the Rabbi, "I want you to know I had nothing to do with that series."

The Rabbi is constantly exposing Red efforts to ensnare Jews, as during the Rosenberg case. Several Rabbis then had made speeches urging commutation of the death sentences of the atomic spies.

"When folks who never opposed a death penalty oppose it for the Rosenbergs," commented the Rabbi at the time, "they are the innocent victims of Communist propaganda."

And, long before the reality of Soviet anti-Semitism awakened the world's horror, the Rabbi was seeking to alert the world. In contact with anti-Communist Jews in Israel, England and France, the Rabbi obtained such information as the fact that more than three million Jews had vanished in Russia during World War II.

For these efforts, the Rabbi has won numerous awards including the highest which could be bestowed by the Sons of the American Revolution and an annual Americanism Award from the American Legion.

But at times the Rabbi gets dis-

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couraged. He wonders whether, in the face of anti-anti-Communist hysteria, his "puny" efforts do any good.

One reason for his occasional discouragements are the barbs directed at him by responsible organizations which "take the un-American, unreasonable position I have no right to my opinions."

He referred to the incredible resolution of the National Community Relations Advisory Council which consists of ardent anti-Red groups like the Jewish Labor Committee and some not so ardent like the American Jewish Congress.

The resolution asserted that "the overwhelming majority of Jews" consider the Rabbi's activities "irresponsible . . . and improper, if not reprehensible."

How the NCRAC reached this conclusion was not stated. No vote among Jews ever was taken.

THE INCREDIBLE attentions paid the Rabbi would indicate his critics actually believe his is a huge operation, directed from plush offices, staffed by fanatical Red-baiters, ever searching for innocent liberals to persecute.

Actually, the Rabbi operates out of modest quarters at 220 West 42nd Street. His staff consists of one cheerful lady answering to the name of "Lottie" — his wife. Mrs. Schultz tries hard to ride herd on the Rabbi's desk collection of "things to read" which keeps growing like Topsy. A recent visitor was amused to note that magazines on the desk were over a year old. "Well," said the Rabbi, "I'll get around to them soon." Mrs. Schultz thought otherwise. One reason was the never-ending telephone calls.

One call was from Queens. A problem had arisen in a PTA. Would the Rabbi come out to speak? It didn't look possible. The caller persisted. The matter was urgent. The Rabbi again consulted his date book. Perhaps he could rearrange his speaking schedule.

Again the phone rang. This time a lady told of how Left-wingers were attempting to ram through a resolution in a local group without debate. Yes, the Rabbi would see her.

Another call. Did the Rabbi know anything about a certain lecturer?

And so went part of a day in the life of the anti-Communist Rabbi. Unassisted, but for "Lottie," he somehow manages to do the work of a dozen men. And, what with the Rabbi frequently letting out a lusty "L-O-T-T-I-E" to obtain material only she could possibly locate, Mrs. Schultz manages to be file clerk, secretary, receptionist, switchboard operator, researcher, typist, press agent and confidante — all rolled into one incredibly patient person.

The American Jewish League is not a large organization. It has several thousand members in twenty-two states. West Coast activities are handled by Rabbi Max Merritt and screenwriter Morrie Ryskind.

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Perhaps one reason for the League's impact is the fact that George Sokolsky, as president, heads a board consisting of such luminaries as Eugene Lyons, Lawrence Fertig, Roy Cohn, Benjamin Gitlow, Nathan Shapiro and Morrie Ryskind.

Another reason for the League's effectiveness is that the Rabbi makes every dollar count. He operates on such a tight budget that, to save a few hard-to-get dollars, he has on occasion traveled by coach rather than Pullman. Yet, he refuses to ask payment for his many speeches.

THAT HIS is a fight not calculated to win friends, say, at the New York *Times*, still surprises him. The *Times*, of course, looks down its nose at the Rabbi, haughtily describing him as "a frequent figure in varied disputes."

Which he has been ever since late 1947 when he wrote three articles on Reds in religion. Looking back, it seems incredible these New York *World-Telegram* pieces could touch off a storm which, eight years later, still rages. The articles, if published today, would seem old stuff to devotees of Red tactics.

In 1947, they were anything but, telling how Red agents posed as Protestant ministers and how Jews and Catholics were lured into Red projects.

Only a brief reference was made to the late Stephen S. Wise, a Rabbi who thought it desirable to join with Commies for mutual ends. Rabbi Schultz was much too kind with his former teacher. Dr. Wise, the previous year, had been called "Chief Rabbi of Our Communists" in the world's largest Yiddish newspaper.

Dr. Wise had ignored this attack in the *Jewish Daily Forward*. He did not ignore the *World-Telegram*, calling Rabbi Schultz "a probably profiteering Communist-baiter" — whatever that means — "unworthy to be even a member, not to say a Rabbi, of a Jewish congregation."

This intemperate personal attack, coming from a titan of Reform Judaism, immediately had repercussions at the Yonkers synagogue where Rabbi Schultz had served for twelve years.

Although, as even the New York *Post* concedes, the Rabbi was "respected and admired by the congregation as a whole," the trustees were of different mind. They condemned the *World-Telegram* articles as "using the smear technique entirely inappropriate for a Rabbi." That everything he had written was true is not as important as the fact, as the Rabbi then pointed out, he had been condemned "without investigation or a hearing."

But he was not without defenders. American Legion Commander James O'Neill praised his "public-spirited journalism." The Bridgeport *Post* said the trustees "ought to be proud to have as spiritual leader a man of such rare courage as Rabbi Schultz." And the *Jewish Daily For-*

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ward said the disputed articles had brought "honor and prestige" to Temple Emanu-El.

And George Sokolsky appeared personally before the trustees to argue the Rabbi's case. But for naught.

Unable to force his ouster by vote, the trustees boycotted his services, leaving the Rabbi no alternative but to resign.

Resigning a pulpit was not easy. Deciding what to do next was even tougher. Rabbi Schultz could not then have known his future was being mapped out in New York.

There, in Eugene Lyons' apartment, Jewish anti-Communists including Isaac Don Levine, Ralph de Toledano, the late Ben Stolberg and many now on the Rabbi's board, decided, after long discussion, the time had come for a Jewish organization to fight Communism as zealously as liberals fight anti-Communists.

In March 1948, announcement was made of the formation of the American Jewish League with the Rabbi as executive director.

IN RECENT YEARS, the Rabbi frankly concedes, the anti-Communist cause has suffered severe blows. He has seen staunch anti-Communists throw in the towel. Congressional investigations have largely been halted.

"But," he says, "we haven't lost the fight. We can't lose. God is on our side."

On June 2, 1955, Rabbi Schultz opened the session of the United States Senate with a prayer. It was the proudest moment of his life. The prayer was so unusual it was picked up by the United Press. In part, it reads:

> There is no compromise with the right. . . . Preserve us from godless cynicism in the dress of diplomacy. They cry peace, peace, but there is no peace. No peace for us while men cry out under the whip of the oppressor. No calm for mankind while one-third of earth cowers in terror. . . .

Another proud moment in his life took place recently at a testimonial dinner in his honor. Joe McCarthy delivered the main speech. Said Joe:

"Ben Schultz has managed to expose the malicious myth that persons of the Jewish faith have something in common with Communists. This wicked falsehood has been ruthlessly exploited by the Communists for their own ends."

Then, as "Lottie" wiped away a tear, the Rabbi stood up, his familiar stocky figure bedecked in a dinner jacket. It was difficult for him to speak. As his old friends and anti-Communist associates looked on, the Rabbi declared:

"I stand here, the son of immigrants, the recipient of the highest honor of the Sons of the American Revolution. I am not worthy of it, but I appreciate the gesture. It only shows that this is a wonderful country for all who come to its shores and play fair with it."

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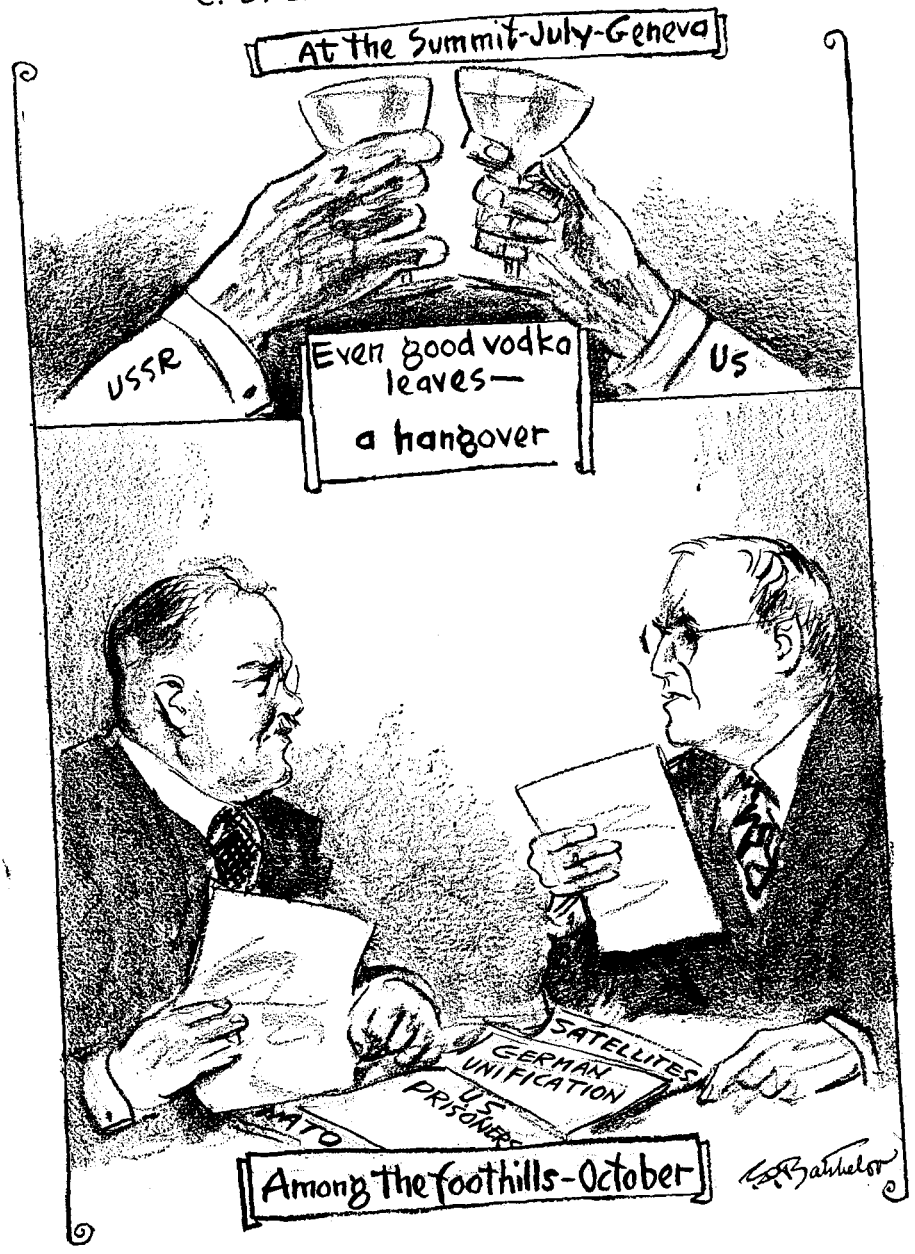
C. D. BATCHELOR'S CARTOON



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In the MERCURY'S *Opinion*

By RUSSELL MAGUIRE

OUR NATION has lost its way because you and I have failed to fulfill our sacred duties as trustees and custodians of a great Christian heritage. We have tolerated much crime and wrongdoing. We have ignored numerous acts of treason. We have let ourselves rot and fall apart on the basic eternal truths. Now is the time to remake ourselves spiritually, morally and physically.

Let us *listen* to God's plan for America. From this day forward let us sincerely work for meeting the deepest needs of our people. We need a better way of life.

Listening to ourselves has failed. We have become warped and ruled by sinister men. William Penn said: "Men must be governed by God or they will be ruled by tyrants!" Edmund Burke said: "All that is necessary for the triumph of evil is that good men will do nothing." We have proved this point.

Let's clear the record of our betrayal at Yalta, Tehran and Geneva. Let us never again have to apologize to the Poles for hiding the facts on the Katyn Forest Massacre; to Korea for permitting ourselves to be part of their betrayal; to Chiang Kai-shek for putting a knife in his back; to those we have heartlessly forgotten in countries behind the godless Iron Curtain; from our own troops and citizens whom we neglected and still neglect in the dark prisons of the Soviet and their "captive nations."

At the same time *let us clean house here at home.* We want no Fifth Amendment citizens. They are a disgrace to our country.

By this time surely we also know that the United Nations is a swamp and death-trap. Let's rid ourselves of this outfit and the spies they brought into our country to destroy us and our institutions.

Our many sinful compromises with godless Russia write the darkest pages in our nation's history. We should break off diplomatic relations with Russia and electrify with hope the people behind the Iron Curtain. The Russian gangsters won't have time to stir up international troubles — they will be too busy trying to put out the fires in their own country.

Our world is in the throes of a titanic struggle for the wills and hearts of men. Let us stop being difficult and part of the problem. Let us become part of the cure. Who is right is not important. What is right is all important.

Let us try a renaissance directed by God who made us all and the world in which we live. Let's put beauty and integrity back into our nation and the world. It starts with you and with me.

God tells us: "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

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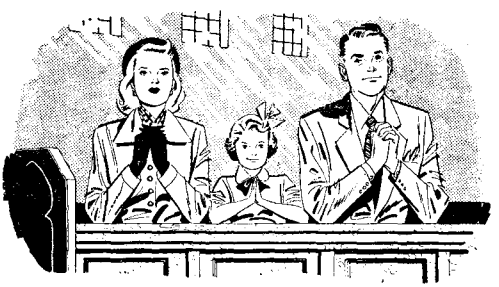
Religion IN YOUR MARRIAGE



by PAUL H LANDIS

FEW INFLUENCES in a person's background are as important to the success of his marriage as is religion.

Although a great deal of attention has been given to the many difficulties of marriages in which the partners are of different faiths, even these marriages fail less often than do those in which there is *no* religion at all, or in which one partner is religious and the other not.

Religion has more to do with the success or failure of the marriage than do different backgrounds in nationality, age, money, or education. Of this there is much proof.

A study of some 4,000 marriages by Judson T. Landis, of the University of California, showed that 18 percent in which neither person had religious affiliations had ended in divorce; 16 percent where the wife was a church member and the husband not, compared with 14 percent of mixed Protestant-Catholic marriages, and six percent where both husband and wife were Protestants.

Not only does religion make marriage more enduring, but it adds other positive values and, for that matter, improves many aspects of personal relations. This is evidenced from teen days throughout married life.

Studies of several thousand high school and college students by Carol

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L. Stone of the State College of Washington showed that religious training and religious activities tend to further more successful social relations. Young people who were active in church affairs had a larger circle of friends, were more satisfied with their home communities, had fewer worries about personal problems, and were more optimistic about the future and more often possessed attitudes of helpfulness toward others than were those who gave religion and the church no place.

The influence of religious faith on a thousand engagements was studied by sociologists Ernest W. Burgess of Chicago and Paul Wallin of Stanford. Over half the engagements were broken off in cases where the girl attended church more than the boy. More than half terminated before marriage, too, where neither had religious ties. Fewest engagements were broken among those who attended church once a month or more.

FOR THOSE who fail to consider religion as a vital factor in their marriage, the awakening may be hard. During the courtship, young people are so completely wrapped up in each other that they tend to overlook discussing and agreeing on the place religion and church activities will take in their lives. When they settle down after the honeymoon to the adjustments of community life, they feel a need to return to social ties which have been most meaningful to them.

The religious husband or wife naturally wishes to turn to the church group which had been found congenial and spiritually satisfying.

Frequently, according to a well-known churchman, Dr. Rockwell Smith, it is only after the maturing influence of marriage that the couple begins to realize how deeply imbedded are certain philosophies of life and standards of behavior that are a part of any religious faith.

The marriage partner who has had his life goals oriented about certain beliefs and aspirations that are the essence of his faith, finds it particularly shocking to realize he has married someone entirely without religious orientation, and who holds none of the concepts and values which make life meaningful to him.

The person who was previously casual about his religion finds, too, with the coming of children, that his religious convictions must be seriously considered in carrying out his responsibilities towards their mental, physical and spiritual well-being. No longer feeling casual about his faith, this partner desires to take positive action to place his children under a religious tutelage that will ensure the establishing of life values which he approves.

The need for spiritual training may be met with indifference or even opposition. In an effort to obtain peace, the religious partner faces the alternative of withdrawing

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from church activity and giving up plans to train the children in the tenets of the faith, or of breaking the marriage.

There is much evidence that lack of religion on the part of either husband or wife, or both, is definitely a factor in divorce. In Spokane, Washington, where the Western tradition of easy divorce prevails, sociologist H. Ashley Weeks made a check of parents of 6,500 school children. Twenty-four percent of the marriages ended in divorce when the couple was without religion, compared to a 17.4 percent of failure in mixed religion marriages and a 10 percent of failure for parents of Protestant religion.

In a study covering parents of 13,528 Maryland youths, Howard M. Bell found a divorce rate of 17 percent in homes without religion compared to 15 percent for mixed marriages and 7 percent for Protestant marriages.

WHY IS RELIGION a positive factor in marriage adjustment? Perhaps because religion stresses love, unselfishness, forgiveness, loyalty, compassion, uprightness, faith, and a sense of the high destiny of man.

Having a background steeped in the Christian virtues of meekness, kindness and consideration for others, helpfulness, self-sacrifice, placing of ideals above ambitions, and other such basic human values, cannot help bearing on the success of a marriage as it does on life itself.

Religion has always been looked upon as a powerful control device in helping human beings keep their animal impulses in check. It does that, and in so doing makes for greater marital loyalty in sex matters, as well as in helping control anger and other displays of passion. One of the most striking findings of the Kinsey research group is that religion is very influential not only in controlling pre-marital sex behavior, but also in controlling extra-marital sexual ventures.

Kinsey's evidence shows, further, that those who once venture into taboo sex relations, both before and during marriage, are more likely to venture again. Those with religion, Kinsey found, are more likely to suffer guilt for departing from their sex codes.

Since guilt often means repentance and a mending of one's ways, we must credit religion with a plus mark here; for, in our romantic marriage system, sex loyalty and confidence in the spouse's future faithfulness are vital factors in marital happiness, just as unfaithfulness is at the basis of some of the worst marriage woes of today.

In this day of religious awakening, the church and the ministry are taking a greater interest in family life than ever before, and are, therefore, destined to play a much more influential part in the success of family life in the future.

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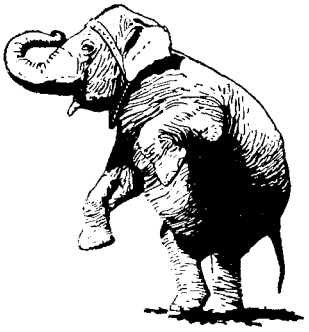
Cow Palace

REPUBLICAN CHOICE



By Mark McMillin

SAN FRANCISCO'S Cow Palace is being readied for the most auspicious event in its 16-year history — the next year's Republican National Convention.

The largest building in California, the structure got its unique name at the time ground was broken on November 3, 1935, when an editorial writer lamented:

"It seems strange that now, in the depths of the nation's deepest depression, with people walking the streets in search of employment and others selling apples to keep body and soul together, the city should be building — of all things — a Palace for Cows."

Yet the name, created in derision, has brought great satisfaction to the residents of San Francisco and the other Bay cities. For the huge building has attracted the finest and most varied entertainments, including ice revues, auto races, rodeos, boxing events, basketball games, barbecues, polo matches and even a Liberace concert, though it was built primarily to house the Grand National Livestock Exposition, Horse Show and Rodeo.

The Cow Palace, valued in excess of $8,500,000 and seating 20,000, is an ideal national convention choice. The platform, measuring 237 feet by 142 feet under a ceiling 124 feet high, can be clearly seen from any point, since there are no pillars in the entire building. The acoustics are excellent, and the ultramodern sound system makes it possible to broadcast proceedings throughout the spacious grounds. Also, hard-surfaced and well-lighted parking lots for 4,000 cars are available.

In order to handle the dense traffic, the California State Highway Department has spent more than $4,000,000 to construct six-lane highways leading to and from the Palace, which is located six miles south of San Francisco on the Peninsula near the city of San Mateo.

The building itself is equipped

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with every possible facility for the convenience of patrons. A large wall map posted in the Hospitality Booth just inside the entrance, gives the location of all rest rooms, restaurants, special events, and other facilities. Sponsored by the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, the booth is intended especially to assist out-of-town visitors who may want to sight-see in the Bay area. Here they will find all kinds of information and advice on sightseeing tours, and, if driving, they are given a copy of "Traffic Rules Peculiar to San Francisco."

Other facilities include a branch bank and first-aid stations. Four restaurants will be open to accommodate Republican delegates and visitors: the De Luxe Restaurant, the Snack Bar, the Stockman's Cafe, and the Sky Room, located high in the west side of the Pavilion Building, which offers an excellent view of the grounds and surrounding country. In addition, six sandwich and drink stands are available. Numerous telephones dot the grounds, and a police headquarters with a lost and found department will be on 24-hour duty.

Local Republicans are enthusiastic about this opportunity to entertain the GOP Convention, pointing out that it was here in 1952 that Mr. Eisenhower appeared before a SRO crowd, a foretaste of one of the largest votes ever polled for a Presidential candidate in California. Also, it is hoped that staging the Convention in the Cow Palace, home of the Annual Grand National Livestock Exposition, will win many farm votes throughout the nation, and at the same time win a big vote all over the West, always a Republican stronghold.

THE COW PALACE has had an interesting history. Five weeks after it was officially opened with the first livestock show, the attack on Pearl Harbor made it necessary to transfer the building to the military, to be used as a supply depot until 1946, when it was turned back to its owner, the State of California. Shortly afterward, while the grounds were being used for a circus performance, tents housing the circus animals were blown down during a violent windstorm. The animals were brought inside, where they were housed in space made by tearing down spectators' seats and the governor's box.

From year to year, additional buildings and other improvements have been added, so that now the Cow Palace is fully equipped to handle almost any type of show except an atom bomb display. And GOP delegates — though noted for fireworks on occasion — are hardly likely to resort to such extremes to nominate their favorite candidate.

The Cow Palace will be ready for August 1956.

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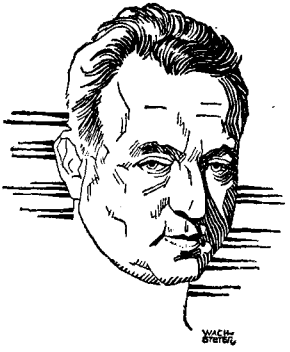
How Red the Decade?



By EUGENE LYONS

A CURIOUS attempt seems to be under way on the intellectual Left to water down, if not to wash out entirely, the Red pigments in our national memory of the 1930's. It is worth examining because, while the subject matter of the enterprise is history, its motivations are strictly current.

The story being plugged runs about this way: True, there were a lot of Communists and fellow-travelers around in those years, mostly noble young people whose latent idealism had been sprung into action by the Depression. Some of them did worm their way into astonishingly influential places in government, the arts, labor, education; and a handful — those who actually spied for the Soviets — carried the logic of their commitment to an unfortunate extreme.

But their numbers have been wildly exaggerated and the impact of their activities on American life and thought was so slight as to be negligible. In short, the widespread belief that the 1930's were a "Red Decade" is a myth — a preposterous myth fabricated and still being sold by ambitious ex-Communists and politicians determined to arouse and exploit "retroactive fear."

Those prewar years, the story insists, may have been pink, mildly russet, delicately rosy, a bit ruddy in a few spots, but not Red. Certainly not Red enough to justify the attention the color has been receiving in the 1950's — in particular from legislative committees of investigation.

The job of reappraising the thirties in this spirit of pooh-pooh was ably started by Dr. Granville Hicks about the time (and the timing seems to me not without significance) he was interrogated under subpoena by one of those committees. He published an article, subsequently included in his book on the period, in the July 1953 *Harper's* under the title "How Red Was the Red Decade?"

In answering the question he confined himself to the areas he knew best: writing, publishing and teach-

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ing. And his conclusion was that: "Although the influence of the Party was disproportionate to the membership, it was not unlimited. The notion that Communism dominated American culture in the thirties is false."

This downgrading of the Redness of the decade seemed to meet a psychological need among those who, for lack of a less awkward label, must be called anti-anti-Communists. For one found the Hicks thesis echoed in other publications. In recent months it showed up as the *leitmotif* of *Part of Our Time*, a book by Murray Kempton, columnist for the anti-anti-Communist New York *Post*.

"Looking back now, after twenty years," says Kempton of Communism in that time, "a detached observer might say that it has been a very little thing to which a very few people came."

Kempton's judgment aroused a sort of fury of jubilation in the heart of Bernard De Voto, one of the earliest and loudest trumpeters of our nation's supposed descent into "hysteria." Communism in the prewar decade, De Voto finds, was "trivial . . . preposterous . . . meaningless" and, most to the point, "monstrously distorted and magnified to produce enormous amounts of false history and retrospective alarm." Why all the fuss? he asks in effect. A small number of fools and psychopaths played at revolution in a "dream-bound movement" of their own, unrelated to and wholly without effect upon the American reality. So — and those are De Voto's last and revealing words — so "what of it?"

WHY ARE these people so keen to prove that the 1930's were not as Red as some painted them and as others remember them?

"The basic document in the creation of a distorted view of the thirties," Dr. Hicks writes, "is *The Red Decade*, which Eugene Lyons, another disillusioned sympathizer with Communism, published in 1941. So far as the facts go, the book is largely reliable, but the impression it gives is false."

When this "basic document" appeared, Dr. Hicks had already left the Communist Party. But he waited twelve years to refute the "false impression" I was helping foist upon the country. Why did so many others wait until the 1950's to clear the good name of the 1930's?

The answer, I think, is to be found in the circumstance that those who "defend" the thirties against its slanderers, though themselves platonic opponents of Communism, disapprove of too-earnest anti-Communists. I am not implying that their opposition to Communism is bogus, but merely that it is a thing wan and pale in contrast with their active revulsion against dedicated — their word is "obsessed" — enemies of Communism.

Certainly their belated concern

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with the prewar decade does not reflect an academic zeal for history, any more than my book did in 1941. Their writing on the subject is polemic in temper and charged with emotion. They are not setting straight a record but pushing an argument with those of us, Congress included, who would expose the Red skulduggery, so much of which has its roots in the 1930's.

The clue to what's biting them is in De Voto's angry "What of it?" That verbal shrug is implicit in Hicks and explicit in Kempton. As compulsive anti-anti-Communists they are eager to convince themselves and others that the decade was not really *too* Red, that Moscow's influence in the United States was nearly all mythical and unworthy of serious analysis.

If they succeed in this, then they will have justified their shuddering dislike of investigations and will feel easier in their consciences about lambasting anti-Communists.

Now let's look at the substance of their argument. Dr. Hicks' truly generous concession that the facts in *The Red Decade* are "largely reliable" simplifies matters. The 400 pages of the book, as any reader can check for himself, are crammed with documented data — with facts, figures, quotations and more facts. Strip the volume of its rhetoric, opinions and occasional polemic overstatements until only the starkly factual remains, and we still have a startling picture of massive and unprecedented Communist infiltration and subversion.

Every fact points to the extraordinary success of a foreign dictatorship in penetrating literally every department of the nation's life, manipulating the thoughts and emotions of millions of its citizens, tincturing and flavoring our American environment so thoroughly that it has never looked and tasted the same again.

Nowhere, however, did the book assert or imply that the influence of the Communist Party in any area was *unlimited*, that the Reds dominated the whole of American culture or government, labor or education. After all, had Communist power been as complete as Hicks or Kempton think we think, there would have been no further need to *infiltrate* and *penetrate* and *capture* by trickery.

No one who then, or since then, complained about the vast proliferation of Reds and Red organizations in the thirties ever claimed that these were more than a minority even in the most polluted places. But we warned that these minorities, because they were disciplined and amoral zealots operating on a politically naïve and inert human mass, affected the country's thinking and institutions out of all proportion to their numbers.

Consider, for example, the impact upon young people through the largest and most successful of the Communist false-fronts, the Ameri-

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can Youth Congress. At its climactic convention, in July of 1939, it claimed to represent 513 organizations with 4,700,000 members. "The figures could be halved," I wrote, "and it would still be an exaggeration. . . . After every discount is made, however, it was still the largest aggregate of young people ever lured into one political enclosure."

The reality — a few million young men and women herded and propagandized by Moscow agents — was sufficiently serious in those terms without the claim, false on the face of it, that *all* of our youth was involved. Those who pointed with honest alarm did not pretend that Red control of American youth was dominant or unlimited. Indeed, it was the fear that, unless checked, it might attain dominance which moved us to point in the first place. Of course we knew that other potent influences were at work in home and church and school, in Boy Scouts and Y's and 4-H Clubs.

THE SAME was true of every other aspect of the national scene. "Like the maggots in a cheese," I recorded, "the fellow-travelers and stooges and innocents flavored American life. Their professional vocabulary — transmission belts, fronts, fellow-travelers, party line, liquidations, etc. — filtered into the nation's speech and thought. . . . All of it was more of a conspiracy than a political movement, more of a hoax than a social upsurge." Further:

Our own American Popular Front, though never officially in power as it was in France and for a brief period in Spain, penetrated, in various degrees, the labor movement, education, the churches, college and non-college youth movements, the theatre, movies, the arts, publishing in all its branches; it bored deep into the Federal government and in many communities also into local government; it obtained a stranglehold on great sectors of national relief and local relief setups and made work projects through domination of the Workers Alliance, capture of key jobs and other stratagems.

At its highest point — roughly about 1938 — the incredible revolution of the Red Decade had mobilized the conscious or the starry-eyed, innocent collaboration of thousands of influential American educators, social workers, clergymen, New Deal officials, youth leaders, Negro and other racial spokesmen, Social Registerites, novelists, Hollywood stars, script writers and directors, trade-union chiefs, men and women of abnormal wealth. Its echoes could be heard, muted or strident, in the most unexpected places, including the supposed citadels of conservatism and respectability.

It is easy, of course, to exaggerate the strength of this phenomenon. But it is even easier to brush the whole thing aside as a negligible and rather amusing aberration.

This is a long way from the claim of almost total Communist dominion, which is now being attributed to us and labeled as "the myth of the thirties." The truth is that the anti-

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anti-Communists have set up a straw man for easy demolition. Red was not the only color in those years, but there was enough of it, in all conscience, to make it a Red Decade.

Those were years, as Dr. Hicks himself attests, when "Communism was in the air." It had become respectable. It was, in a phrase I coined at the time, "smart to be Red"; a time when "transmission belts without greetings from the President of the United States or his busy spouse could consider themselves slovenly performers." In some places, of course, the color was stronger than in others.

In the very process of refutation, Dr. Hicks confirms the mood that won the decade its label. At that time, he supposes, "almost every publishing house in the country had at least one Communist or Communist sympathizer on its staff" — some, like himself, quite openly, the rest concealed and disguised. For the most part, he says, these Communists didn't have to "put anything over," since there was a huge market for pro-Communist books and "eminent firms were simply behaving like publishers." The conservative Macmillan Company, he cites as an example, didn't scruple to issue a Communist book in cooperation with International Publishers, Moscow's official publishing arm in the U.S.

But these very facts, he fails to realize, provide clinching proof that the decade was Red in precisely the sense that I painted it. There is nothing remarkable in the fact that anti-Soviet books were published and that a few found an audience in a deeply capitalist nation. What is remarkable is that pro-Soviet and anti-capitalist books came in a flood under respectable imprints, were acclaimed and recommended by the conservative press, and almost automatically rated the support of a well-entrenched "liberal" lobby.

When he was on the Harvard faculty in the mid-thirties, Dr. Hicks recounts, his Communist Party cell had only fifteen members. These were the hard-core Communists. But if the ratio between Party members and assorted fellow-travelers and sympathizers in the country at large held true in Harvard, as it unquestionably did, this means that hundreds of the great university's faculty were under the spell. Since Harvard was no worse infected than scores of other educational institutions, Dr. Hicks in effect gives us a picture of conditions in higher learning as shocking as any drawn by Dr. J. B. Matthews.

LET ME ask the defenders of the thirties a question: Suppose that in a given ten-year period there were at least one Nazi in every publishing house, thousands of Nazi sympathizers on the campuses, Nazi-captive organizations claiming millions of members, powerful unions under Nazi control, Nazis in high places throughout the government right into the White House; suppose, in

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short, that the Brown Shirts exercised the kind of power and enjoyed the kind of intellectual and social acceptance that the Reds did in the thirties. Would a historian be justified in calling it a Brown Decade? Would the De Votos still think the whole business trivial, laughable, undeserving of public scrutiny? Would they regard it as somehow unsporting, if not vile, for anyone to engage in exposing the phenomenon and extirpating its effects?

The name with which I christened the ten-year period proved apt, or at least catchy, and quickly entered the American language. But the judgment behind the name was not my private, esoteric theory. I was simply documenting and annotating an impression so widely shared that it was commonplace, and this at a time when the decade was still fresh in memory. The "alarm," whether valid or not, certainly was not "retrospective."

My book came in for plenty of attack, but criticism was directed chiefly at the facts, and only to a minor degree at the over-all impression. I was accused of "smearing innocents" (like Corliss Lamont, for instance, who sued for libel), not for smearing the decade. The point is that the Redness of the thirties was then so apparent to so many that few questioned it. The fundamental picture was too obvious to be wished away. Actually it is the current concerted denial of the magnitude of Red influences that is retrospective.

"The fact is," I could write in 1941, "that the complex Communist United Front tinctured every department of American life while it lasted and has left its color indelibly on the mind and moral attitudes of the country. Our labor movement, politics, art, culture and vocabulary still carry its imprint. Even those who are most repentant and shamefaced in the present sour aftermath still carry the scars of the planned hypocrisy on their minds and souls."

THE INTERVENING fourteen years have not expunged that imprint. For good or ill, the New Deal forever changed the contours of American institutions, and Communists played a vital and at points (as in labor) a decisive role in the New Deal. Official and popular attitudes toward Communism shaped in the thirties made us easier prey for Stalin in the forties. The American diplomats and writers who, from whatever motives, helped betray China to the Communists almost all got their ideological conditioning in the Red Decade. Even today, the ease with which Moscow can manipulate American political moods for its own purposes can, in part at least, be traced to our brainwashing before the war.

The impact of the Red Decade has been far from "trivial." Those who cry "What of it?" are either blind or bent upon blinding the rest of us.

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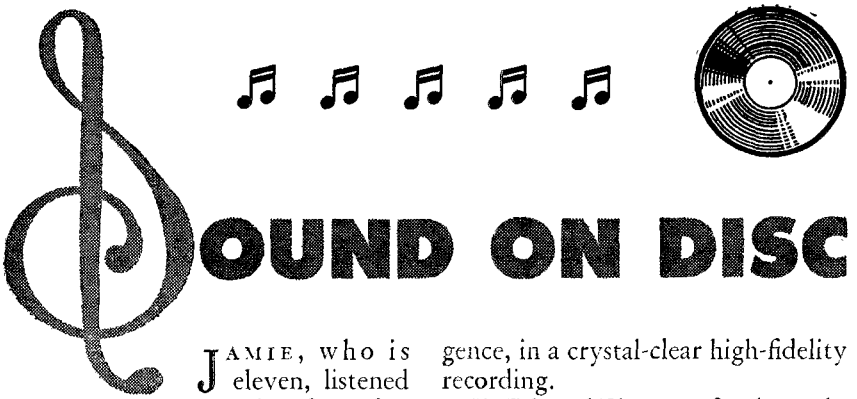

SOUND ON DISC

JAMIE, who is eleven, listened to the first few minutes of Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps* and said: "Play some more. I like to hear it being wicked." This, more than musicological chatter about "revolutionary reaction," cuts to the heart of the great musical milestone of the twentieth century. For the mood it evokes — the pagan passions, the rites and the sacrifices of spring — go back to the wicked, gaudy, Priapic world of untamed man. This, of course, was not what the Paris audiences railed against when Pierre Monteux conducted the first concert performance in 1914.

But the naked mood is there. I still remember the first time I heard *Le Sacre*, on old Columbia 78's, conducted by Igor Stravinsky himself. Despite his studious reading — composers shouldn't conduct their own work; they don't understand it — its impact never left me. Now you can hear it on a Columbia LP, beautifully played by the great Philadelphia Orchestra and Eugene Ormandy, full of drive and effulgence, in a crystal-clear high-fidelity recording.

Sir Edward Elgar was firmly established, on the other side of the Channel, when *Le Sacre* was first performed. His "noble plainness" — Daniel Gregory Mason's apt phrase — appealed to the British middle-class soul. His music put on no side. So it is in his *Enigma Variations*, his *Cockaigne Overture* and his *Serenade for String Orchestra*, packaged in one LP by Columbia. Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic, noble and plain themselves, surge through Elgar's richly tidy orchestration. For the Elgar cult, this is a must.

More often than not, Mozart comes off better at the hands of a talented *musician* than at those of a virtuoso. Ingrid Haebler, playing with Heinrich Hollreiser and the Pro Musica Orchestra of Vienna, fits aptly into the first category, and she does excellently by two early piano concertos — *No. 6 in B-flat Major* and *No. 8 in C Major*. Her performance is sensitive and faithful; she feels the music without

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emoting all over it. This is a fine record that Vox has issued, and much better than the only other long-play versions (by Balsam on Concert Hall, a fuzzy job) of these charming works. Also on Vox, and by the same conductor, are Schubert's *Symphony No. 4 in C Minor* ("Tragic") and *No. 8 in B Minor* ("Unfinished"). You will find them adequate and unforced, but there are better — though lacking the refinements of today's recording techniques.

"FOLK MUSIC is a history text with a tune," say the program notes to *Folk Songs of the New World*, a new Capitol release. This is undoubtedly true, but the text is musically bowdlerized when it is read by the Roger Wagner Chorale. The singing and the arrangements are too polished; they lack the twang and the verve of the originals. *Wayfaring Stranger*, *Cindy*, *Blue Tail Fly*, *Black Is the Color*, *Streets of Laredo* and others, are part of the well-chosen repertory, but I like my folk music more authentic.

Authenticity is missing, too, from Alec Templeton's new Remington record of Gershwin's *Concerto in F*. Not that there is anything wrong with Templeton's piano playing (oh, how much better than Oscar's), but the score itself never rings true. It is neither the fish and fowl of the concert hall nor the good red herring of the jazz arena.

You'll find no such ambiguity in Columbia's superlative *Satch Plays Fats: A Tribute to the Immortal Fats Waller*. In the thirties, Fats' exuberant pianisms, his manic wit, and his high-pitched singing were an adornment to the night-club circuit, and to such stages as the Paramount and Harlem's Apollo. But he was also a fine composer of pop tunes, and Louis Armstrong has embellished their rowdy cadences with his own gravelly voice and his unsurpassed trumpet. (Verna Middleton lends a hand on some of the lyrics.) Among others, *Honeysuckle Rose*, *Ain't Misbehavin'*, *Black & Blue* and *Blue Turning Grey Over You* — written with Andy Razaf — get solid Armstrong treatment. Columbia gets credit for the production.

Last month, I mentioned with high praise Columbia's reissue of Ruth Etting's original recordings. Now Epic, a Columbia subsidiary, has gathered together *The Best of Astaire*, a collection of the records he made when the movie studios were turning out the great musicals which featured his dancing, acting and singing. Pick them out: *A Foggy Day*, *Cheek to Cheek*, *They Can't Take That Away From Me*, *A Fine Romance*, etc. Astaire never had much of a voice, but his feeling for rhythm, his style which built up a lyric by throwing it away, fitted in with the popular tunes and the popular sentiments which he handled. This is a nostalgia package, with orchestras like Leo Reisman's supplying pleasantly dated backgrounds. — R. DE T.

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HE OUGHT TO WIN AN *Oscar!*

By Duane Valentry

You round a bend in the road and put on your brakes suddenly as a small creature staggers into the beam of your lights. Weaving from the middle to the side of the road, the furry jaywalker keeps you at a crawl behind him and just as you edge out to pass, he weaves out into your path again. And 'possum wonders why he's a common nocturnal fatality!

The little, high-legged marsupial seems to lose his head when car lights interrupt his nightly stroll for food along the country roadsides. None too handsome in appearance, he's more to be pitied than scorned as, in tottering bewilderment, he holds up your progress. Despite a coat of long, sleek gray hair over an undercoat of soft fur, this road hog has a bare, undressed look. Big naked ears and a long unfurred tail don't add much to his appearance, although he finds them useful.

But the 'possum, famed in song and story, is a most interesting little fellow even if not beautiful. The only American member of an old Australasian family of animals furnished with an inbuilt pouch for toting the young, the 'possum has found his way over most of the United States. He's always good for a chuckle when observed hanging from a tree limb head downward with his arms and hands cozily tucked in. 'Poss can also swing handily by his opposable big toe.

When treed by dogs, the big-eared little fellow can show a nasty snarl. This is meaningless, however, since he is timid, easily frightened and one of the most passive of Nature's children, usually feigning death to make his enemies lose interest in him. So good is this actor that he is able to fool animals as well as men, and when picked up and handled shows absolutely no signs of life. But as soon as the enemy is thought to be out of sight B'rer 'Possum unwinds himself in leisurely fashion and takes off, laughing up his fur sleeve. Call him stupid, do we?

"Playing 'possum" doesn't always get him off, however. In the South the tree-sleeping animal is hunted for food as well as for fur, and is considered quite a delicious meal when baked with sweet potatoes. Caught napping in a tree by men and dogs, he can be ousted with a forked stick and easily bagged.

Varying in size from six inches to thirty in total length, there are

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over eighty species of these American marsupials. The "four-eyed" 'possum has a large white spot over each eye; the woolly 'possum looks the way he sounds; the shrew 'poss is a tiny specimen with short, not-so-bare tail; mouse or cave 'possums are not only mouse-like but come in bright colors; otter 'possums have broad tails and aquatic habits; while water 'possums wear webbed hind feet and subsist on fish.

Living in hollow trees or holes along stream beds or in any wooded area where the hunting and fishing are good, 'possum makes a cozy bed of grass and leaves when he holes up. In winter he dons an extra layer of fat under his skin and gets a little slower and duller than usual. However, his keen ears apprise him of the approach of an enemy and if he has time he'll climb high with the aid of his monkey-like tail and long clawed feet. High enough in his arboreal retreat, he hopes to remain hidden by the leaves, and usually does, unless pursuers relentlessly shake him out or pluck him from his limb with their forks.

A member of an ancient family — his ancestors roamed the earth with the dinosaurs seventy million years ago — this cousin to the kangaroo shows little likelihood of becoming extinct. He's tough and hard to kill and breeds as often as three times a year, with some five to fourteen in a litter.

So small are the blind, squirming infants that sixteen can be put into a tablespoon. These bee size children cling to mama in the pouch and later crawl all over her fur, blending with it as their own fur grows and covers their new-born nakedness.

ONE of Nature's most intriguing sights is a mother 'possum with her young aboard — the tiny, peering replicas of mama snuggled all along her back with only heads and interested faces showing

'Possum is the original "Don't mind if I do" character, and will eat anything, including everything. Insects, frogs, small rabbits, berries or fruit, eggs or bread and what-else-have-you comprise his diet. Farmers cuss him because he likes eggs but praise him because he digests equally well insects and snakes.

A mother opossum deposited her litter on the doorstep of the School of Medicine at the University of California recently. Lonesome and crying, the babies were kept alive by a medical technician who tirelessly fed them milk from eye droppers until they began to thrive. Now they're destined for medical experiments.

But maybe the technicians will also solve an age-old riddle long pondered upon by 'possum-fanciers. Does the little critter "play possum" on purpose or does he really faint away out of fright? Nature-students have argued pro and con for a long time, and as for timid, hardy 'poss, he isn't telling.

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By MARIETTA MARCIN

Part-Time PARENTS

All across the country, parents of small children are solving the problem of finding responsible baby sitters by forming agencies. Here is the story of the first such groups and the services they now perform

WHEN Joseph Driscoll and his wife returned home after an evening out, one night in 1948, they found their house in a shambles. Furniture had been pushed back. Coke bottles were strewn on the floor. And, while the baby sitter unconcernedly threw a party for her friends, the unattended Driscoll children were happily teething on some marbles in the next room.

Luckily, the youngsters didn't swallow any. But the incident that evening made Driscoll decide he'd had his fill of irresponsible baby sitters. Incensed, he set out to do something about it.

Running an ad for baby sitters in the nearby Boston newspapers, Driscoll screened scores of applicants. Finally the ex-Marine chose 65 responsible, experienced women who were willing to accept assignments through his newly organized Willie Winkle Registered Sitters Service.

"Is it true you have doctors and nurses on call 24 hours a day, in case something happens to our children while we're away?" anxious mothers called to ask. "Yes, that's true," Driscoll assured them. "We also have a $25,000 insurance policy in effect on each child while you're out, and another $50,000 policy to protect you against any mischief the kids might cook up even though our sitter's watching them." When mothers heard this, orders poured in.

At about the same time Willie Winkle came into existence, an ex-government worker named Rosalita Tharpe decided that children at the nation's capital deserved better baby-sitter care than they were getting. The result was Substitute Parents — an organization similar to Driscoll's.

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Among Miss Tharpe's staff members were an economist, a Senator's secretary, and many capable government workers eager to pick up a few extra dollars.

The sitter service idea began to catch on. Teen-agers, not to be outdone, started setting up their own agencies, with requirements similar to those of their adult competitors.

In Needham, Massachusetts, 36 junior high school boys signed up for special courses at Needham's Visiting Nurse Association, soon learned how to pick up a baby, test a formula, feed and follow through. Those successfully completing the course received diplomas, the expectation of more work, and reassuring words from their nurse-instructor:

"If you are prepared for anything, nothing ever happens."

In Shreveport, Louisiana, a group of conscientious high school girls urged Miss Ruth Batchelor, home economics teacher at Byrd High School, to include a baby-sitting course in her department. Soon on the agenda: lessons in feeding and diapering infants, as well as caring for older children. Graduates of Miss Batchelor's course drew up a working plan and charter for BIBS, a baby-sitting service for neighborhood children.

Since 1946, sitter services like these have popped up in major cities all over the country. Small but thriving businesses, the services offer something the "sitter around the corner" often can't — child care by people who realize that sitting isn't something just anyone can do . . . and who have consequently equipped themselves to do a top-notch job.

Today, for rates comparable to those charged by the inexperienced sitter, parents can leave their children in the hands of competent mothers, nurses or social workers. Whether the sitters' stay is for an evening, a day, or a few weeks, mothers know their children will be well taken care of.

How do the sitter services work? In Chicago, for example, a mother might call Baby-Sitters, Inc., an organization offering parents the services of over 100 qualified women.

"Do you suppose Mrs. Jones could come over and take care of Jimmy and Sally on Saturday night?" she asks the director, Martha Fears. Miss Fears, whose staff members are mostly practical nurses or mothers whose own children are now grown, scans her appointment book. Seeing that grandmotherly Wilma Jones (who likes to stay with Jimmy and Sally Norton whenever possible) will be free, Miss Fears assures Mrs. Norton that Mrs. Jones will be there.

Like most of the sitter service directors, Miss Fears has discovered that the happiest relationships result when both sitter and customer are satisfied. For, although mothers calling a new agency usually discover the service through the classified telephone directory, an older

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agency gets more than half its new customers through recommendations of satisfied mothers already using its services.

Typical feature of the sitter organization is its effort to hand-pick each sitter to fit the customer's needs. Most services try to select a sitter who lives close to the customer and is in the age group the mother desires.

The mother who engages a sitter through a service gets triple protection. First, her sitter has been thoroughly screened by the service before being accepted for baby-sitting assignments.

Second, all complaints about a sitter are carefully examined, and legitimate ones are ample cause for dropping a sitter from the service. One organization, American Registry for Nurses in Chicago, issues dated identification cards to each of its sitters every month. "If we get complaints about a woman," says Mrs. Margaret Gamper, director of the Registry, "she doesn't get her new I.D. card, and we stop giving her assignments."

Finally, in most states, sitter services are regarded as "employment agencies." As such, they must have a license from the Department of Labor. An inspector visits their offices monthly to examine the accounting records, complaints registered, and background files on new sitters who have been engaged. If the agent's cursory examination reveals that a woman isn't qualified, he'll suggest she be dropped. However, because the sitter services themselves screen each staff member carefully and often, the agent rarely finds it necessary to make such a recommendation.

Rates for sitters range from 60¢ to $1.00 an hour. The exact amount varies with each city. And most agencies have special rates if the sitter is to care for more than three children, for a whole day, or a week, or on a holiday.

How do sitter organizations make money? Some charge a flat percentage of the sitters' fees for their services. Either the sitter pays them the percentage once a month, or the parents pay the service the full amount, and the sitter is paid her share.

STILL another arrangement is that of the "club"—a little more complicated, perhaps, because club services must have separate accounts for each customer.

Members of Chicago Parents Club, for example, pay dues which allow them to engage a sitter a given number of times. The sitter is also paid an hourly rate by the parent members.

Services see to it that their sitters are treated fairly. Most of them insist that parents either take the sitter home after an evening assign-

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ment, or take her to the nearest public transportation and wait there with her until she is safely aboard.

If a woman is staying all day, parents are required to leave adequate food for her, and, if she is staying overnight, the sitter must be provided with a clean bed.

Some agencies have continuing education programs for their staff members. Margaret Gamper's sitters, for example, are shown helpful movies periodically. Mrs. Gamper, who is a registered nurse, also publishes a monthly mimeographed newspaper, *American Pulse*, for her women. Short articles on child care give tips on handling ticklish situations, and a "bouquets and brickbats" type of column lists minor complaints (no names mentioned) and words of praise that have been brought to the Registry's attention.

ALTHOUGH most of the service directors interviewed had been in business from six to eight years, they could think of no great catastrophe that had occurred while one of their sitters was on the job.

"Fire broke out in a building where one of our sitters was caring for a child," one service director said. "But the flames were in another apartment. The sitter put the child's coat and hat on, just in case the two would have to leave the building, but evacuation wasn't necessary."

Just how well an agency sitter can handle a perplexing situation is illustrated by a call recently received by a service in Washington, D.C. "Listen," a frantic voice on the end of the line said, "some friends of ours, Portuguese, are visiting us tonight. They have two small children who can understand only Portuguese. Do you suppose you could find someone to sit with them?"

After a hasty check of her books, the director reassured the caller. "Think nothing of it," she said, "I have just the woman for you. Children love her, and she can speak Portuguese like a native."

Or take the case of the Chicago sitter who took an assignment looking after ten-month-old twins.

Before leaving, the children's mother told her, "When it comes time to feed them, sing 'Little Boy Blue' and clap your hands." The twin who didn't dance, said the mother, should be given a vitamin pill in his milk. And, she concluded, the twin who did dance should have his crib pulled out from the wall because "he likes to tear the wallpaper off."

At mealtime, the sitter followed instructions, sang the nursery rhyme, clapped her hands, and was horrified when both twins began to dance.

The little fellows didn't stump her for long, though. With typical baby-sitter ingenuity, she gave both youngsters vitamins in their milk, and moved both cribs to the middle of the room.

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Anne Smart
CALIGULA OR PATRIOT?

BY FELIX WITTMER

SOME OBSERVERS of the political scene lost a bet on Tuesday, April 19, 1955. They had wagered that Mrs. Anne Smart, of 7 Liberty Street, Larkspur, Marin County, California, for some reason might appear at a disadvantage on Edward Murrow's CBS-TV show, "See It Now"; for Anne Smart had been disparaged by the bleeding hearts as a book burner, Fascist and McCarthyite.

What happened? Anne Smart wowed Ed Murrow's audience. For one thing, she is not an unkempt hysteric with a shrieking voice, mannish clothes and hair-stubbles sprouting from her chin. She is a former Powers model, blonde, svelte, with soft, hazel eyes, a winning smile, delicate hands, and well enough dressed to match the Duchess of Windsor of a decade ago. From pretty head to pretty feet, Anne Smart looked like a lady.

That, though, is only half of the story. Anne Smart had brought along some of the books that had been used in the libraries of Sir Francis Drake High School, San Anselmo, California, and Tamalpais High School, Mill Valley, California. Some of these books were subversive, others obscene. Anne Smart knew whereof she was talking. She was entirely familiar with the Communist and Communist-front record of the authors, and when she called a book obscene, she had the record on hand to prove it. She was not flustered by any questions. A formidable female volcano wrapped in an iceberg, she chose her words serenely, with precision and in impeccable taste, armed with an impressive array of government documents and with the common sense of a plain, straightforward American mother who calls a Commie a Commie and who insists that "filth is filth."

Anne Smart, the woman who had sparked the revolt of parents against objectionable books in the school system of Marin County, California, made Ed Murrow's

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show look like a paragon of radiant, wholesome Americanism. The patriots had a field day. Letters poured in, praising her fearlessness, elastic mental reflexes, matter-of-factness and graciousness. She set an example for women throughout the nation. She inspired American mothers to speak out and not to be intimidated by the entrenched bureaucrats no matter how large their number.

The *Daily Worker* was furious. Its leading editorial of Friday, April 22, 1955, was devoted to Mrs. Smart. It is a tribute to this attractive California housewife that the leading Communist newspaper called her "as smart as Caligula who tried to oppress Homer's *Odyssey*" and ranted against her allegedly "Nazi-like tirade." When the *Daily Worker* calls an American woman a "hater of books who probably has never read one," the chances are that she is likely to be a pretty fine specimen, of sound mind and creditable education.

IN AGREEMENT with Ed Murrow's slogan, I decided to "see her now." I met Anne Smart on April 25, visited her at her Larkspur home on April 29 and took her out to a banquet in San Francisco on April 30. I found the experience thoroughly enjoyable and another proof that grass-roots America is very much alive.

A ninth-generation American, Anne Smart hails from Grand Rapids, Michigan. Besides having been a Powers model, she has worked in commercial photography. She has also been a salesgirl and a dental assistant. During the war, she was a non-commissioned Special Services officer.

Mrs. Smart's home in the neat residential community of Larkspur, a half-hour's ride from San Francisco across the Golden Gate Bridge, has a lawn in front, and another in the backyard. The flowers and plants — snowballs, rhododendron, camellias, cactus, etc. — made a lovely picture. The fence is covered with roses. "The whole fence turns scarlet in May," she said. She also admitted that she herself laid the tiles in the backyard and built the fireplace.

The rabbits in the backyard, as rabbits do, had just had another litter. Anne's ten-year-old boy, blue-eyed and blond, impetuous, well-mannered and playful, interrupted the interview when he brought one of the rabbits into her study and had to chase it across hundreds of mimeographed book lists, reference cards, government publications, magazines and newspapers.

Anne Smart is deeply involved in Marin County's protest against the use of unfit books in our schools. I looked at her special address file. She must have corresponded with at least a thousand people all over the country to show them what has been going on in Marin County, and what seems to be the pattern in a great many school systems of the country.

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Back in 1953 she took a leading part in the California fight against those UNESCO texts which tend to drown the American way in state-compulsory socialistic concepts.

The special Marin County fight, as far as Mrs. Smart was concerned, started in April, 1954. By that time she had thoroughly documented the Regular Sophomore English Curriculum book list of 200 titles, which had been issued to the students of the three sophomore English classes at Drake High School. The students of these classes had been making from three to ten reports per student on books of this particular list.

Twenty-four of the authors, according to government publications, figure among our prominent Soviet apologists. Names like those of Louis Adamic, Howard Fast, Carey McWilliams and Gene Weltfish were conspicuous among the authors. One of the tomes recommended for the study of the high school sophomores was a glorification of Paul Robeson, entitled *Paul Robeson, Citizen of the World*. There were plenty of racial prejudice propaganda books. There was not a single classic among the 200 titles. Something called *American* (sic!) *Argument*, by Pearl Buck and Eslanda Robeson, is full of hatred for the United States.

Like an old hand at scrupulous documentation, Mrs. Smart scrutinized the sophomore book list according to a half dozen classifications, such as "recommended by *United Nations Handbook*," "removed from Los Angeles school libraries as UNESCO texts," "authored by well-known Communist fronters," etc. The list, as annotated by Mrs. Smart, is a model of well-balanced evaluation.

Once that list was established, Mrs. Smart, who could not get any recognition from the school authorities, swung into action. On June 11, 1954, her "Letter to the Editor" appeared in the *Independent Journal* of San Rafael, California. On Monday, June 28, 1954, she addressed the Marin County, California, grand jury. In that speech she also analyzed two other school book lists which had in the meantime come to her attention. The Assistant District Attorney read excerpts from books on which the youngsters made their school reports. Before he began, Mrs. Smart apologized for the filth and subversiveness which the grand jury was going to hear.

These excerpts are a large compilation of vile language, depicting in gruesome detail the deliria of drug addicts, abnormal sex relations, rape, draft-dodging, and the state of mind of an incredible array of derelicts and jailbirds. I have myself read over a hundred of these excerpts. They are not arbitrarily selected out of context to distort the texts and blacken the reputation of their authors; they bare evidence of linguistic callousness and moral carelessness. Even as reading material for grown-ups, they are a disturbing

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documentation of a decadent era. As recommended reading matter for high school children, they are proof of stupidity and decay.

The grand jury was impressed. It stated in its report, on September 7, 1954, that these books "were definitely placed in our school libraries to plant seeds of Communism in the minds of our children."

Thereupon the grand jury handed the case back to the schools, so that they might clean up their own mess; but the trustees decided that "all 15 books should be retained in the Tamalpais and Sir Francis Drake High School libraries." The (Communist) *People's Daily World* and Mr. Francis G. Fink, First District Chairman of the Communist Party, publicly applauded the trustees' decision, as did Mrs. Paul Robeson, in speeches in Alameda and Marin Counties.

The superintendents of schools, supported by the press, willfully belittled Mrs. Smart and described her courageous activities in distorted fashion. Even Dr. Herbert C. Clish, superintendent of schools of San Francisco, came to the rescue of his colleagues, by reporting to the San Francisco board that five of the books were in San Francisco school libraries and had been cleared by him. According to the San Francisco *News* of Tuesday, September 21, 1954 (p. 3), one of these books which Clish claimed to have read and cleared was *How Man Discovered His Body*, by Sarah Riedman, published by the (Communist) International Publishers.

A FEW DAYS LATER, both Mrs. Smart and Superintendent Clish testified before the U.S. Senate Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency, of the Committee on the Judiciary. Mrs. Smart (Hearings, p. 390) pointed out that the book is untruthful and presents physiology and the development of medicine from the Soviet point of view. When Chairman Hendrickson inquired, "Are you familiar with a book called *How Man Discovered His Body?*" Dr. Clish testified under oath, "No, sir. We didn't have that either." (Hearings, p. 414.) The superintendent's memory must have had a lapse.

Similar lapses of memory occurred to other critics of Mrs. Smart and her friends. Thus, at a PTA meeting of the Oak Park School, in Pleasant Hill, across the San Francisco Bay from Marin County, on January 12, 1955. Dr. Chester Carlisle, Superintendent of the Tamalpais School District in Marin County, according to the *Alamo Argonaut* of January 26, 1955, in belittling Mrs. Smart, made the statement that she "has never attended a board meeting." But the magazine *Fortnight* of October 15, 1954 (p. 6) and several newspapers had published photographs showing Mrs. Smart as she rose at a school board meeting.

That whole PTA meeting, by the way, was devoted to the Marin County school library controversy.

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The PTA officers of Oak Park were satisfied with hearing the county superintendent, Dr. Wallace Hall, and the district superintendent, the aforementioned Dr. Carlisle. The central figure, Mrs. Smart, had not been invited.

In his report on the meeting, in the San Francisco *Examiner* of Sunday, January 23, 1955 (p. 17), William Hendricks wrote: "At the finish of a witty and erudite talk, Carlisle, happy in the knowledge that he was safely removed from his vigorous critics in Marin, asked, 'And are there any questions?' There was a slight pause. And then like a phoenix from the ashes, a bundle of books under her arm, arose the No. 1 critic of the books, Anne Smart. The pretty Larkspur housewife pointed a long finger at the amazed school executive and said, 'Yes, a few . . .' And here we will mercifully draw the curtain on *that* scene."

There is no doubt that Anne Smart and her spontaneously aroused grass-roots friends are very much on the alert. Typical of this alertness was a meeting hurriedly called together at Drake High School, on Labor Day, 1954, at 10 A.M. It was the day before the grand jury released its report. The participants were carefully chosen by the school authorities — people who, in contradistinction to Mrs. Smart, were deemed to be "responsible," i.e., representatives of the Civil Liberties Union and assorted Left-wingers. But to the utter amazement of the school authorities, thirty uninvited guests showed up — Mrs. Smart and some of her plucky friends. Another explosion was in the making. The school authorities, though, declined to include non-selected, average taxpayers in their conference and, with their selected guests, withdrew to a private home.

The San Francisco *Chronicle*, ever opposed to "McCarthyite" monsters, ran an eight-column, two-line streamer across the front page of its issue of Tuesday, September 7, 1954: "BOOK PURGERS" SHOW UP — SCHOOL MEETING HALTED. That was not quite correct. The meeting could not be halted because it had not yet begun. Mrs. Smart's friends suggested the larger hall of the library for the meeting; the school authorities preferred to discriminate against the objectors.

WHEN PATRIOTS wish to defend American traditions against the decadence and leveling of what often goes by the name of "progressive" education, they are at once smeared by the entrenched Left-wingers and their dupes as "enemies of the public schools." It was that way in Pasadena, in Scarsdale, in Houston, and elsewhere. The National Education Association, usually through its Defense Commission, lavishes its praise on the "progressive" educators. In the Marin County controversy, NEA's January *Defense Bulletin* praised the "courageous stand" of the board of

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trustees which ruled that the books be retained on the shelves.

WHAT started with Mrs. Smart's letter to a little newspaper in suburban San Francisco has thus become a national controversy. The NEA's one-sided stand — typical of two decades of militant and often vicious campaigning for social change — has been severely criticized throughout the country. "If that is the kind of thinking NEA represents," said the Houston *Chronicle* of Wednesday, March 23, 1955, "Houston parents want no part of it."

State Senator Nelson S. Dilworth, for many a year the respected Chairman of the Senate Investigating Committee on Education, seems to have a higher opinion of Mrs. Smart's sense of duty and responsibility than those who painted the Marin County high schools in rosy hues and the Larkspur housewife in more lugubrious colors. In a copy of the 1943 Report of the California State Un-American Activities Committee, he wrote the following inscription: "With one copy to give there is only one outstanding patriot who will make the most use of it. Mrs. Anne Smart with appreciation and best wishes."

Fulton Lewis, Jr., in his broadcast of May 11, stated that the books Mrs. Smart wanted removed "are depraved literature in the extreme."

Inasmuch as it is illegal under U.S. Postal Laws for obscenity to go through the mails, an investigation by the Post Office Department is in order. According to the Penal Code of the State of California, Chapter VIII, Section 311, concerning obscenity, the usage of *A Field of Broken Stones*, by Lowell Naeve — which is one of the books to which Mrs. Smart objected — is in all likelihood a misdemeanor not only in the schools but anywhere.

As a result of Anne Smart's action, Hon. Hugh P. Donnelly, California State Senator, on January 21, 1955, introduced California State Senate Bill 1671, regarding the regulation of school books. As amended and strengthened on March 30, the Bill was passed by the Senate Education Committee 9 to 1 and then by the Senate, 28 to 0.

Just before adjourning for the summer vacation, on June 8, 1955, the Assembly voted in favor of the Bill, 42 to 33. A vote of 54, though, would have been required for a third hearing. A vote of 41 would have sufficed to pass the Bill.

Anne Smart, heroine of Ed Murrow's "See It Now," compared with Caligula by the *Daily Worker*, has shown what one straightforward American woman can do. She has no doubt jeopardized her and her boy's private security, to say the least. But at a time in which the old independence and faith in God of Americans is at stake, we need fighters who are ready for sacrifice "beyond the call of duty." Anne Smart is aware of it.

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The Ghosts of Whiskey Lane

By

Harry Thompson

Gossip Note, January 4, 1905

August Belmont the second, the lively sportsman, Tuesday night (and into the wee sma' hours of Wednesday) entertained a gay party aboard his private subway car while it whisked about the bowels of the city. It is reported no slipper was without its complement of imported champagne.

There are folks who have driven along Whiskey Lane, five miles west of Flemington in New Jersey, who swear they have heard eerie noises — gay laughter, the tinkle of champagne glasses and a dim roar of the faraway New York subways.

The ghostly sounds they say are audible near the farm of Joseph Gioscia supposedly come from the one and only private subway car in history — a car that was the scene of hundreds of gay parties as it ran wild through the switches and stations — and which finally found a resting place on Mr. Gioscia's farm.

And besides, they mutter, isn't Mr. Gioscia one of Brooklyn's most prominent undertakers? And that August Belmont 2nd — wasn't he always a fun-loving man? Maybe it's him and his fellow shades just having fun. It was Mr. Belmont who had it built and operated it for his own pleasure, wasn't it?

So it goes. But there's a rumor that those who have heard the noises in the night possibly tarried too long in nearby Croton's Rustic Tavern. Let's begin at the beginning, however.

It was just about 100 years ago, back in the days of horsecars and horse-drawn buses, that New Yorkers began to demand better transportation to and from work (mostly below 23rd Street). They wanted transportation at a reasonable cost that would eliminate the long delays (honestly) caused by traffic jams.

There was considerable talk about the feasibility of subways and elevated trains. Those who wanted subways argued that passengers would feel an irresistible impulse to leap

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from El stations and trains; the city would be sprinkled with El-jumpers. And for certain, as many trains would fall off the tracks as would stay on.

Elevated advocates had their own arguments against a subway. Subway riders would die of suffocation and asphyxiation (not that they don't come close to it today) from stale air and leaky gas mains. The anti-subway crowd pictured "carloads of corpses every day."

It was in 1867 that the first company was organized for the purpose of building a subway system. One company followed another and as the years dragged on, the fight between El and Sub crowds grew hotter. Underground advocates imported a doctor from London (which already had a successful underground in operation) to vouch for the fact there had been no deaths from suffocation or asphyxiation.

IT WAS not until 1897 that the company which actually did build New York's first subway was formed. A referendum adopted by the voters approved of letting the city invest in the subway, which was to cost some $35,000,000. But it was not until March 1900 that construction began, and by that time the elevated advocates had stolen a march on their rivals and erected the Ninth Avenue El, followed by Second, Third and Sixth Avenue lines.

The contractor, John MacDonald, started work on a line from City Hall to Grand Central, across 42nd Street, to Broadway and up Broadway to 125th Street. A stone hadn't been blasted before MacDonald was swamped with financial troubles. It was discovered MacDonald was required to post a cash bond of $150,000,000, plus $7,000,000 in long-term bonds, to guarantee the job would be satisfactorily finished. To MacDonald and his associates, that was the kind of green stuff they'd never even dreamed about.

Then into the picture came August Belmont 2nd — banker, patron of the arts, sportsman, race track owner, *bon vivant* — whose father, the immigrant August Belmont, had left him many, many millions. Belmont waved his financial wand. MacDonald's troubles were over and Belmont became "Father of the Subways."

On October 27, 1904 — the year of the great Baltimore Fire, the St. Louis Exposition and the Russo-Japanese War — the subway opened. Belmont was the toast of the town.

Belmont had often been lavishly entertained in the private cars of his friends, the railroad presidents, while whizzing about the country. So why not his own private car for the subways? And what a car was built for him by the Wasson Car Company of Springfield, Massachusetts!

It was christened *The Mineola* and given the prosaic number "3344." Not all the champagne was used for the christening.

The car was built along the general

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lines of today's cars, only of wood instead of steel. Instead of the conventional mid-car doors it had ornate round windows. The front and back ends were noticeably different.

Three huge panels of glass stretched from roof to floor, giving Belmont and his guests an unobstructed view of flashing signals, switches and the like as the car raced over the tracks. The car was fitted with mahogany and teak; the chairs, tables and lounges were the best money could buy. The huge galley contained steak and lobster broilers, a king-sized coffee urn, champagne cooler, chop grille, warming oven and many gadgets new to the then new twentieth century.

For three years *The Mineola* was the scene of some of Manhattan's gayest parties. Then Belmont tired of his new toy, and gave fewer and fewer parties. He used the car infrequently — until he came up with a new idea. That was to use it as a private car to his own race track, Belmont Park. To do this the motorman would go up the West Side tracks to 96th Street, take the spur over to Lenox Avenue, cross the Harlem River and go on to 149th Street and Third Avenue, then downtown on the Second or Third Avenue line to the New Haven yards at 133rd Street in the Bronx. Here he'd cross over to Long Island City via barge, hitch onto a Long Island Railroad steam engine — and then off to the races. "Tally-ho," they'd shout, as they took off.

THE YEARS rolled by. Belmont had new interests. In 1913 he retired *The Mineola* to the car sheds, and it was there when he died in 1924. Years later, Richard Bonono, a leading scrap-metal business man in Brooklyn, bought the car. He knew its history, and just didn't have the heart to break it up. For years the car, an object of curiosity, stood in his scrap yard.

Then one day Mr. Bonono had an inspiration. He asked his friend, Mr. Joseph Gioscia, how he would like to have the car on his New Jersey farm.

"I always wanted one," said Mr. Gioscia "but that Belmont private car —"

"It's yours," smiled Mr. Bonono.

Wheels and under-carriage were removed and the car was transported to the Gioscia farm on a flat-top truck — at a cost of $800.

"It leaks a little, but not much," Mr. Gioscia said, "but we're going to fix it up. I may convert it into a little museum. The teak wood and mahogany interior is still in fine condition. But the exterior needs varnish."

"What about the ghosts — did you ever hear the tinkle of champagne glasses?"

"Maybe it was only the wind, but —"

"The ghosts?"

"I don't believe in ghosts — not too much. I think it's mostly those fellers who stay too long at the Rustic Tavern."

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HEARD ON THE PARTY LINE

CRAWLING out of their tunnels, the domestic Communists are (as was predicted) now seeking respectability on the strength of Geneva and peaceful coexistence with the Smith Act.

It has been years since the comrades have been so bold in their demands for release of their jugged brethren, in their screaming at the courts and at genuine ex-Communists.

At this point, the conspirators will settle for nothing less than the guillotine for Elizabeth Bentley, Louis F. Budenz and others who have done them in.

What's more, they are asking Attorney General Brownell and the Justice Department to do the chopping.

The key to this current Communist jubilation over the Geneva appeasement can be found in a recent essay by Tovarisch Adam Lapin who wrote in the *Daily Worker* that the Switzerland huddle spelled out the demise of "McCarthyism."

There is still lingering danger from this quarter, Comrade Adam warns, but he adds the following hopeful note:

"There is now evidence that this situation is beginning to change — that the opportunities are developing for a broader and more effective defense of the rights of Communists. . . .

"And many more non-Communists," adds Lapin "are beginning to realize that they cannot afford to remain silent in the face of the continuing prosecution of the Communists . . . prominent lawyers, including Republicans and anti-Communists have been showing greater readiness to defend the rights of Communists in the courts."

Somehow this reminds us of the early 1940's when Earl Browder was released by FDR, after a tremendous pressure campaign by the comrades, "in the interests of national unity." At that time, you remember, the pitch was "The Soviet Union is our ally."

A couple more Genevas, and we'll be right back where we started from. The lessons of the Hiss, Rosenberg and conspiracy trials will be forgotten and official Washington will be jailing honest ex-Communists and having tea with William Z. Foster and Gene Dennis on the White House lawn.

Is this where we came in?

— H. R.

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The FOREIGN AID SIEVE

By Robert Donlevin

FOR TEN YEARS, American taxpayers have shelled out an average of $5 billion annually for grants and loans to foreign countries without once getting a full and frank accounting of how their money is being spent. No end is in sight for this pay-as-you-go plan, slated to continue until the Cold War ends or hell freezes over, whichever comes first.

Yet, let anybody criticize it and he is accused, with suspicious dispatch, of being an isolationist who would, in his antediluvian blindness, deliver us all into the arms of Moscow.

The reasons for this extreme sensitivity on the part of governmental foreign aid partisans is found, logically enough, in their own very weak position. For the fantastic truth is that the very countries that assert the duty of the United States is to help them with capital investments have been pouring hundreds of millions of dollars a year into the politically and economically secure United States capital market. The total amount of capital that has fled from countries receiving our aid or that has been invested by their nationals in private gold hoards may even exceed the total amount of our foreign aid since 1945 — a whopping $50 billion.

In the early postwar days, nobody could argue with the principle of helping destitute and war-ravaged peoples, although methods of distribution often left something to be desired. But when our officials had the hard facts of the Kremlin's plans for expansion rammed down their reluctant throats by Stalin himself, they reacted in the only way they knew how, by appropriating money. The Marxian doctrine of economic

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determinism was re-angled and made the basis of the Marshall Plan. The principle: combat Communism by combating poverty. And the best way to do that is to help Communism's target nations build up healthy prosperous economies by intelligent investment which would renovate or develop their industries.

Why couldn't these countries do that for themselves? Because of the "dollar gap," a new euphemism meaning that the nations in question did not earn enough through their exports to the United States to pay in dollars for the necessary capital equipment. At least that was the story of the proponents of the foreign aid program. The warnings of the few opponents — that the program would only encourage stifling controls, promote inefficiency, and finally perpetuate itself — were shouted down.

When the Marshall Plan was launched in 1948, we were told that it would last four years and that by that time Europe should be able to take over for itself. But when those four years came to an end, the Korean War was on. There was a new accent on military build-up which, we heard, recipient nations could not afford. Among other things, they lacked the dollars. So the aid continued under a new name, Mutual Security.

None of the aid program proponents bothered to point out that it really added up to the same thing. The United States was, in effect, easing the burdens of a heavy military budget for the recipient nations, which meant they could spend their own money for other things. The whole foreign aid situation has become so familiar to us that our officials are no longer afraid to admit, if in hushed tones, that aid will have to continue as long as the Cold War lasts. The taxpayers have been well broken in.

But at the same time, some rather disquieting evidence has appeared. It is getting more and more difficult to hide the fact that the whole $50 billion structure has been erected on a foundation of quicksand. The higher it's built, the faster it sinks. In the July 25, 1953, issue of the New York *Times* (a consistent friend of foreign aid), there appeared buried near the bottom of a Geneva dispatch from able correspondent Michael L. Hoffman, the following shocker:

"However, it is considered very likely that even on the reduced scale of the postwar period, when stringent exchange controls sought to cut it down, much more capital escaped from Europe than has been put into Europe by United States aid loans and other postwar efforts to help European recovery."

Hoffman went on to say that if there should be a real end to this "economic hemorrhage," Western Europe might rather quickly regain its former capacity to make income-yielding investments and to face the

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"world of the dollar" on a more even footing and with less fear.

Because this movement of capital is largely through hidden and illegal or semi-legal channels, it is difficult to come up with hard and fast statistics. An official of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs with contacts in the banking world told the writer in Paris three years ago that, from the end of the war up to that time, the flight of capital from France to Switzerland, Montevideo, the United States or into gold hoards amounted to more than $9 billion. Another more conservative unofficial estimate placed the rate of flight of capital from France into gold hoards and foreign investments at $400 to $600 million per year.

IN ONE of the few studies of the phenomenon, Dr. Arthur I. Bloomfield, senior economist with the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, noted last year that "it is still a melancholy fact that speculative and flight capital movements on a notoriously large and disturbing scale have been a prominent feature of postwar international finance."

Dr. Bloomfield's study, which was prepared for a Princeton University series on international finance, gives some of the gimmicks used by international operators who seek to circumvent exchange controls. One of the best known is the currency black market. An American tourist, GI, or businessman in France has dollars he wants to convert into francs for local spending. If he goes to a bank, he will get the artificially high official rate of 350 francs to the dollar. But his dollar will buy 400 on the black market. Dollars obtained this way are smuggled out of the country to Switzerland, Tangier, or some other international marketplace where they may be sold for dollars or Swiss francs.

Then there is the cross-banking system. An American living in Italy on a dollar salary has a bank account in the U.S. When he needs lire, he goes to an Italian friend who gives them to him against dollars which the American deposits to his friend's account in New York. Cross-banking arrangements are often set up by brokers in Switzerland. Other more complicated systems involve gold smuggling, exchange deals worked through three countries, and the over-and-under invoicing of exports to dollar markets.

Open foreign assets in the United States, up 63 percent since the end of World War II, now stand at $26 billion. But what the hidden holdings are in this country and other hard-money centers of the world is anybody's guess. About the best-informed guesser in this business is Dr. Franz Pick, publisher of the *World Currency Report* and the *Black Market Yearbook*. Dr. Pick, who lives in New York, estimated that, in 1953, black and gray market operations accounted for roughly $13 billions' worth of the world's trade and was carried on mostly in

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Paris, Zurich, Amsterdam, Vienna, Tangier, Cairo, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Bangkok, Beirut, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, and Rio de Janeiro. He put the world's private gold hoard at $12.5 billion calculated at $35 an ounce, with $4 billion of it in France.

Where does the money come from? Dr. Bloomfield says that "a significant part of the foreign aid of the United States Government has, in effect, gone to finance 'hot money' movements from the recipient countries to the U.S. and elsewhere." The "in effect" means that while the U.S. aid dollars were not necessarily directly involved, by taking care of some of the recipient nation's most vital needs they freed earned dollars for speculation and flight.

Economists don't always agree on the reasons for these hot-money movements. One is a fear of the future. Too often Europeans have seen their savings wiped out by inflation or invasion. While the fear of war has lessened since the truce in Korea, the restrictionist and inflationary policies of many European governments have certainly not encouraged investors to keep their money at home.

America learned during the Prohibition experiment in the roaring twenties what happens when you put up artificial barriers to normal human functions. Sharp operators move in to get around or simply break the law. That is what has happened in most of the countries of the world where a rickety maze of man-made barriers try to regulate the ebb and flow of international commerce and finance.

Getting around or through these barriers has become a business in itself, and a pretty big one if Dr. Pick's $13 billion figure is anywhere near correct.

NEW STUDIES of this phenomenon now being made by the secretariat of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT) in Geneva reportedly contain so much political dynamite that New York *Times* man Michael L. Hoffman considers it "highly unlikely" that they will ever be published. It appears from Hoffman's report that the flight of capital to the U.S. is not new and therefore should have been known to our policymakers before they embarked on their massive foreign aid programs. As Hoffman puts it, "the irresistible urge of foreign capital to employ itself in the United States emerges as the chief cause of whatever dollar shortage there may have been since 1926 (leaving out of account the war-dominated years, 1938–45)."

The GATT studies also throw considerable doubt on the thesis that lowering American tariffs is essential to the establishment of a better balance of world trade. Larger American imports would, of course, make more dollars available for whatever purpose the world wanted to use them. But if that purpose is merely

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to invest them in the United States, then the American taxpayer and American industries menaced by foreign competition may well wonder what all the shouting is about.

It is possible that, in spite of all this, some form of foreign aid, whether through public or private channels, is necessary. But if the American taxpayer is asked to foot the bill, there is no reason why he shouldn't be given the full story. That includes the fact that as fast as his dollars are poured into the "dollar gap," recipient nations siphon them out and put them into gold hoards or reinvest them in the United States.

Answers for "SHARPEN YOUR TONGUE"

(*Questions are on Page 60*)

(1) C — PEJORISM, from the Latin, *pejorare* (to render worse).

(2) C — OVIPAROUS, from the Latin *ovum* (an egg) and *parere* (to produce or bring forth).

(3) C — PAGINATE, from the Latin *pagina* (a page).

(4) A — RENVOI, from the French form *renvoi* (sending away or dismissal).

(5) A — ORTHODONTIA, from the Greek *orthos* (straight) and *odon* (tooth).

(6) D — NOTORIOUS, from the Latin *noscere* (to know). Example: "Many an adventurer seeking fame becomes notorious instead."

(7) D — FASTIDIOUS, from the Latin *fastus* (pride). Example: "Only a very fastidious customer would insist on making so trifling an alteration."

(8) B — FIANCÉE. A *fiancée* is a girl who is engaged. A *fiancé* is the man to whom the girl is engaged to be married. Both terms are derived from the French.

(9) D — PALETTE, from the Latin *pala* (a shovel). Example: "The modernistic painting reminded the onlookers of a well-used palette."

(10) B — PADDOCK, from the Anglo-Saxon *pearruc* (enclosure).

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If Your Stars Are Lucky

By Junius B. Wood

OUR GOVERNMENT offers a string of bargains to the wage earner who was ushered into the world by farsighted parents in 1890 or a few months earlier.

As little as $4 paid in will bring the postman to his door each month with checks totaling at least $360 a year for the rest of his life. If the worker's wife or husband arrived in the same years of the last Indian Wars or the first high tariff, the annuity will be $540, or $602.40 if two lively young children and an eligible widow or widower survive. If they are lacking, a wedding and adoptions are permitted.

Bargains suit all purses up to one for $126 in eighteen monthly installments. For that, the worker born under the lucky signs of the zodiac receives $1,302 a year, or $1,953.60 if still married, or $2,400 when a surviving flock is added.

Only a recently insured worker who is within or past the lengthening shadows of retirement at age 65 is eligible for one of these bargain-priced annuities. The law is as complicated as an Einstein formula. To get the insurance, an employed worker pays 2% of his wages for 18 months and a self-employed pays 3% for 24 months. Each pays the same amount but the government gets an extra dividend from the employer who duplicates the amount paid by his employee.

A $126 member rates a $225 funeral while a $4 contributor passes on for $90. The worker who qualifies by paying only $4 — the old fash-

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ioned "hired man" who becomes an "agricultural assistant" in official literature — gets the same size annuity as one who pays $21.60. Mexican and West Indian migratory workers are excluded. Kindly Uncle Sam allows that a retired wage earner will not live extravagantly on $30 a month or a widow or widower with two children on $50.20. None gets less even if as little as $4 was paid in installments over two years.

These varied returns are provided by the 1955 amendments to the Old Age & Survivors Insurance Law — abbreviated to OASI in official alphabetical parlance. Social Security has been a changing part of American life since 1937. Before its OASI section was pepped up in 1955, some 6,500,000 survivors were receiving annuities. About 63,000,000 more were paying dues for benefits to come.

The new law is more liberal for everybody and brought in ten million more workers. Insurance became compulsory for farmers, hired men, domestics, home workers, fishermen, architects, engineers, morticians and accountants. Clergymen, Christian Science practitioners, missionaries and public employees can choose. Physicians, dentists, veterinarians, lawyers and newsboys remained out. Almost everyone of the gainfully employed in the United States now has a stake in OASI.

It's a good business if you can get it but Uncle is a cagey Santa. Few new workers are so close to 65 that they can start collecting insurance in a few months. Washington expects to break even on most; while many are so far from retirement that a profit is possible. Youngsters of 65 or even 45 are seldom offered new jobs. Nor do many start working for themselves at those ages. Consequently, oldsters getting this bargain insurance are among the ten million newly blanketed by OASI. Other "covered risks," as OASI calls them, have been or will be paying for years.

Compared to the lucky person who wins a $1,302 life income for $126, a younger one may invest $15,311 for the same annuity, more than he or his survivors can ever expect in benefits.

Unless disabled, the young hopeful of 21 may work and pay for 44 years before reaching retirement age. Until 1960, the employed worker pays a monthly premium of 2% of his or her wages; until 1965, 2½%; until 1970, 3%; until 1975, 3½% and after 1975, 4%. The ascending rates for the self-employed worker are: 3%, 3.75%, 4½%, 5.25% and 6%. The rates have changed twice since 1937 and certainly will be boosted again before 1975.

While the self-employed is penalized for his independence by being assessed one and a half times as much, the man on a payroll is a better bargain for the government. His employer, or several through the years, double each monthly pay-

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ment. Employers get nothing back — their payments are a donation to the government, added to their operating expenses.

Nobody can get OASI insurance on more than $4,200 a year, no matter how much more may be earned. The 21-year-old, now young and gay, who starts paying on a $4,200 income in 1955 can figure the outgo over 44 years to reach age 65. If working at a job, he or she will pay $6,342; or if self-employed, $9,513.

If the installments were privately invested each year at a modest 4%, the interest even though not compounded, would total $3,865 or $5,798 for the two types of work. When the 65 goal is reached and a $1,302 annuity is just across the line, the person with a job will have invested a total of $10,207 and the self-employed $15,311 over the years since lads and lassies were young and gay. And that may not be all. If the worker does not quit at retirement age or starts working again after once quitting, the government postpones the annuity but the oldster continues paying dues.

ACTUARY TABLES fix average life expectancy at 13 years for mature citizens of 65. Consider the retired worker who paid $84 a year and gets a $1,302 annuity but is not eligible for a higher scale because lacking a wife or husband who stayed home to care for children and cat. An employed worker who has paid since age 21 must collect annuities for seven years and ten months merely to get back his or her own money. Actually with both employer and employee paying an equivalent of $20,414 the government has collected enough to pay annuities to this worker for 15 years and eight months. His opposite, the self-employed worker, must live 11 years and ten months — close to life expectancy after 65 — to get back his money.

Haphazard financing makes OASI a promising entry in our free-spending government's annual deficit. All payments by workers and employers — a gigantic total of between $20 and $30 billion — go into the national treasury, similar to the reserve required by law for a private insurance company. The significant difference is that this public fund is free from legal safegards which insure the solvency of private funds. Part of it is invested in government bonds and a substantial portion used for current government expenses.

While those paying dues far outnumber those receiving annuities, the beneficiaries are increasing faster than the contributors. Improved health and helpful annuities encourage the elders to live longer.

So far, current receipts exceed annuity payments. However when the unhappy day comes that annuities exceed receipts, as insurance experts foresee, the bonds will have to be redeemed and the treasury IOU's picked up. By whom — why the always available taxpayer, of course!

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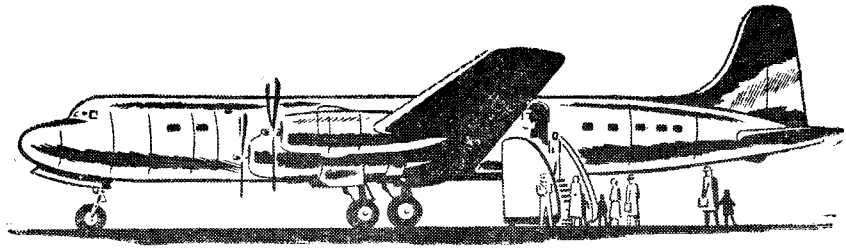

America's Stay-at-Home Ambassadors

BY L. C. BROWN

THE LAST ONES to get off the plane were Alfredo De La Torre, his wife, Blanca, and their seven-year-old daughter, Carolina. They were in a strange country and only Alfredo could speak English. The airport was a long way from the city; it was midnight.

Little Carolina, half-asleep, looked up at her father. "Where we go now, Papa?" she asked in Spanish.

"To a big city, Carolina," her father answered wearily, "to San Francisco." Then he turned to his pretty red-haired wife. "There must be a bus. We can spend the night at a hotel, and then tomorrow . . ."

She nodded, and began to gather their possessions.

Alfredo De La Torre, a geologist from Cuba, was arriving for graduate study at Stanford University, some thirty miles south of San Francisco. He and his family were exhausted.

As they walked across the floodlit runway toward the exit gates, a figure detached itself from the handful of waiting people and came toward them.

"Mr. De La Torre?" The American extended his hand. "I have come to meet you." This was John Shedd, representative of Stanford's Community Committee for International Students who had volunteered to meet the plane. He drove the De La Torres to their temporary lodgings, the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Webber, a retired couple, who had waited up patiently until 1 A.M. for their guests' arrival. In only a few days, Alfredo De La Torre was registered at Stanford University, a house had been found for him and his family and the little girl, Carolina, was happily settled in school.

Was this just a fortunate series of coincidences? Was Alfredo De La Torre the only foreign student to

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receive such a warm welcome? Not at all. This incident was only the end-product of a well-organized effort made by one community to help its neighbors from beyond our shores.

Nor is this community alone in its work. Many campuses all across the country have called upon local residents to participate in similar gestures of international friendship. These volunteers may not have received any formal training in foreign diplomacy but they are fast becoming America's newest crop of ambassadors — the stay-at-home kind.

LAST YEAR the United States was host to some 34,000 foreign students at 1,456 institutions of higher learning, scattered the length and breadth of our vast country. They came from 120 countries, colonies and principalities and, with the exception of Russia and her satellites, represented every nation in the world. Their numbers are increasing.

They come not only to learn what is taught in our colleges but also to learn about us and the kind of lives we lead. Many step off the boat with ready-made attitudes about America that have been fashioned from such flimsy fabrics as our Hollywood exports or Communist propaganda. They need a chance to understand our way of doing things — not just how we build dams but how we build our homes and our churches — not just how we run our factories but how we run our households and our schools.

What these visitors from abroad will think of us and our culture, what reactions they will take back with them is often decided, for good or for bad, during the first few days after their arrival. This is the critical period. Werner Warmbrunn, Foreign Student Adviser of Stanford University, puts it this way: "It is hard to over-estimate how crucial it is for the foreign student from the first day he arrives until the time he is settled. The things that go wrong can, and frequently do, happen in the first few days."

It's difficult enough for anyone to be transplanted to a strange environment where the language, the food and the customs are all new and unfamiliar. It's harder still to be alone at such a time, away from family and friends.

To make this initial adjustment period easier for the 100 new foreign students who come to Stanford each September, Werner Warmbrunn hit upon the idea of inviting these students to come to the campus two weeks before registration date so that they could familiarize themselves with their new surroundings before the hard work of studying began. But he needed help. The campus dormitories were not yet open and there was no place for the students to stay. He called a meeting of local civic leaders for assistance. And from this meeting, a small

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nucleus of interested citizens, grew Stanford's Community Committee for International Students.

This was in May of 1953. Now the committee has expanded to become an integral part of the Foreign Student Adviser's program. Members of this committee meet the new student at the airport, ship or train and then take him to a home near the campus where he is welcome to stay until he either finds accommodations in the community for himself and his family or is established in one of the university's dormitories. During the September two-week pre-registration period, the committee offers the foreign student many opportunities to see the local points of interest and meet his new American neighbors informally. There are trips to San Francisco, tours of inspection through one of the many nearby wineries or canneries or publishing houses. There are barbecues, picnics, and trips to the beach. The student can attend all these functions, or some, or none. Whatever he wants, whatever appeals to him.

THE ONE THING that holds an appeal to all these young people from abroad is visiting in American homes. For to understand us as we really are, the foreign visitor must see us in our homes. After returning to his native Belgium, one student wrote, "I consider these visits almost as important as the courses. They helped me to understand, to integrate into reality, all the information which I got by theoretical studies."

There are many facets of our way of life that are puzzling to visitors to our country. Take the matter of clothing. Most students wish to dress as we do in this country but they are puzzled. "What is a date dress?" asked a girl from Central America. As it happened, she had no suitable dress; so her hostess lent her one.

Eating habits, too, are different. In Europe and Latin America, for instance, it is customary to have the big meal at noon and spend two hours eating it. Foods are different; apple pie is something strange to a visitor from Indonesia.

The casualness which underlies so many of our American relationships is difficult for many foreign students to understand. With their sense of paternal respect, they find it difficult to understand the relationship of children to their parents in normal American families. It is not that we must change our ways but that we must be patient and tolerant.

And it is important, too, that we understand their ways. Take for instance Señora Margarita Dobles, from Costa Rica, who is here studying education for work in child guidance clinics. She missed music. We do not always have music in our homes, but Margarita comes from a large family where music is important. Mrs. Hugh Coleman, her

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hostess, got recordings, and now Margarita is teaching the family Costa Rican dances. Friendship can work both ways.

Ruth Sievanen, from Finland, a student of English Literature, taught her hostess about Finnish Christmases. When Ruth was invited by Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Whitely, Jr. to share their Christmas dinner, she brought along a traditional straw mobile and showed how, in Finland, similar mobiles are hung from the ceiling. She entertained the Whitely children with Finnish folktales about the elves who help Santa Claus, and another family was richer for its friendship with a foreign student.

After the first contact with the foreign students, either as house guests in September, or as dinner guests later in the year, the CCIS, as the committee is informally called, hopes that true friendship will develop. Sometimes this doesn't happen and the committee then makes further contacts, hoping that a more congenial relationship can be reached.

There are a few pitfalls, all easily avoidable. Foreign students can be entertained too much. "Gee, I had fun," said one Danish boy after a whirlwind of parties and picnics, "but I'm hot-dogged to death." And then there was Ishmi, a Greek girl, who spent so much time at dinners and dances that she had none left for her studies. Ishmi found a job and stayed another year so that she could complete her courses.

The CCIS has found that the best sort of entertainment is simple and family-style. American back-yard diplomats should forget about propagandizing our culture, and give students a chance to find out for themselves, not only about our virtues, but about our faults as well.

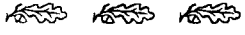
Many foreign students have real contributions to make to the communities in which they find their temporary homes. They enjoy explaining their countries and their customs to us. They need and want to make friends.

And that, of course, is the final goal of the Community Committee for International Students at any university — to help the students find friends. Most of them do find what is known as "their second family," a family away from home who will help them over the rough spots and who will enjoy them for what they are and what they have to offer.

One hostess to a foreign student puts it this way:

"The only hope of living in peace in this world is for people in other countries to know us in our homes. I'm not speaking about the fancy homes, mind you, but just ordinary homes of everyday citizens of the United States."

And she is right.



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THIS OLE MAN

By FRED EGGLESTON

Are we wasting the experience and talent of our older workers? Here is the opinion of one man who thinks so

I APPLIED to a great American oil company for employment. The war was on and men were needed desperately. I fitted the bill perfectly, they said — all but one thing. I was too old.

I went on down the avenue to a power company. They questioned me eagerly and at length. When they asked my age, their eager expression changed into a frown. "We'll give you an application blank to fill out," my interviewer said in a tone of dismissal. Later I asked an official why I never heard from the application. "It was your age," he said. "The way our pension system operates, we just can't hire men over 35."

On down the thoroughfare, which by now was becoming a boulevard of nightmares, I traveled to the store of a large mail-order house. They brightened noticeably until they were told my age. Then with a shrug they said it would be useless to go further.

A publishing company gave me the same runaround.

I was 41.

I didn't really need a job; I had one. But conditions were so intolerable in the company that about everyone except "yes men" and old men were leaving for other jobs. I was merely joining the march — or trying to.

I stayed with the company and by now, at 51, my seniority is such that I have little worry about not reaching the pension age. But I am quite a bit buffaloed by the fact that industry has almost universally accepted the theory that men past 35 are "not for us."

In politics and business, there doesn't seem to be any such thing as an age limit. Alben Barkley returned to the Senate at 74. His opponent re-entered law practice at 53. No one has accused them or the hundreds like them of being too old.

The best postmaster I have known took the office when past 50 and gave 20 years of admirable service to our community. No one questioned his age. And there was the carpenter who came to our town but because of his age was unable to find regular employment. He was over 50. He went into the grocery business and served the people and himself well for 20 years.

In the field of labor, however, it is a different story.

For nearly 30 years I have worked in a plant where craftsmen of a dozen types are employed, in addition to office workers and laborers. This 30 years of experience has

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thoroughly convinced me that some of the best men in the trades, labor and office are turned down for the exuberance of youth. And the older men who "hired young" spend hours, days, even weeks repairing after or "catching on" newer and younger men.

Regardless of age, a man really has it or he hasn't. You can take a mechanically-inclined individual and have him turning out good work within a few weeks, even if he never did it before — or within a few hours if he has had training in that particular work. You can take the brilliant young fellow who is continually dreaming about literature, painting or farming, and you'll *never* make a mechanic out of him. I have seen it too many times to want to argue about it.

Men of youth or years have come into our plant and taken hold within a few days, turning out splendid work. And I have seen other men, both young and old, struggle along for years — always under the direct supervision of someone who knew. I knew one machinist who, after a selling career, was never able to learn bolt sizes. Men like that should continue to sell, or paint, or farm. The company hired him because he was young.

A man of 70 recently retired from a planer job. He had not done planer work for 25 years. Yet he gave ten years of excellent service to a company for which he was already working. But had he been unemployed, he wouldn't have got the job. And both he and the company would have lost.

The officials picked a young man from the machinist group to take his place. He lasted one day. A second left after his regular shift of eight hours. Finally, a third managed to do the work and become qualified after several weeks. All three were yet in their twenties.

THESE are not isolated instances. Any man who has spent 25 or 30 years working with or supervising men can cite like instances by the dozen. A first-class mechanic can catch on to the work he is to do within ten days — or he can't catch on to it at all. Age makes little difference. And if there is any difference it is with the young man, stemming from lack of confidence in his ability. The older man knows he can do the work. He has been over the road.

Thousands of years of first-class service are lost to industry annually because industry doesn't want to spend a few days training a man who likely won't be with them more than ten or fifteen years, while a few months will be spent training a youngster who may or may not spend the rest of his life with them.

And what goes in my line, goes in yours, whether you are in the building trades, the office or the store. Talent will tell. It will exert itself if given half a chance. And it has no respect for age.

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SAFFRON

Queen of Spices

By Eric St. Clair

AT RETAIL, saffron sells for about six times its weight in sterling silver. It is the most costly by far of all spices, prized for its fragrant savor by 3,000 years of gourmets.

This regal spice consists of the dried stigmata of the saffron crocus (*crocus sativa*). One crocus flower provides three stigmata, each no bigger than a bee's hind leg and weighing so close to nothing that it takes some 200,000 of them to yield a pound of saffron. Somebody had to cultivate the fields of crocuses, and pick the flowers and then with care and precision (and tweezers), remove from each flower its three stigmata and dry them.

That is why I write of saffron as the queen of spices.

Saffron has been known and treasured in Europe since the time of Homer. It is mentioned in the Bible and the Egyptians had a hieroglyph for it. Gourmets, for as long as there have been gourmets, have treasured saffron for its superlative culinary qualities but people in former times valued saffron for other reasons, too.

In 1671 a man named John Ferdinand Hertodt published in Jena a hefty little three-hundred-page volume dedicated to listing the medicinal virtues of saffron. For every disease then known the book offered a curative prescription which included such pharmaceuticals as swallows' nests, fat of the mountain mouse, dragon's blood, worm-eaten oak wood — but in every prescription saffron was present as the prime effective agent. Also in the book were praises of saffron as a hair dye, for those who might like to have hair of a spectacular and buttery yellow.

For saffron is said to be an excellent dye, though rather costly to use even in the making of fabulous Persian rugs. To the Greek of classical times, saffron yellow was the royal color.

Both Greeks and Romans held saffron in high esteem as a perfume. Purse-proud Greeks strewed it in their great halls and theaters. Bloated Romans sprinkled saffron in their baths and the hetaerae (high-grade courtesans) loved to use it in their ointments because it smelled so good.

But nowadays, saffron cannot compete with French perfume, and it is

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not listed in the United States Pharmacopoeia as an efficacious remedy for anything.

SAFFRON was not introduced from the ends of the earth by traders to the Spice Islands. Nobody had to go that far from home to obtain saffron. It comes from that belt of hot, dry summers that reaches from Gibralter, across Asia Minor and Kashmir, into China and India.

England, for the four hundred years that ended about 1700, was a great producer of the spice. The industry centered in the town of Saffron Walden in Essex. But as the *crocus sativa* needs plenty of sun to succeed, perhaps the smog of England's industrial revolution choked the flower in Essex.

Hakluyt recounts a pretty story they used to tell in Saffron Walden: In the fourteenth century ". . . a pilgrim proposing to do good in this country stole a head of saffron, and hid the same in his palmer's staffe which he had made hollow before of purpose, and so he brought the root into this realme, with venture of his life, for if he had been taken by the law of the country from whence it came [Tripoli] he had died for the fact."

It is believed now, however, that saffron was first brought to Britain by the Romans, though it disappeared from cultivation by the time our pilgrim brought it back from his jaunt to the Near East. Presumably he did succeed in "doing good" thereby: a surviving account book of the times shows a net profit of five pounds four shillings per year, per acre from saffron that then sold at thirty shillings a pound.

There is no reason to think that saffron will ever be anything but costly. Its essential oil has been synthesized from the green scum that grows on swamp water, but only on a laboratory scale and, like most synthetics, the product is probably not a very satisfactory substitute for natural saffron.

Today, however, the best saffron called "hay saffron" comes from Spain. Now this hay saffron is not really hay; not at eight dollars an ounce it isn't. In cookery you do not catch up a generous handful of saffron and cast it into the fish chowder. No indeed. You make a pretty little ceremony of it.

In a clean silver teaspoon place a not-too-liberal pinch of hay saffron. Warm the spoon over a flame for a moment, until the saffron is well dried. Then with the tip of another teaspoon, reverently crush the saffron into a powder and add this powder lovingly to what you are cooking.

Nobody can describe how something tastes — but once you have sampled saffron you can roll your tongue for years after around the recollection of that savor. It is not easily forgotten.

Thus saffron will remain the queen of spices as long as amateurs of the culinary art have taste buds.

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TEN YEARS OF THE POLISH "PEOPLE'S" REPUBLIC

by Richard F. Staar

No more chillingly clear picture of the Soviet pattern for gaining control of a country is available than that of Poland — a country which has been transformed, in the space of ten years, from a vigorously free nation to a completely Communist-controlled satellite. This transformation has been carried out in two stages which can be roughly designated as (1) the period, 1944–48, when pretended support of nationalistic ambitions covered the gradual elimination of all opponents of Communist power, and (2) the period up to the present, in which the foundations of Socialism were carefully laid.

Communist control over Poland is openly avowed, with the theory of people's democracy merely a convenient rationalization for the masses. The political structure of the country is actually based upon the USSR prototype, while the limited retention of certain traditional terminology serves as a semantic smoke screen.

The Soviet pattern was perhaps

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most tangibly portrayed through the adoption of a Stalinist-type constitution which very closely resembles the 1936 basic law of the USSR. This similarity extends to the incorporation of whole passages from the latter into the Polish constitution. The 1952 basic law of Poland comprises merely a balance sheet of achievements thus far registered by that country's people's democracy and is essentially a description of the political, social and economic structure of the state. It does not, however, elucidate the goals which the Communists expect to attain in the future. As such, the present constitution will most probably be replaced by another document, when and if Socialism is officially proclaimed to have been achieved in Poland. This will certainly be done without the benefit of a national referendum or any other device for consulting the population.

In the two times that they have officially consulted public opinion to date, the Polish Communists have consistently refused to permit any freedom of expression — a freedom that was guaranteed by the Big Three at Yalta and subsequently reaffirmed at Potsdam. Since their nationwide campaign of terror and intimidation apparently could not produce desired results, the Communists resorted to falsification of the 1947 balloting for deputies to the Polish parliament. They also succeeded in destroying, by the end of that same year, the only legal and effectively organized political opposition — the Polish Peasant Party. Western democratic forms were discarded as no longer necessary in 1952, and the electorate was provided with no alternative to the single list of candidates offered by the Communist-dominated "people's front."

Having provided themselves with a rubber-stamp parliament, the Communists have been able increasingly to implement their national policies with little regard for public opinion since Peasant Party leader Stanislaw Mikolajczyk fled Poland, in late 1947. The initial agricultural program of fostering small private farms (and the distribution of seven million hectares of land to poor peasants) has given way to a progressively intensified collectivization drive. Despite a combination of considerable pressure and various inducements on the part of the regime, approximately only 250,000 of the three-million-odd peasant proprietors have joined collective farms over the past six years. (This is the official Communist figure.) It would thus seem that many more years will pass before total collectivization can be achieved in Poland at this rate.

Industry, on the other hand, has been completely nationalized on the medium- and large-scale levels. Commencing with the end of World War II, this process of nationalization has almost totally encompassed the small entrepreneur after ten years. Capital

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investment is being allocated priority over consumer production, and financial assistance from the USSR is relied upon for a successful conclusion of the current six-year economic plan. Substantial increases in the production of all commodities and raw materials are expected by the end of 1955. The planned economy of Poland has also involved currency manipulations, which have so far twice wiped out the savings of the population.

Although the Communist program in the sphere of social work has officially equalized the status of women with that of men, the former are expected to work in factories as well as to bear children for the state. By the end of the Six Year Plan (1950–1955), it is expected that almost two million women will be employed in industry. Regimentation of labor in general has been introduced through the medium of the state-controlled trade union organization and by means of a series of laws. Communist-directed mass organizations have as their task the influencing of the remaining population. Most of these social groups are linked in one way or another with similar movements in other orbit countries and also with world-wide Communist organizations.

IN THE FIELD of foreign affairs, Poland can hardly claim to have a policy of its own. The regime in Warsaw is a puppet of the Kremlin and, as such, loyally supports the latter. Apart from acting as a mouthpiece for the Soviets in world affairs, the Polish Communists may possibly exercise a small degree of independence in their relations with other satellite states in Eastern Europe and the Balkans. The economic aspects of these relations, however, are controlled by the Soviet-sponsored Council of Mutual Economic Assistance. On the political side, a similar role may be played by the Communist Information Bureau (Cominform). The puppets in Warsaw most probably realize that their position can be maintained only with USSR support. A series of strategic treaties binds all satellites separately to one another and each state individually to Moscow.

Apart from these treaty obligations, Poland's defense policies are controlled by Soviet officers who fill all key positions in that country's military establishment. Here again, regulations for the armed forces are copied verbatim from the USSR, and an intensive program of Communist political education follows Soviet lines with regard to officers and enlisted men alike. This training is probably aimed at producing a military establishment that can eventually be integrated with the Soviet Army. Whether Polish troops would fight loyally on the side of their Soviet and satellite allies, in case of a war with the West, is open to question.

For all practical purposes, there is only one political party in the

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Poland of 1955. This Communist group is called the Polish United Workers' Party (PZPR) and is organized along the same lines as its counterpart, the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. The rapid growth in size of the Polish Communist movement during the postwar period is actually one of the PZPR's principal weaknesses. It indicates that at the most 1.5 percent of the membership is relatively "trustworthy," having belonged to the Communist movement before 1944 when the Party was illegal. Apparently aware of this, PZPR authorities purged almost 400,000 members between January 1949 and June 1952.

ANOTHER WEAKNESS is presented by the Party's social composition. Despite a widely publicized drive to improve the latter, the number of industrial workers has been constantly decreasing since the end of 1948. On the other hand, the ranks of "mental" workers (intellectuals) within the PZPR were steadily growing until the latter part of 1950. A decrease, similar to that for industrial workers, has also been noticeable with reference to the peasantry. Over two-thirds of the latter, who hold membership in the Party, have been recruited from the "middle" and rich — indicating the relatively weak support of Communism by the poor peasants. It is also significant that only a little over one-half of the peasant Communists, living in the vicinity of collective farms in early 1953, were acutally members of these "kolkhozes."

Yet another deficiency of the Polish United Workers' Party is to be found in the fact that most of its officials in the primary Party organizations are intellectuals or industrial workers not engaged in production. In such capacities, they are unable to influence effectively the output of mines or factories.

Party operations consequently suffer from what is known as "bureaucratic formalism." Some of these deficiencies may be offset, to a certain extent, by the activities of the Party's auxiliary youth movements.

The principal one among these is the voluntary Union of Polish Youth (ZMP), patterned after the "Komsomol" organization in the Soviet Union. Representing a key to higher education, professional advancement, better paying positions, etc., the ZMP has been able to enlist within its ranks only less than one-fourth of all eligible youth. The Union of Polish Youth itself in turn provides the leadership for a different youth organization, operated by the Communist government.

This other youth movement is organized along paramilitary lines and is known as the "Service to Poland" (SP). Membership here is compulsory for all boys and girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one. It has been admitted by the organization's chief commandant that ideological indoctrination of

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SP trainees is much more important than the auxiliary labor force which they provide. The political education of all youth through the SP would indeed seem to represent the principal objective of the Warsaw regime, since the Union of Polish Youth embraces only a fraction of that age group.

BESIDES the youth movements, the Polish United Workers' Party also directs two quasi-political organizations which were established for definite social segments of the adult population. These are the United Peasant and the Democratic parties. Both have representation in the parliament and in the government, but it is disproportionately small in comparison with the strata of society whose interests they allegedly protect.

Directed by the Communists, these two parties have received specific assignments in the regime's drive to collectivize the peasantry and to socialize all remaining private enterprise respectively. When these objectives will have been attained, or perhaps even prior to that time, it is probable that these two subsidiary political groupings will pass resolutions dissolving themselves. Strictly controlled, as they have been over the past few years, these parties present no danger to the Communist power position.

Actually, the only organization in the Poland of 1955 which could successfully compete with the regime for the allegiance of the population is the Roman Catholic Church. In order to eliminate any such potential threat, the Polish Communists have been employing a variety of means — with some success — to destroy the prestige of the Church and to transform that body into a government-directed group, sensitive to Communist orders.

The Church itself, although its nominal adherents number almost ninety-eight percent of the total population, is far from the tightly organized center of resistance to Communization that it could have become at one time in the recent past. The maneuverings of the Communist regime have placed the Church increasingly on the defensive. As the result of a government decree on filling ecclesiastical positions, the Communists now have, in effect, a veto power over all Church appointments.

At the time of this writing (early 1955), the Roman Catholic Church is making a concerted attempt to convince the Communist authorities that the latter should abide by the terms of their previous, more conciliatory Church-state agreement (April 1950). On the basis of past performance, there would seem to be little hope that the regime will honor the obligations it entered into at that time.

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IRON CURTAIN RAISERS

▶ The Kremlin's success in conquering the whole world has been hampered by one thing — it is easier to fill an empty head than an empty stomach.

▶ Moscow radio, describing a scene in which a collective farmer and a woman tractor operator work together on the night shift: The girl speaks, "How wonderful it is to work on such a beautiful night under a full moon and do one's utmost to save gasoline."

▶ The Prague paper, *Prace*, published a poem chiding amateur photographers who persist in photographing their friends and families rather than preserving for posterity pictures of shockworkers, plants and work methods.

▶ A well-dressed gent met a stranger on a train and asked him, "Who made your awful looking clothes, comrade?"

"The Defenders of Warsaw garment factory."

"Well, I happen to be the manager of that factory."

"Gee! Then where did you get that smart suit you're wearing?"

"I bought it elsewhere with the premium which I received for having fulfilled the Plan in my factory."

▶ In Red Rumania, a man was called to serve on a "People's Court." He asked to be excused, as he was deaf in one ear.

"Oh, that's quite all right," said the presiding officer. "You'll hear only one side of the story anyway."

▶ Hungarians were offered ready-made telegrams for social occasions to fit the good Communists' needs.

Samples: For an engagement, "May your time of betrothal be happy and your marriage be filled with peace-fighting spirit."

For a birth, "I cordially welcome the newborn and wish that he becomes a fighting member of Socialist society." — PAUL STEINER

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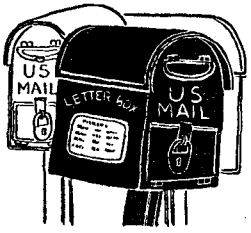
Letters to the Editor

» Re: "The Dog Cult"



Please put me down for reprints of this very good article. I have wanted to write such a story myself. I am glad Mr. Schurz has has done it so well.

Most of the dog owners and offenders are women, and therefore unreasonable and emotional, etc. and often very dumb. It is hard to make any headway against the dog menace.

In our section, we see large black poodles riding in style in the back of a good car, while weary humans plod along. Makes one think of becoming a Red, although we know better.

If you hear of anybody who wants to try to keep them (the dogs) out of N.Y.C. and small apartments, let me know, and I might try and help.

HELEN MUNGER
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

» In your August issue, I have just finished reading your article on dogs by W. L. Schurz. . . .

It takes all kinds to make a world, and in my opinion Mr. Schurz is the wrong kind.

GRACE DURFEE
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

» Since the AMERICAN MERCURY is such an excellent periodical — a magazine taking a truly American-viewpoint, a novelty, to be sure, in our predominantly leftist press — it is decidedly unpleasant to give it adverse criticism. But W. L. Schurz's article in the August AMERICAN MERCURY, "The Dog Cult," decreases the dignity of this great publication and insults millions of Americans.

Mr. Schurz writes with a viciousness and intemperance rarely seen in a non-political category. He completely misrepresents the intelligence, virtues and usefulness of dogdom — and also the reasons which attract man to his best friend. Most dogs, properly treated, are more faithful than most humans — than, for example, the unstable Mr. Schurz. Mr. Schurz says there are far too many dogs; he virtually advocates their extermination. By what power he would do this savagery, I don't know. Perhaps, it is he and his kind of degenerate who ought to be done away with.

NORMAN RAVITCH
QUEENS VILLAGE, NEW YORK

» The AMERICAN MERCURY is truly a great American magazine, which month by month grows more and more magnificent. I find that it is saturated by the very spirit of our Founding Fathers, whose memory every true American should forever honor and revere. God bless the AMERICAN MERCURY and

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cause it to grow and prosper like the "Green Bay Tree."

SAMUEL L. BIGFORD
EARLVILLE, NEW YORK

» Am renewing my subscription for another year because the MERCURY is the best I can find to read. I am 29 years old and have been in the service twice since 1943. If I have to go again, at least I will have an idea what it is about.

GEORGE H. SIENER
SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA

» You will please find the two copies of AMERICAN MERCURY which I received today in the attached envelope. I wish to cancel my subscription to the AMERICAN MERCURY and receive a refund of my money.

After glancing through the first two copies, I find you are not only anti-Communist, which is OK, but you are also anti-labor, anti-progressive, anti-social, anti-democratic and anti everything that is good and decent in this great land of ours. I find you are pro-nothing but "good old-time reactionary."

CHARLES M. MILLER
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

» I commend you for the splendid work you have been doing in your fight against Communism.

THOMAS L. BLANTON
ALBANY, TEXAS

» May I congratulate you on your splendid magazine? Nowhere have I found such a wealth of informative and intelligent reporting as is in it.

Your articles and reprints give those of us interested in combating Communism powerful weapons.

May God continue to bless your enterprise.

GERTRUDE V. TORREY
EAST MILTON, MASSACHUSETTS

» Something went wrong both in your usual makeup plans as well as in your usual sensible reasoning when you permitted your magnificent magazine to publish such tripe as Esther Winship Snyder's junky piece called "Where Is This Place Called Heaven?" [September issue].

AMERICAN MERCURY today is one of the very best magazines on contemporary subjects on the stands. Its pro-Americanism is commendable in these days of divided devotion to the Flag and the Constitution. The occasional well-done and interesting pieces on Nature are welcome light stuff between pages and pages of heavy writing on politics and international affairs. The features like "Sound on Disc" and "Iron Curtain Raisers" and others are exceptionally acceptable.

But please . . . don't ever let the likes of the Snyder tripe get into your mature magazine again. Her presentation is juvenile and her thinking is even more juvenile.

TOM COLL
WASHINGTON, D.C.

» I would like to commend the people of AMERICAN MERCURY for publishing a magazine of truth and Americanism. I am proud to be a subscriber.

JAMES BAUMGARTNER
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

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EXCURSION to PARADOX

By Robert Deardorff

HERE IN EGYPT, this ancient land of the Bible, the thread of time is incredibly tangled. Wherever you turn you meet antiquity, vivid and alive today. Contrast and confusion are your steady companions. A trip into the narrow fertile valley that stretches beyond the capital on either side of the ancient Nile becomes a journey into history, and scenes from the Old Testament appear repeatedly before your eyes.

Shepherds dressed in the ground-length robes you see in Bible pictures, carrying the same curved staffs, tend their flocks now as then. Along the irrigation canals, oxen or camels walk round and round in an endless, patient circle, hitched to a horizontal wheel which is geared to a vertical one with earthen pots attached to it. These pots raise water from the stream below and dump it over the arid fields.

The houses that you pass on the farms or in the dusty towns are built with the Biblical bricks made of mud and in a style of architecture that was popular 5,000 years and more ago — straight, archless lines, low doorways and tiny windows to keep out the heat and the glaring light. Now and then, one of them is painted above the door with vivid red, blue and golden pictures of boats, camels and railroad trains, to signify that its owner has made the holy journey to Mecca, using these means of transportation. That is the only decoration; everything else is drab and dirt-colored, contrasting sharply with the rich green of the fields.

Even in Cairo, largest city in Africa, the years have lost their meaning; there have been so many of them, and people are drugged with time. Across from the Opera House is an open-air book mart, reminiscent of Paris, with copies of books and magazines in French, English and Arabic carefully displayed against an iron fence that circles a lush, green park. Here you can find copies of American news magazines dated in 1950, their covers headlined with crises long since solved. That makes no difference.

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Day after day their owners set them up carefully in the bright sun and wait hopefully for someone to buy. After all, they are only a few years old.

Combined with this dream-like sense of suspended time is a nightmare confusion that adds color and paradox to even the most routine excursions. The downtown streets are a madhouse of vendors selling almost anything you can think of, and you must look sharply where you walk, for a pile of shoelaces or a tray of bread may be placed in the middle of the pavement, attended by a patient, crouching figure — man, woman or boy. Children sit sleepily on the ground from early morning until late at night holding out such things as a handful of brightly colored plastic combs or a few key rings or pads of writing paper.

In the gutters are small, black, smoking ovens on wooden carts, where you can buy baked sweet potatoes, and on the street corners, organ grinders set up shop. This being Africa, they add a rhythm of their own to the mechanical music, beating time with tambourines that jangle above the continual clamor of automobile horns and street car bells and the shouts of the everlasting hawkers.

NOW AND THEN there is a magic show — a curbstone magician who swallows fire and makes sparrows disappear — and as you walk along you are apt to find yourself accompanied by a monkey on one side while on the other his owner, materialized abruptly out of the crowd, tells you over and over that "One piastre (three cents) makes him dance." Not accustomed to being escorted by monkeys, I was startled the first time I looked down and saw my furry companion scurrying along beside me, but after a few days it seemed only natural that he should use the sidewalk, too. After all, everything else does.

As for the streets, Cadillacs share them with camels who pad softly along on the asphalt, their faces smug and amused, as if they, too, were mildly astonished by the fantastic things they see. Donkey carts, the taxis of the poor, clop past, filled with veiled, crouching women dressed from head to toe in black, their only visible jewelry a gold bar held by the veil parallel to the nose and resting on it, giving their faces a slightly cross-eyed, rakish fascination.

People crowd the streets, too, dodging the cars and the camels. Barefoot men in desert robes and neat white turbans walk beside students in Western clothing. Women stride by, balancing boxes of Coca Cola on their heads, and, in the teeming, crooked lanes of the Khan Kalili bazaars near the center of town, craftsmen work in the midst of confusion with wood and metal and leather, using techniques as old as time to produce souvenirs for tourists to buy.

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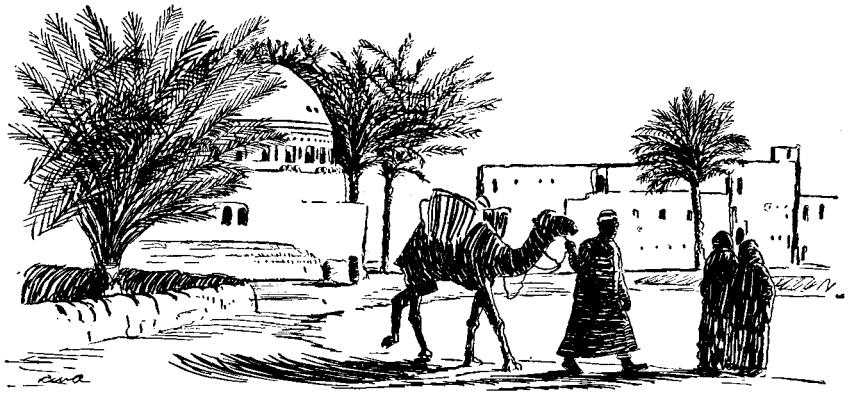
Stretching along the Nile on the outskirts of town are the fashionable sections — quiet streets lined with villas and flower-filled gardens. After them come the suburbs, dotted here and there with Tudor cottages that look very English and out of place against the background of sand that is never far away.

"In Egypt, you will see much things," an Egyptian friend of mine told me the day I arrived. He was understating the case. A Westerner, fresh from Europe or the States, looks about him with round, astonished eyes, amazed as the camels at this land which, for thousands of years, has been the link between Africa and the Orient and which combines the strangeness of both. Most of the country lies in Africa, but Sinai, with its mountain from which Moses descended with the Ten Commandments, belongs to Asia.



UNTIL I came to Cairo, I never realized how easy it is to get here. Although it seems far from New York, Egypt lies close to Italy — only four hours by air from the Colosseum to the Pyramids, three days by ship from Naples.

The night my ship left Naples, I noticed a young man dancing by himself on the forward deck. As I walked past, he threw out his arms and pointed ahead. "Smell the air!" he cried. "It's coming from home!"

His name was Ishmail, he told me. He was a swimming instructor in Cairo, and he'd been in Europe for four months, visiting swimming schools there. On the trip to Alexandria, he collected a group of Americans — a sculptor and his wife from San Francisco, a young painter from the same city, two young girls who had come abroad to finish off their college education and during the winter had eked out their living

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baby-sitting in Italy, and another girl who had gone to Switzerland to ski and had found herself, on a sudden impulse, traveling through the Middle East instead.

Each of us felt that Egypt would be special — more exotic, more "different" than anything in our experience. As the boat approached Alexandria and we saw the low flat land barely rising from the ocean, we began to sense how right we were.

Before the boat docked, Ishmail gathered us all together and offered to show us around. We looked down at the long-robed porters who lined the dock, already yelling wildly and jumping up and down in their anxiety to carry our bags, though the ship hadn't tied up yet, and gratefully we agreed to Ishmail's offer.

He helped us through customs, took us to the railway station to check our bags, and then escorted us to a restaurant for our first Egyptian meal — a spinach-like soup, hunks of lamb roasted on a spit, rice, tomatoes, flat, circular loaves of bread that are shaped like plates, and a brownish spread with a nutty flavor that Ishmail said was a salad, though we put it on our bread like jelly.

Late in the afternoon, he rode with us on the train to Cairo and the next day came to our hotel to take us through the city. With him we visited the famous mosques — El Azhar, Ibn Tulun, Sultan Hasan and Mohammed Ali — taking off our shoes and padding softly into the cool buildings where the noise from the streets died away and men sat silently on the carpeted floor in peaceful meditation.

In the desert at Giza, just beyond the green valley that ends in a sharp line where the sand begins, tower the Pyramids, nearly 2,000 years old when King Solomon was young. You can reach them by bus from a stop opposite the American University in Cairo, paying about ten cents to ride in the first-class compartment, which is directly behind the driver.

As you step down into the road at the end of the line, past and present greet you again. In front of the ancient monuments a line of camels kneel patiently in the sun, waiting for tourists to come. Their owners, not so patient, rush upon you, vying for your patronage. "No" has lost its meaning here, and, if you don't want a camel ride or a guide to show you around, it does little good to say so, for they walk beside you anyhow until, convinced at last by your behavior rather than by your words, they drop reluctantly away.

The National Museum in Cairo houses the treasures from the Pyramids and the royal tombs at Luxor. Here you can see the gold mummy cases and the hundreds of priceless articles — rings, necklaces, statues in unbelievable profusion — that were found in King Tut's tomb, built about 1350 B.C. and discovered in 1922.

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Nearby in another section are even more ancient coffins, some with eyes painted on them so that the spirits buried there could see out; others are furnished with painted doorways to let the spirits enter and leave, painted food to nourish them, and painted articles of clothing for them to wear.

As you walk slowly through the quiet halls, you realize that these people were preoccupied with death and time, and those who could afford it spent their lives building their tombs and amassing articles to fill them — articles that have been taken now from the darkness into the museum for everyone to see.

WHEN YOU LOOK at the articles in the museum, many of them as old as history, paradox strikes you again, and you marvel at their freshness, for this is modern art. The same sophisticated use of bold color and simple design that characterizes the painting of our century dominated theirs as well. In the tombs at Luxor you see it once more, amazingly alive and contemporary, as if it had been painted today.

On my last afternoon in Egypt, I took a bus to the spot on the bank of the Nile where, according to tradition, Moses was found by Pharaoh's daughter. It lies on the southern tip of the island of Rhoda opposite the old section of the city, marked today only by a few ancient trees. Now there is a stone wall on the river bank and a few yards south a large, abandoned house, but, as I stood in the warm sunshine, once more the past seemed close, as it does so often here, for the sleepy, slow-flowing river was the same, and the bird songs, and the sigh of the wind in the trees.

Next They'll Want Social Security

❦ Elephants and camels joined a picket line at a Riverside, California, aircraft plant. The International Association of Machinists obtained the animals for reinforcements in their strike.

❦ Jeff Kissee, water department foreman of Brawley, denied he taught his horse tricks to boost water sales. A citizen complained the horse "ran around my auto court turning on all my water faucets with his mouth."

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The End of POLITICAL EMIGRATION?

By Maxim Roy

During the recent phase of Communist bids for a so-called peace, and in the course of efforts on the part of statesmen and diplomats to find a modus vivendi between East and West, the world all but forgot the Cold War. It continues relentlessly and is more intense in certain respects than ever before.

I am thinking not only of the bloodless aerial combats between the broadcasting stations of the free and of the enslaved worlds. I am thinking also of the minute, the mysterious tragedies that occur every little while in the countries surrounding the Iron Curtain. The Western press does not devote much attention to these incidents. As a rule they get a few lines on a back page. Yet, if they were given due comment, these stories would rival the most fantastic espionage thrillers.

Exiled politicians from satellite countries receive by mail innocuous-seeming parcels containing infernal machines; men vanish from their newly established homes and, some time later, address their friends in the West by radio — from behind the barrier. In broken and monotonous voices they then assure these friends that they have returned voluntarily to the Communist Eden, regretful of the temporary aberration which lured them away.

Not long ago, Matus Cernak, formerly the Slovak

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Ambassador to Berlin, was torn to pieces by the explosion of a package addressed to him. He was opening it at a West German post office. Before that, Bohumil Lausman, former Czechoslovak Cabinet Minister, disappeared from his Austrian residence to reappear in the role of anti-Western announcer on Radio Prague. A prominent Polish refugee was found one morning, after a convivial night spent with friends, hanged in his room. The Hungarian employee of a Western broadcasting station all of a sudden shot his colleague and has remained missing ever since.

THE most dramatic and mysterious case of all unfolded not long ago in Munich, in connection with the radio station of Free Europe. Its star was Vladimir Kucera, a young Czech miner of Kladno, who had fled from Czechoslovakia in 1954. He had left in a hurry, leaving behind his wife and two children.

While in West Germany, Kucera spoke repeatedly to his colleagues back home on the Free Europe sender, and everything pointed to the fact that his excellent and hard-hitting programs were making trouble for the Czech Communist regime.

And then, in April 1955, Vladimir Kucera vanished. On June 4, his voice came over Radio Prague. The announcer introduced him by saying, "You will now hear a press conference with miner Kucera, who, disabused by the life in the West, returned voluntarily to his homeland."

Then followed the interview with the prodigal son who had returned, penitent, to his father's house. In this interview Kucera fairly spouted attacks against the West generally and against America specifically, and he repented the madness that had made him leave his home in the Bolshevist paradise.

At first sight, Kucera's case appeared to be the customary episode of a Communist agent who, while in Germany, had enacted the role of a refugee. But as soon as the press conference on Radio Prague was over, panic must have gripped its producers.

For the Free Europe sender in Munich unrolled a tape from which Vladimir Kucera's voice wafted to Czechoslovakia — the voice that used to speak while Vladimir Kucera was still master of his words and of his thoughts.

He had made that tape just in case he should be abducted and forced to recite what the Communists ordered. In this unique testimony, made in Munich, Kucera explained how he had met one night in a Munich street an unknown woman who frightened him with sinister information about the impending dire fate of his family and prevailed upon him to return home. Kucera's tape ends with these words:

> And so, what I am saying here, I say for a purpose. If I ever were to find myself somewhere where I were forced to speak against my will, I shall find solace in this tape which is

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to establish the proof and the testimony of my true thinking in freedom. No man knows what may befall him. Tomorrow somebody may bash in my head — just around the corner — or something else may happen to me — it's hard to foretell. If, for instance, I were compelled at one time, in Prague, to say that what I have recorded here I have said under duress, in order to secure some money from Free Europe, I want everybody to know and to acknowledge on hand of my voice that that subsequent statement will not be true. What I am concerned about is that if they (the Communists) were to get me in their dirty paws, they could yet not sound any lies through my mouth. This recording will remain here as the proof of my beliefs I have adhered to while I still could talk as I pleased.

Such and similar things happen around the Iron Curtain. Even away from it — in France, in the Netherlands, even in the United States — very strange things happen to political exiles. Those who have found a foothold in the countries of their asylum are wary of writing to anyone in the Iron Curtain countries for fear of jeopardizing their relatives and friends living under the Communist regime. Yet they receive letters and printed matter from Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, Bulgaria. The letters are anonymous, the printed matter is propaganda, and both use sweet-sounding words, alluring slogans, and sentimental clichés urging the addressees to return home.

In the West European countries these exiles are honored by weird visitors. Usually a couple appears, people who are citizens of the country where the refugee lives, or they are the man's compatriots. In either case the visitors pretend to have come to see the exiled man in his own interest, cognizant of his tribulations in a foreign country. They come, ostensibly, to inform him of the new situation and trend in his homeland which would welcome him back with arms outstretched.

The exiles who joined the anti-Communist fight against Communism abroad enjoy specific attention. These people also receive letters and printed matter from the homeland, but they are compromising letters.

Agents and spies who evaded, in the nick of time, the grip of Western police and fled to the protection of the Iron Curtain, write from Warsaw or from Budapest to the honest and genuine anti-Communists as if these were their closest friends. They intimate things that were agreed between them while the writers were in the West; they mention funds, supposedly still at the disposal of the addressees in various places; they hint at actions that ought to be undertaken on the spot.

The stunned exile either burns

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such a letter, in terror of the suspicion it might cast on him, or he passes it on to the security organs of the country of his residence. Nevertheless, whether warrantedly or not, the exile lives in fear lest the Western secret service organs suspect him, sooner or later, of Communist affiliations, of being a Communist spy.

THE BEST hunting ground for the Communists is the refugee camp in West Germany. In spite of the assistance extended by the West and particularly by America, the problem of the refugees from Iron Curtain countries has not been solved. In the refugee camps and principally among the people who have been waiting for years to find definitive asylum in some country, misery and despair are the order of the day. And where desolation and despair prevail, there Communist inveiglers have their field day.

Naturally, the Communist regimes are not in the least concerned with the rescue of the desperate men. The Communists are concerned with propaganda at the expense of the exiles. They endeavor to lure them back, to use them as denouncers of the West and as a deterrent for people behind the Iron Curtain who still dream of escaping to the West.

Contrary to the Soviet Union, the satellite countries go to extraordinary lengths in order to ensnare the refugees. The various past Russian amnesties never included the emigrants. A part of the Russian emigration returned to Russia while Lenin was still alive; they came back as Soviet citizens, not as expatriated stateless people, and the Soviet consular offices discharged the formalities connected with their return. But during the Stalin era most of these returnees were liquidated.

However, in their Acts of Political Amnesties, the satellite countries address themselves directly to the refugees, "insofar as they are not guilty of treason." But since, in Communist judicature, even a hearing before the Western security organ may be construed as treason, every returnee is at the mercy of the regime's arbitrary will, even by the terms of the Amnesty Act.

Notwithstanding, the satellite countries, especially Czechoslovakia, have been devoting more energy and more money to the actions involving the return of refugees than to the anti-Western campaign. A specific tabloid is being printed in Prague for the benefit of the exiles. It is called *The Voice of the Homeland.*

Issues of it are sent to refugees whether they be near or far, and it is truly amazing to see how rapidly the Prague police regime secures the private addresses of these people. In luring the emigrants back, any weapon is acceptable.

Most of all, *The Voice of the Homeland* tries to persuade the escapees that no retribution will be meted out against them once they come back. Time and again the gentle, dove-minded editors of the tabloid commit

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a trifling error. Just one example:

Describing the vicissitudes of one Novak, gardener by trade, *The Voice of the Homeland* said, in conclusion, "Thus Novak is again amidst his own kin, free and happy. He chose the profession nearest to his heart: he works in the Pribram mines."

Well, if a gardener chooses to work in uranium mines, his happiness truly must be intense — near distraction, in fact.

Dr. Jan Bartuska, Czechoslovak Minister of Justice, in expatiating upon the amnesty, left nobody in doubt as to what was in store for the returnee.

"Our people's democratic laws," he said, "are aimed against people who harm the fundaments and the progress of the socialist structure of our country and who violate the rules of the socialist coexistence of the people. Our judicature not only punishes severely every agent of imperialism and every emigrant traitor of his homeland, it also assures the education of the culprit. It offers to all who have erred a possibility to participate in the constructive efforts of our country — *after* they have served their sentence."

IN THE widespread, costly, and crafty action of the Bolshevists, instituted with a view to liquidating the political emigrations, the "eyes of Moscow" watch with specific intensity the vicissitudes of the refugee intelligentsia. Among these, in turn, artists, writers and musicians enjoy preferential treatment. The Poles have eminent writers abroad, the Czechoslovaks eminent musicians, the Magyars illustrious scientists. They all have their files in the headquarters of the Communist secret service and they figure very actively in the plans of Communist strategists of the Cold War.

The destinies of the exiled intelligentsia are varied. A lesser part acquitted themselves well abroad, some even reaped fame. The greater part vegetate in avocations which often are not after these people's hearts. A fraction of exiles forms part of the anti-Communist fight in radio and journalism or even in the civil service of Western countries.

The latter group has been irrevocably repudiated by the Communist regimes as a gang of mercenary spies and criminals. But the two former groups are accorded uncommon interest. The Communist regime would like to bring under its supervision the people who achieved no success abroad. It would also like to neutralize those who found satisfaction or fame and who feel at home abroad. Until recently, the works of one composer who has been living abroad for decades were never performed in the satellite countries. Concurrently, an emigrant writer was automatically scratched from the list of writers of his own people. Lately, however, this rule has been reversed.

The cultural magazines in satellite countries now mention the artists, the actors, and the writers who are

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abroad and — provided they never have taken a political stand — the articles concerning them are prevalently laudatory. The plays of one Hungarian playwright who lives in Hollywood are performed in his native country now — though they have been altered beyond recognition and although the author has never given his approval to such performances. Bohuslav Martinu, the well-known Czech composer who lives in France, again figures on the concert programs in Prague, after a lapse of seven years, and Communist reviewers again find words of high praise for his work. These are by no means sporadic instances.

Various music and literary agencies in Germany and in France receive hosts of letters from satellite countries. The business of these agencies is bustling. They tender diversified and tempting offers to noted exiles, bait them with opportunities behind the Iron Curtain. They shower invitations to music festivals onto musicians, they propose editions in the original language to the writers. The agencies act on behalf of the Communist governments which, however, do not come to the fore so that they may, if need be, disclaim any initiative or participation in the proffered offers.

And famous exiles who already have received British, French, or American citizenship may even meet their relatives from the Iron Curtain countries in some neutral land. The Communists issue passports for short-term trips to these relatives as a reward, provided the son, the brother, the uncle or the brother-in-law in exile sticks to his profession and does not meddle in politics and, most of all, if he does not participate in the anti-Communist fight.

These are unfailing symptoms of the ardent endeavor of Communist central authorities to corrode and to liquidate the exile. The emigrant is a living testimony of Communist terror. Only he can awaken the opposition in the homeland behind the Iron Curtain.

And as the political exile passes through trying periods, the oppressed nation from which he hails also passes through tragic times. Communist tactics with respect to the satellite countries and to the political exiles who fled abroad are crafty. Nevertheless they are transparent. Behind the smoke screen of words of peace and of coexistence, the living free witnesses abroad are to be sacrificed along with the nations whose spokesmen they have been so far in the Free World.

The fate of the political emigration and the fate of the satellite countries are no minor matters. They form a significant problem as long as the Communist danger persists. And this danger will persist while thousands of people roam the world because they have lost their homeland and while millions of their kin rot in the prison whose name is — People's Democracy.

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COLOR
IS CHANGING YOUR LIFE

By Marjorie Krogmann

ARE YOU in a "blue mood" when you should be feeling "in the pink?"

Color, seen with the eye, plays upon our emotions, creating moods and feelings.

Color is in the foreground and we can't escape it. Are you afraid to use the dramatic colors the home magazines show for every room? Don't be! Even if your furniture was purchased before the baby came, your friends will say, "What a lovely effect you have created with this color!"

There was a day when we ate off only white or cream-colored dishes. Today our dinner tables sing with color. Yes, they even have preserved the colors in the frozen vegetables we eat. Maybe all this color on the table helps us digest our food better.

Most women refer to their clothes by color, "the yellow dress," "the red suit," "my blue coat." You are smart if you choose the color you like. Color can give you enthusiasm and a zest for living.

In a men's store today you will see jackets in raspberry, kelly green, burnt orange, pink and many other colors previously unheard of for men's clothing. Men now wear "loud" pajamas and ties. Colors give men a well-dressed feeling, perhaps that extra confidence they need in daily contacts with people.

Psychologists recently completed research on color in the classroom. The scientifically-painted school had corridor walls in yellow. Rooms with northern exposure were painted in pastel rose, while blues and greens were used in rooms facing south. A two-year study showed a 24% improvement in work, play and performance of kindergarten children in the school.

Hospitals have brought color into the rooms with comforting rewards. Even now research is being done on the healing effects of color.

There are positive and negative reactions to colors. You can describe red as warmth with a cozy feeling, or be red with rage; you can be "true blue" or in a blue mood; green is associated with peace and tranquillity and also with envy. Yellow may be sunshine-bright or may be used negatively as "a yellow streak."

Describe your surroundings, your clothes. What kind of feeling do you get? If it is a pleasant one, you're using color to its best advantage.

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BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

A Warning from Warsaw

BY ALAN SET

Among all nations, the Poles are probably the best informed people on Russian designs and possibilities. A Russian decision which to the average American may appear meaningless is often of momentous importance to the average Pole. To find out what the Russians are aiming at was for four centuries the prime topic of Polish political thinking. And today to the majority of Poles it has become literally a matter of life and death.

It was for these reasons that, about the time of the Geneva Conference, we sent a questionnaire covering the main aspects of the present Soviet policy to a prominent Polish observer in Warsaw. We now have his answer, written and smuggled out of Poland only a few weeks ago, on the eve of Dr. Adenauer's visit to Moscow. We feel that it deserves to be read by all those who fear that the world's fate, as well as our own future, will be decisively influenced by the uncanny diplomatic debate now going on between the West and Moscow.

This is what a very well-informed student of Russian affairs, an anti-Communist living behind the Iron Curtain, thinks of Soviet designs:

Q. Is there any proof that the present Soviet rulers have abandoned the idea of Communist world domination?

A. None whatsoever. There was

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far more "coexistence" between Russia and the West twenty years ago than there is today.

When in 1933 Russia signed several non-aggression treaties with her neighbors and when in 1934 she was admitted to the League of Nations, the general interpretation was that the idea of Communist world domination was abandoned. Even at the time of the 1937 and 1938 purges, it was far easier for a foreigner to be admitted into Russia than it is today when the world press is full of sensational reports about Western official missions and individuals traveling in the Red Empire.

And yet it was precisely between 1933 and 1938 that the USSR was patiently building up her Communist and pro-Soviet apparatus abroad which later became the main instrument of Soviet imperialism.

Short memory appears to be the highest qualification needed in becoming a popular statesman in the West.

Q. Does the present "collective leadership" contain elements of weakness which may develop into a crisis for the USSR regime?

A. Present-day Russia is governed by the same clique of men who were accepting Stalin's dictatorship as long as they thought it suited their collective interests.

The only time the Soviet regime faced a real internal danger was in 1936. At that time a strong faction of military and civilian old-guard Communists, with Tukachevsky, Zinoviev and Bukharin at their head, was about to conclude an arrangement with Hitler's Germany with the aim of changing the face of the world. This was not in the interest of the Communist highest hierarchy but for the benefit of a totalitarian Russo-German axis. As we all know, this plot ended in one of history's greatest massacres.

It is most doubtful whether a similar situation could occur today. The top men in the Communist hierarchy can, of course, eliminate anyone among themselves whom they would consider a nuisance to their common interests. In doing so they could count on the support of the whole Communist upper class, which is perfectly aware that in a crisis of the regime it has everything to lose but nothing to gain.

To be on the safe side the West should look upon the Soviet regime as a perfectly devised machine based on the solidarity of a very small group of men whose very life depends on each other. Unless Mr. Eisenhower should induce Marshal Zhukov to divide the world between them — and this, you will agree, sounds rather far-fetched — we cannot think of a bait alluring enough to split this group of men who know today that as long as they cling together they are omnipotent. But who also know that once they break up they will be either shot or hanged.

Q. Will Russia agree to the unification of Germany?

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A. Yes, but only on the basis of the Tukachevsky plan of 1936, that means on the condition that Germany join Russia for the purpose of destroying the present world order and replacing it with a new one under Moscow's supreme authority.

Until the conditions are ripe for such a gigantic plan, and certainly as yet they are not, Russia will stick to the traditional Bolshevik policy of preventing the coalition of the European Western states into a single continent. Divided Germany proved to be one of the best guarantees against European unification. Therefore there seems to be no reason why Russia should abandon one of her politically important European colonies even at the price of German neutrality — which would always remain problematic anyway, since a strong German government could denounce it at any time.

It should be kept in mind that the partition of Germany was originally Stalin's idea, which he expressed for the first time in December 1941 during his conference with Eden. It should also be noted that the present frontier between West and East Germany is by no means accidental. When drawing it in 1945, the Russians faithfully followed the ethnographic dividing line between the pure West Germans and the mixed German-Slavonic populations settled on territories colonized by the Germans in the Middle Ages.

Since then the Russians have shown that they intend to breed a new German-Slavonic nation and not merely to administer a part of old Germany for a while.

Q. Will Russia agree to disarm?

A. As we see things here in Warsaw, the greatest danger the West is facing at present is that Russia may suddenly accept all of the Western disarmament proposals. In one sensational gesture she may agree to the destruction of all A- and H-bombs, the most thorough inspection of all the industrial and military establishments, aerial reconnaissance and the exchange of blueprints. She may accept it hoping that the American Congress will never approve such measures and thus demonstrate to the whole world that it is not Russia but the United States that is preparing the world disaster of an atomic war.

Some of us think that the danger to the West may be even greater if the Congress accepts such a "generous Soviet offer." For then Moscow may really open for inspection some of its military establishments. Russia's terrific military potential would then be disclosed in the official reports of the Western observers, upsetting the world's balance of power for Russia's benefit.

You already have difficulties in keeping your allies together. What will happen when the British and French learn from your own inspectors that America is behind Russia in such fields as atomic production, aircraft and guided missiles?

Q. Is there any reason to expect a

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crisis in Russo-Chinese relations?

A. Here in Warsaw we know almost nothing about what happens in Peiping. Still, because we are in a better position to study Communist methods, we think that we know incomparably more about China than you can know in America. And so we allow ourselves to ask why, in the name of Heaven, should the top Chinese Communist rulers not cling to the only natural allies and protectors they have, their Communist Russian brothers?

What has the West to offer the Chinese Communist rulers? A hundred-million-dollar loan, or a billion-dollar loan? Of course with the request for at least some democratic measures? But doesn't democracy mean the end of the tyrants? Well, Russia offers them full security, together with the means to build one of the most powerful states in the world. Their choice is obvious.

Q. In case you think that the Western policy toward Russia is inadequate what do you think the West should do?

A. For us behind the Iron Curtain it will remain an eternal enigma why the United States, when it had the unique power over the other nations, did not use this opportunity to enforce — without war — a world order based on freedom and justice. Now this opportunity is lost.

We think, however, that a lot can still be saved and the ultimate disaster avoided if the West turns wholeheartedly to the only policy Russia's Communist masters understand: the policy of strength.

From the military point of view, Russia's totalitarian economy gives her an advantage over the democratic West where the people don't like to have butter replaced by guns. Yet Russia's resources are far from being unlimited, and the West is certainly rich enough to make more and better weapons without cutting the over-all standard of living.

Only the steadily growing military preponderance of the West over Soviet Russia, plus a clear-cut stubborn Western policy of permanently pressing Moscow to keep to the letter of signed treaties, would create the climate in which a crisis might develop among the Communist ruling clique. Controversies are apt to start when people are pushed to make difficult decisions; people have every reason to stick together if they are given nothing to argue about. Present Western policy, instead of sowing discord among the Communist rulers, talks them into believing how very smart they are.

These are the remarks addressed to us from Warsaw by a friend of ours, who at a great personal risk is trying to share with us his knowledge of Russian aims. Let's hope that this very serious warning will not remain another cry in the wilderness.

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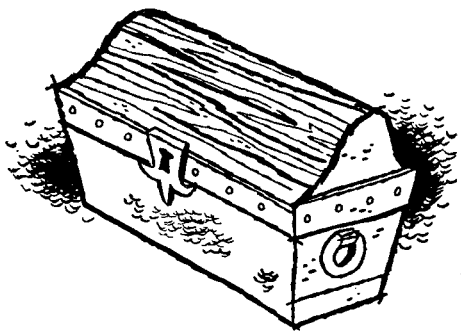
Curious Old Wills



BY ALLEN BROWN

People will always give their attention and respect to a man's will, even if they did not respect him when he was alive. Realizing this, many men who were rudely treated and ridiculed by the world have used their wills to express their opinions about everything they disliked while they were alive. Knowing that a will can command the attention that they never got, they use it to give a parting hit to an unfriendly and unsympathizing world.

History is full of many curious wills which reflect the eccentricities and prejudices of the makers. In many, the writer speaks his mind so freely that his opinion really amounts to a libel. For example, there is the will of an Earl of Pembroke who lived in London during the seventeenth century. After assuring the readers of his will that he was of unsound health, but of sound memory, he began, "I give my body, for it is plain I cannot keep it. Bury me, therefore."

The Earl went on to say that he had always wanted to have a certain Henry Mildmay beaten up, so he was leaving 50 pounds sterling to anyone who would do the job.

He also left five shillings to Thomas May, a man whose nose he had broken in a fit of temper. "My intention had been to give more," he explained, "but all who have seen his history of the Parliament will consider that even this sum is too large."

"I give nothing to my Lord Saye," he continued, "and I do make him this legacy willingly, because I know that he will faithfully distribute it unto the poor."

Going on in the same vein, he left Lieutenant-General Cromwell "one of my words, the which he must want, seeing that he hath never kept any of his own."

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Some persons use wills to give directions about their burials. In one case, a man insisted that he be buried in a space between the graves of his first and second wives. In 1840, a Mr. Zimmerman accompanied the directions for his funeral with something like a threat in case they were not carried out. His will reads: "No person is to attend my corpse to the grave, nor is any funeral bell to be rung; and my desire is to be buried plainly and in a decent manner; and if this is not done, I will come [to earth] again — that is to say, if I can."

Henpecked husbands have often used wills for a last word, and to tell the world of their wives' faults. One will of this type was written by an Englishman who died in London in June 1791. He writes: "Seeing that I have had the misfortune to be married to Elizabeth, who ever since our union has tormented me in every possible way; that not content with making game of all my remonstrances, she has done all she could to make my life miserable; that Heaven seem to have sent her into the world solely to drive me out of it . . . I bequeath to my said wife, Elizabeth, the sum of one shilling."

Fortunately, the troubles of married life are not the most frequently remembered incidents of a man's life, but many men have used wills to place obstacles in the way of their widows marrying again. In one old will, the writer stated that if his widow refused to wear a widow's cap, or if she ever remarried, she would receive only 20 pounds a year instead of 30.

On the other hand, there have been many wills which attempted to encourage the surviving partner to marry. In Mrs. Van Hanrich's will of 1868, she leaves all of her property to her husband and says: "It is also my earnest wish that my darling husband should marry, ere long, a nice, pretty girl, who is a good housewife, and, above all, to be careful that she is of a good temper."

PROBABLY the strangest will of all, however, was written by William Kensett in 1855. He left all his property to a stranger, thus disinheriting all relatives, and directed that "some parts of my bowels be converted into fiddle strings — that others be sublimed into smelling salts, and the remainder of my body be vitrified into lenses for optical purposes." In a letter attached to the will, Kensett said: "The world may think this to be done in a spirit of singularity, or whim, but I have a mortal aversion to funeral pomp, and I wish my body to be converted into purposes useful to mankind."

As strange as his wishes were, Kensett at least attempted to explain them. We can only guess what madness lay behind the provisions of many of the curious wills of history. Perhaps the disappointments of life and the slights of the world have so soured some minds that they try to get revenge after death.

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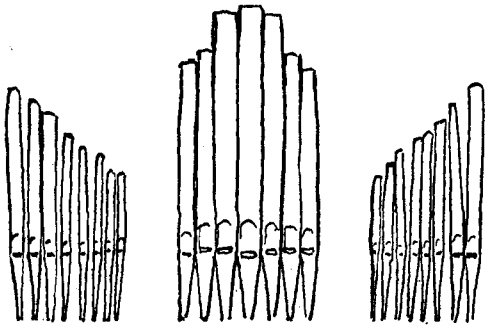
Americans Finding Lost Chords

BY
JERRY KLEIN



THOUSANDS of Americans are sitting down at the organ these days — to rediscover the chords which have been lost since the days of mustache cups and leg o' mutton sleeves.

In grandma's day the family often gathered around the reed organ in the parlor, but as homes and apartments grew smaller the cumbersome instruments were discarded in favor of radios and other forms of entertainment. But now organs are returning, in sizes to fit modern living rooms, and the industry is singing to the tune of $75,000,000 a year. Most of today's organs are of the simple reed, electric or electronic variety, and many are smaller than a spinet piano.

The difference between the necessarily bulky pipe organ and the pipeless electric organ is that the latter uses an electrical system of revolving discs and magnetic impulses to amplify its tones.

The father of the modern electric organ is Laurens Hammond, an engineer who is said to be unable to read a note of music and who likes to play the zither. He started to make instruments during the depths of the depression, and now his four plants in Chicago are producing some $20,000,000 worth a year.

Some models work electronically from tubes similar to those in a radio and have no moving parts to go awry. Burton Minshall of Brattleboro, Vermont, one of the leading makers of electronic organs, was working as a radio repairman when his wife got a hankering to own a parlor organ. "We didn't have any money; so I decided to try building one for her," he recalls. "Ten years and a dozen false starts later," Minshall presented his wife with a homemade organ built largely from $40 worth of used radio parts. The electronic organ proved so attractive, that in two years Minshall and his wife built 40 more and sold them all!

"In another few years the home electronic organ will be a complete one-man symphony, even reproducing such musical sounds as drums, castanets and cymbals," the Vermonter predicts. "And the wonderful thing is that even a horrible musician can get by so beautifully on one."

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FIREMEN'S INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEWARK, NEW JERSEY
ORGANIZED 1855

☆

GIRARD INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA, PA.
ORGANIZED 1853

☆

NATIONAL-BEN FRANKLIN INSURANCE COMPANY OF PITTSBURGH, PA.
ORGANIZED 1866

☆

MILWAUKEE INSURANCE COMPANY OF MILWAUKEE, WIS.
ORGANIZED 1852

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ROYAL GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA
ORGANIZED 1906

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THE METROPOLITAN CASUALTY INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK
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COMMERCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEWARK, N. J.
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